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The Screen Speaks

BY WILLIAM DE MILLE

Everybody is talking about the "talkies" but few are as well-equipped as this producer who has to his credit many of the better motion-pictures and now says he probably will never direct another silent film.

UNTIL very recently certain innocent people had been in the habit of alluding to the motion-picture as still in its infancy until it surprised and shocked them by giving birth to a child of its own.

"Talkie" is the child's name, and the parents, Mother Movie and Father Stage, regard it with distinct perturbation, possibly for the reason that their marriage has been of that natural and informal sort which is accomplished without benefit of clergy. The fact that father didn't particularly love mother made no difference. Radio and telephone engineers developed an electrical cosmic urge which resulted in the birth of a child to two unwilling parents.

The sturdy infant is growing at a rate unheard of even in the case of its precocious mother; and now, that they have looked upon its face, both parents claim the offspring as their very own, and each is striving to influence its development so that the faults and limitations of the other be not allowed to destroy its character. As in the case of human beings, however, the squalling brat is still so unlovely both to the eye and to the ear that only its mother really loves it and believes it will grow up into a fine, big, beautiful person.

At any rate, the talking picture has arrived. Its popular success as entertainment has been instantaneous, and, like the silent picture of fifteen years ago, public demand for it has so far outrun ability of the studios to furnish it, that a somewhat chaotic condition has suddenly overwhelmed the whole motion-picture industry.

Without warning, the public has concentrated its attention upon the talkie to the point where it begins to be difficult to find a profitable market for silent pictures. Thousands of picture theatres are demanding installation of the complicated machinery necessary to exhibit the new product. Their demands cannot be gratified because the electrical companies are not equipped to turn out at once the vast number of installations

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called for. And for those theatres that have been fortunate enough to secure equipment, there are not enough talking pictures to go round. Within three months the studios of Hollywood have been turned from efficiently organized institutions into somewhat of a bedlam. Every one is reorganizing to make talkies. New sound-proof stages are being built. Directors, writers, and actors are all trying to learn something of the new idea and worrying about whether they are adapted to it. A complicated industry which has taken over fifteen years to develop is, to a certain extent, swept away overnight and must prepare to produce at once and in quantity a product it knows almost nothing about, with new and little-understood tools and a personnel of novices.

Conditions such as these have made necessary a number of makeshift devices to meet the present emergency. Chief among them is that form of picture technically known as a "goat gland."

A "goat gland," be it known, is a picture created as a silent film, into which is forcibly, and sometimes painfully, injected one or two "talking sequences" to give the poor thing strength enough to face a world howling for pictures which are audible in some way or other. The "goat gland," however, will probably not long survive as an accepted form. Characters which talk part of the time and are stricken dumb the rest of the time are too difficult to accept as real people. It has always been difficult for an audience to swap conventions in the middle of a scene, and once a character shows he can talk he must continue or seem "dumb" indeed. The convention which underlies the silent picture was only binding while it was known to be necessary.

What is true in an individual picture is apt to be true in the larger field of the whole industry; and once the public has become accustomed to speaking characters on the screen, it is very much to be doubted that the silent character will ever again be acceptable.

To one who has seen motion-picture production of the past the studio itself seems vastly changed. Gone are the shoutings, the music, the noises of electric lights, the hum of the cameras, and the tense directions through megaphones. Instead, a silent group of actors awaits a silent signal upon a silent stage. Between "shots" groups of quiet-voiced players bring forth dictionaries and discuss meanings of words and their pronunciation. The responsibility of the spoken word, hailed with joy by veterans from the stage, is a heavy burden to some of those actors whose whole professional career has been silent. Which is not to say that the new art is the mecca of all stage folk and the confusion of those unfortunates without theatre training. But there will be many heart-breaks before the studios adjust their methods and their players to new conditions.

In many cases the stage actor who doesn't know picture technic is no better off than the screen actor of no vocal experience; except that it is frequently easier for the stage actor to learn screen technic than for the screen actor to develop a voice which he doesn't possess. On this latter point, though, it is not essential that the voice be trained to theatre size. Pure tone and distinct enunciation are the prime requisites. At the present time the ideal actor for talking pictures seems to be the stage actor with screen experience.

It is interesting, and frequently appalling, to realize how much screen per-

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sonality may be changed by the addition of voice. The actor's very appearance seems different. Many delightful young women lose all their charm the moment their voices are heard; stalwart "he-men" may shed their virility with the first sentence they speak; the rolling Western "r" gives the lie to an otherwise excellent "society" characterization, and uncultured enunciation destroys the illusion created by beauty. In very few cases does the voice of a screen idol satisfy "fans" who, for years, have been imagining it. On the other hand, those players who have beauty of voice find a new world opened to them. No longer is it necessary to make personality 100 per cent visual. Actors who for years have been almost unnoticed may arrest attention vocally and convey to the public a charm of personality which they have been unable to do through the eye alone. It is Judgment Day, and many will be raised up while others are cast down.

The new art—and it will be an art possibly greater than either of those from which it derives—the new art is an interesting combination of stage and screen, and those who practise it will have to know certain principles of each.

In analyzing these elements and learning how they are to be combined, it is obvious that the new medium is bound, for a time, to be torn between the influence of motion-picture technic and that of the spoken drama. Those who come to it from the theatre will, no doubt, tend to make it merely the "speaking likeness" of a stage performance. Those who have in the past worked only in the silent drama will probably minimize the importance of the spoken word and lay much emphasis upon physical movement to carry the story. These two forces are well defined and both are necessary in the new picture. It is much too early yet to say just how the two elements will combine or what the new technical form will be. Much experimenting will have to be done and many mechanical limitations removed before the talkie can develop a degree of freedom from artificial restrictions. To-day one man's opinion is as good as another's; there is no master; there are only pupils.

Part of the present confusion is the result of the industry being divided against itself as to the best method of making and reproducing talking pictures. There are three general methods in operation: the Vitaphone method, the Movietone method, and the double-film method.

In the Vitaphone method the voice is recorded upon a wax disk which is synchronized with the cameras; the Movietone records the voice upon the side of the same film which carries the picture; and the double-film method records the voice upon a separate film which is synchronized with the picture film.

Because of these entirely different methods, theatres which are equipped to reproduce films of one method can only show another by using different machinery.

As the Vitaphone and Movietone methods were both in the field before the double-film method, it is necessary for those producers who make their pictures by double film to re-record them as either Vitaphone or Movietone in order to use theatres equipped to exhibit by these methods. Which method will be finally agreed upon as the best is a subject of much discussion, but it is being generally accepted that for the actual making of a picture the double-film method gives the director greater freedom to move his characters and to use

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more of the fluid technic of the motion-picture.

There are, of course, many technical difficulties to be overcome in the theatres. The same film in the same house sounds differently according to the size and position of the audience; each theatre varies acoustically from every other, and few of the large picture houses were built to meet conditions which proper reproduction of talking pictures demands.

A new group of technicians has become an integral part of the director's staff. The recording engineer is as important a factor in making a picture as is the camera-man. So is the "mixer" in the monitor room, who watches every scene and governs relative volumes of sound, bringing up certain voices, subduing others, and holding the whole audible performance to a level at which there will be no microphonic distortion. The director must compose each scene for the microphone as well as for the camera; distance and direction of voice must be considered at the same time as distance and angle of the face. These are among the limiting conditions to which this new art is born and through which it must grow. The microphone imposes many new difficulties which were unknown both to the screen and to the stage; it tends to magnify certain types of sound and minimize others, which makes it hard to get a true aural balance. The sound-proof booths which house the cameras have made them much more unwieldy, and the necessity of photographing through the plate-glass windows of these booths makes new and difficult photographic problems.

In spite of all this the art of spoken screen drama will probably develop much more quickly than the silent picture did, because both its underlying arts are well developed. The motion-picture was truly a new form of narrative and of drama; it used its predecessors, the novel and the play, as indirect models; but the talkie uses its two contributing sources in a much more direct manner. The vocal photoplay is a new combination of two older arts rather than the creation of a new art, and, being essentially new only as to combination, the major problem to be solved at this time is to prevent the technic of one art robbing it of the values contributed by the other.

It is at this point that the two influences which are creating the form of the talkie come into definite conflict. They may be roughly described as drama of the eye and drama of the ear—the element of sight and the element of sound.

In its appeal to the ear the talking picture will ultimately give the audience the same effect as stage drama. As the mechanics of vocal reproduction are developed, the talkie may even surpass the stage in its ability to carry the audible part of drama clearly and distinctly to an auditor far removed from the stage. But in their appeal to the eye we find an essential difference between the talkie and the stage. The talkie is, and must remain, visually a motion-picture. What the eye sees in it is very different from what the eye sees on the stage, and this fact alone indicates that it is the element of sight which will force the talkie to be governed more by the technic of the motion-picture than by that of the theatre. Those who think it merely a matter of photographing a stage-play literally have missed this essential difference, for as long as the audience must see through the lens of a camera, the intimate technic of motion-picture action will be more satisfactory than the

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more remote methods of the stage. The actor must be brought much closer than in the theatre, for the camera is not the human eye. Its perspective is quite different, and as yet has not the compensating values which we get from stereoscopic vision.

Talkie technic must be visually that of the motion-picture and only orally that of the stage. This means that the narrative form of the talkie cannot quite follow that of the drama; its percentage of eye-drama to ear-drama must be considerably greater than on the stage. Many of the more subtle moments in the talking picture can sustain themselves by sheer pantomime because the audience is brought so close to the character as to make facial expression alone tell story and express thought to a degree impossible in the theatre. This element of delicate pantomime, developed with such care by the motion-picture, will not be lost in the new technic, but it will be enhanced by that fulness of thought which language alone can give. It is becoming more and more clear that there is a vast difference between the film record of a stage performance and a motion-picture which talks.

During the last decade it became evident that one basic structural difference between stage drama and screen drama was that the greater mobility of the photoplay made it advisable to include every important point of physical action which occurred in the story; while the stage-play had a tendency to leave out much of this incident and allude conversationally to what had happened between the acts. Stage drama, more than photodrama, has usually concentrated its action on certain high spots in a story. It is now a debatable question whether the new story form of the talkie will gain or lose value through the tendency and ability of the spoken screen drama to include those incidents which stage drama leaves out.

It is, of course, obvious that less actual story can be told when all parts of it are shown; and writers in the new medium are struggling between their desire to use the more fluid form of screen-story construction and their wish to produce a play so complete in psychology and characterization that it can only be told by omitting those incidents which would be omitted on the stage.

Aside from the problem of story construction, the individual scene, as a rule, takes longer to express in spoken picture than the same scene does either on the stage or the silent screen. Picture technic causes things to happen one at a time and uses pantomimic interruptions to dialogue. The silent screen would show the same scene more quickly because its language would be much condensed and its physical action would not be retarded by the longer time necessary to speak lines. A one-act play which takes forty-five minutes to perform in the theatre has been turned into a talkie of seven reels—a full-length picture, merely by filling in certain important scenes which occurred off stage in the original. It is for time to prove whether the play is better or worse through this treatment. At least, it is essentially unchanged.

It will be interesting to see this struggle work out between the more obvious construction of the motion-picture and the more suggestive construction of stage drama. It is a struggle for supremacy in a field which is equally capable of showing either. Probably the talking picture will develop its own form of writing, since stage-plays contain too many lines for the medium, and screen construction leaves room for too few

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lines. Less plot can be told in a given space when it has to carry the spoken word. The vocal photoplay must contain fewer words than the stage-play because the dramatic spacing of lines will be different, and intimate pantomime is bound to be a more essential element in the new form, since the close-up can do so much more work than the silent moment on the stage can do.

Another conflict of inherited impulses occurs in the matter of tempo. The physical tempo of the screen, so much quicker than that of the stage, finds itself checked by the spoken word, which cannot be made consistent with such rapid movement. In this case it would seem that the element of sound has the upper hand, and will bring the talking picture down to a tempo much closer to stage time than to screen time. This may be noticed, at first, by audiences accustomed to the terrific speed of the modern picture, but talk cannot be so accelerated without losing all semblance of reality, and movement and speech must harmonize. Each scene has its own rhythm to which all its elements must conform. So it seems that the false speed of the silent picture must be brought down more nearly to approach the more realistic tempo of the stage; which is still very much more condensed than the tempo of real life.

If we take for granted that the various technical difficulties will be solved, and those close to the situation believe this will be done in a comparatively short time, it is interesting to contemplate the possibilities of the new dramatic form. It has almost everything the stage can offer—and many advantages which the stage has not. It combines the power of the spoken word with the power of the motion-picture; it can make the audience feel intimate with a scene to an extent never attained on the stage; it compels the spectator to look at the one essential point which is the dramatic focus of the moment and prevents the attention from straying to a less-important detail. The talkie puts into spoken drama an intimacy which is impossible on the stage because of the distances involved; it will preserve, as far as may be desirable, the fluid movement of the motion-picture while losing nothing of the psychological value of the spoken word. A broader canvas is made possible by quick and frequent change of background, and against this broader canvas will be shown characters in more intimate drama than even the littlest Little Theatre has succeeded in depicting. Not since Shakespeare's day has the dramatic form been so fluid.

It is not to be expected that the talking picture will find itself immediately. It must pass through crude stages of experiment; it must develop its craft before it can grow as an art. There is, at present, no one who knows much about it; relative positions in the motion-picture world have been wiped out, and the race is to be run all over again with every competitor starting from scratch.

The public, at present, is amazed to hear the screen talk, but in a very short time they will demand that it say something. It would not be surprising if the public were to go through the same progression with the talkie as happened in the case of its mother, the movie. This may be roughly sketched as follows:

1. A wild desire to see the new curiosity—pictures that moved; it mattered not what was shown.

2. The necessity of having pictures tell a story in order to maintain audience interest.

3. The discovery that the form was very crude.

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4. The realization that they needed it anyhow.

5. With gradual improvement the demand for "bigger and better" pictures.

6. The demand for even better, though smaller, pictures.

7. The picture public's growing appreciation of art.

8. Gradual freeing of the form through this appreciation.

Those who are closest, however, to the heart of the problem expect that this development will be much more rapid than it was with the movie.

If the talkie realizes its possibilities, it may well become the greatest of all popular arts; it will carry the full benefit of spoken drama to millions who otherwise could never see a good play properly presented, and at a price which will not tax the most modest purse; it will make a real national theatre possible; it will become a standard of speech for the whole people; it will foster the growth of dramatic taste in the general public and will help them grow to an appreciation of the spoken word as quickly as they have learned to appreciate finer values in the silent picture during the last ten years.

The drama was conceived to be the art of the whole people, and the talking picture is at last going to make that ideal possible. If the new art realizes its opportunities it is probable that, within three years, the silent motion-picture will have ceased to be.

Ephraim Ursus, American Pioneer

BY PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS

The author of "The Cowboy" and "Jinglebob" writes the biography of a bear. Ephraim's dramatic exit is a true tale.

EPHRAIM URSUS was an aristocrat. He belonged to one of the oldest families in America, to one of the proudest. In fact, the initial part of his American lineage far antedated the settling of Jamestown and the Pilgrims' landing; and, had you attempted to discuss with him those two immigrations, he doubtless would have sniffed.

Assuredly he would not have praised the Lewis and Clark expedition; thus wordless because, if for no other reason, he resented people's entering a territory which he, in lordly fashion, deemed to have been ancestral and which he considers now to be his by inheritance.

Despite his progenitors' haughtiness, his birthplace was sufficiently humble to have satisfied the biographers of politicians. In simplicity, it outdid the traditional log cabin of American statesmen, it being no more than a pile of leaves between two sheltering rocks on a mountainside.

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At his birth, he weighed much less than the conventional nine-pound baby. He was merely of about the size and heaviness of an adult chipmunk, for he was a healthy grizzly bear.

As for his parents——

His mother, shrewd to the last degree, was also almost flawless in her tender affection for her baby offspring and in her wise and constant teaching of him during his infancy and early youth: rarely a fleck of impatient roughness.

It was she who encouraged his instinctive efforts to claw his signature onto vertical trunks within the forest. Through feigned competition, she persuaded him to seek ever a yet higher spot for his runic autograph upon the bark; and thereby his muscles gradually became limberer and his frontal nails more stoutly anchored.

His first sparring lessons he had from her; and, using her willing body as a life-raft, he, under her tutelage, improved his swimming.

It was she who unfolded to him the technic of outwitting bees during quests for honey.

Pursuant to her schooling, his innate sense of smell was made to determine with uncanny swiftness the precise direction from which any odor wafted; thus preparing him to comport with grizzlies' habit of stalking up-wind when seeking victims. Thanks to her, he was able to catch from passing breezes long notice that man was approaching.

It was she who taught him that human beings were not to be trusted, though she largely left to her husband the giving of practical demonstrations in murder and sudden death, as also in the detection and robbery of baited traps.

It was she who instructed little Ephraim, that, following the invention of the rifle, grizzlies had, for the first time, added a bit of fear to the antipathy which they previously had felt for men.

And, finally, it was she who warned him that beyond apprehensiveness of people—for oftentimes a mere person could be eradicated by the single slash of a paw—there was a yet more cogent dread, that of the skunk. The grizzly, because of thick hair and wondrously sentient nostrils, lost otherwise unfailing courage and became an arrant coward whenever in the fetid presence of one of those animated vinaigrettes.

Notwithstanding the maternal gentleness, some human husbands might qualify their admiration for young Ephraim's mother, since they would know of the treatment she for a time accorded to her spouse. Toward him, from shortly before her infant's birth and until the baby was several weeks of age, she preserved a spleen suggestive of nitric acid; and she occasionally swung a spiked pad that caused permanent addition to the scars already on his scalp.

Nevertheless, throughout all this abusive period, little Ephraim's father sought no solace in flirtations beyond the limits of his home. He had the moral inhibitions of the average grizzly; and so, when once mated, he was completely and unhumanly faithful to his plighted troth.

Whether in copy of his father, by inheritance from him, or solely because he himself was a typical male grizzly, little Ephraim soon began to exhibit wise intelligence along with dignity and humor.

In intelligence, he surpassed any horse or dog; and, though meeting his equal in the elephant, was outranked, in all the world, only by the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and man. He

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and his fellow grizzlies were, except for man—various college graduates perhaps excluded—the brainiest inhabitants America has had since the dawn of history.

As for his humor, it was never apart from dignity, never descended to such clownishness as is characteristic of the black bear. However, when, bundling along beside his mother during one of their daily rambles, he chanced to espy a black bear's cub, it amused him to square his shoulders, shift momentarily from waddling to a strut, and see the patronized other cub thereupon scurry up a tree. All chagrin at hereditary impotence to follow in the climbing of that branchless pine was assuaged by adolescent conceit that eventually he would grow strong enough to knock it down.

Indeed it was not displeasing, while on promenade, to receive the timorous homage paid by all of the encountered wild folk save only the disreputable polecat.

And, oh, the joy of smashing into a bee-tree! Having ascertained the location of a hive, little Ephraim's parents and he would not act with gluttonous haste; but instead would, for a while, squat near the containing tree, eye the strategic knot-hole, and, with grins and rhythmically weaving feet, ecstatically rock from side to side. Also there would be occasional pattings of "tummies."

But, as soon as most of the bees were innocuously inside the knot-hole, a devastating paw would crash into the hollow trunk and expel its sticky contents. Instantly a paw of each bear would dab into the fallen honey and across the short hair of the dabber's face; and, by reason of this precaution, the builders of the hive had been denied their only targets. Cautiously peering between half-opened lids, the bears would cuff downward and into the tacky mess before them with all the enraged insects that hovered in the neighborhood; and so there quickly would be available a hodgepodge of honey, splinters, moss, dead bees, and broken bark: a feast, as little Ephraim thought, fit for the gods.

In one of the earlier seekings for this comfit, little Ephraim, straying a trifle from his mother's side, met with affliction. He had mistaken a wasps' nest for a bee-tree. However, he never repeated the error.

It was a delectable country in which to live: food stintless—tender field-mice, rabbits, and other small animals, all easy to be caught; great mounds and spongy logs, each filled with luscious ants; berries on every hand; numerous bee-trees; grasshoppers in season. And, too, when there developed the infrequent hunger for carrion, the Stilton cheese of beardom, elk could be killed and left to ripen into savoriness.

Incidentally, in his first unaided attempt at a banquet of porcupine, little Ephraim failed to turn the dinner onto its back before commencing to eat. For a while afterward he was compelled to fast.

It was an endearing country in which to live—free as yet from the noisy presence of white men, and as yet unscarred by the slow and hesitant advance of ranching and civilization. But it lay just within the foot-hills' skirts; and, after a few months, ranchmen preempted the adjacent plain and began to push their live stock into these very hills.

As a result of two steers being found with broken necks white men started a reprisal; and presently two large grizzlies were transmuted into rugs, while one little grizzly became an orphan.

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This orphan, young Ephraim, had "milled" at his wounded mother's side until he, stung by a bullet and dazed by the scent and sounds of people, had taken to flight. With that lumbering stride wherein the hind legs ever seem vainly trying to overtake the front ones, with that shambling gait which belies its speed—swifter than that of a ridden horse on steep or broken ground—youthful Ephraim had churned across the foot-hills and into the mountains which lay beyond.

True, he more than once had veered from his route and attempted, by circling his pursuers, to elude them and to rejoin his mother. But eventually, balked by scents and shouts and shots, he had devoted himself wholly to galloping escape.

A vagrant bullet's depriving him of one claw measured the limit of his physical damage.

Years passed.

At the close of these years and deep in the recesses of the mountains behind Ephraim's former bailiwick, the frontiersman Jim Scott and his hunting partner "The Kid" were camping in an entirely unsettled section notable for its big game. One evening a passing visitor at their bivouac reported that earlier that same day he had fired several shots into a large grizzly and had seriously injured it, but that the beast had finally made off.

At dawn the next morning Scott and "The Kid," already miles from their camp, were scouting along a game trail which skirted the rim of a deep canyon, a trail much travelled by wild animals and promising likelihood of yielding trophies that had museum worth.

Here and there, on this path's side of the canyon, boulder-strewn headlands, jutting from the wall, pushed into a sea of air. An especial one of these rocky capes was, according to the season, frequently sought by bears and mountain sheep when they were wishing an observatory of wide range. This particular projection formed, in bird's-eye view, a triangle with narrow base attaching to the canyon's rim and with apex far out in the vacuum of the canyon's maw.

While still lurking behind bushes on the trail's inner flank and as yet unable to see the headland, the two hunters heard coyotes' howls coming from its vicinity. Eventually the men attained a vantage-spot; and from it discovered that, at each end of the promontory's base, was a coyote.

For some time the men continued in hiding, because the two wolves, by their actions, offered a baffling puzzle.

Every few minutes the creatures would momentarily intrude a short distance into the rocky cape; the hair on their ruffs and backs rising, their eyes fixed intently forward, their vibrant noses showing tautness of nerves, and their occasional cries carrying a timbre of panicky curiosity in substitution for the more usual notes of either jeering laughter or simulated grief.

The entire surface of the now mystifying promontory, though level, was so overspread with crazily scattered boulders that neither Scott nor "The Kid" was able to spy what it was that held the two wolves spellbound. The men could do no more than reason that, whatever it was, its location was at the apex of the headland.

By whispers and by signs the incident was discussed. Clearly it did not signify the neighboring presence of other hunters on a shooting-stand, of Indians in ambush, or of horse-thieves

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who, fugitive, were "holing up." None such might exact the antics from the wolves; and, besides, it was a certainty that, except for the last evening's visitor, no other hunters were in the country, and also it was known that all Indians were, for the time being, peaceable and at home on their reservations. In furtherance of investigation and risking flagrant violation of hunters' etiquette, Scott ventured to rise in clear view from the point and to give a lusty call. No answering halloo, no responsive signal, no resultant shot was provoked.

At his shout the coyotes had slunk away, but almost immediately they returned and resumed their picketing. For a half-hour longer Scott and "The Kid" lay, rifles in hand, and watched. Yet nothing disclosed itself upon the cape; and, all the while, the two shaggy sentinels maintained their stations and their strange behavior.

Then Scott's inquisitiveness overcame his patience and he muttered: "Plum' sure's a ghost. Le's shake 'ands with 'im." Accordingly, an advance was made to the centre of the headland's base; and thence the reconnoiterers began to crawl slowly and noiselessly toward the eerie apex.

With this move the coyotes quitted their wardenship. But, when the snailing people had progressed some fifty yards into the haunted point, they heard howls behind them; and, squinting over their shoulders, saw that the wolves were once more on post.

Minute after minute was spent in inching forward, and this with no discovery. Nowhere was there any soil or vegetation on which imprints might have been recorded. Nowhere was there a vestige of instructive "sign." To accent the suspense, not a breath of air was stirring; and so, but for the two coyotes and one blithe grasshopper, the silence would have been complete.

There were scarcely forty feet yet to go before the hunters should reach the apex of the naze, and between it and the creeping men were only three rocks that could screen much from them.

Scott had hardly finished murmuring "Spooks be derned! The ky-otes is sure locoed!" when, from behind the farthermost boulder and at the headland's very tip, there rose slowly and with majesty the figure of a huge grizzly bear. He made no sound. A gouge through his eye sockets and a chest matted with blood clots showed that he not only had been blinded by a bullet but was dying. With easy, continuous motion he heaved himself toward erectness. Standing thus upon his hind legs, he stretched to his full height, then extended his right paw straight above his head; and with it gave a forward thrust as though trying protestingly to shame the hunters from his death-chamber. Before his paw could lower a spasm shook his body, his teeth chattered, and, swaying like a drunkard, he fell backward and into space.

Scott gasped, and, in awestruck voice, blurted: "My God! Julius Cæsar's death couldn't a bin no grander!"

He and "The Kid" lapsed into quietude, but abruptly yelps of derision issued from the coyotes in the background. It was as though these brutes' release from dread of the living grizzly had given them hysteria. Scott, hot with indignation, spat out his tobacco quid, jumped to his feet, and bawled: "You whelps o' infamy, ain't you got no sense o' decency?" Next, he seized his rifle and "cut loose."

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The taunting cries of the wolves and the subsequent noise of the shooting broke the thrall which previously had held him and his companion; and accordingly the two set about retracement of their steps. Throughout the journey there was detected but a single stain of blood to mark the despairing grizzly's route.

As soon as the hunters had regained the main wall of the canyon Scott walked to the carcasses of the two wolves and scornfully kicked them over the edge.

His suggestion, "Don't you think we ought to go on down an' see 'im?" resulted in three hours of hard scrambling. In the bottom of the chasm was found the grizzly.

One of his claws was missing, patently an old injury.

After the men had straightened the mangled limbs and each given to a fore paw the farewell handshake demanded by frontier tradition, they surrounded the body with a wall and roof of heavy rocks.

Late that evening the hunters reached their camp, both of them well-nigh exhausted, and were greeted by their visitor of the night before.

He spoke again of the wounded bear, but neither Scott nor "The Kid" said anything at all upon the subject.

The Salmon in the Sea

By Henry van Dyke

Oh, the salmon in the river is a lively, leaping fish;
And the salmon on the table is a rosy, royal dish;
But what I can't discover, and the thing that baffles me,
Is where he goes in winter, the salmon in the sea.

Oh, the baby parr is pretty with his beauty-spots of red;
And the smolt is clad in silver from his tail unto his head.
But then one day you wonder where that shining fish can be?
He's gone away to make himself a salmon in the sea.

When the flowers of the forest all the river-banks adorn,
Then the salmon comes cavorting to the pool where he was born;
And he lingers there a-sporting, to beget his progeny,
Until he vanishes again, the salmon in the sea.

Oh, there's no man knows his journey, or where he plays and feeds,
In what Neptunian pleasure-grounds and groves of giant weeds.
He has passed beyond our vision, on adventure far and free;
He's gone into the unseen world, the salmon in the sea.

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The Homesick Ladies

BY SIDNEY HOWARD

Horace Rideout held out for a long time against the idea of selling. Horace loved the house for itself, for its immemorial association with his family, and because he enjoyed the life he led in it. He did not share his wife's eagerness for the prospective urbanities of Boston. He knew that once he resigned the chair of the local historical society, he could never hope to occupy the chair of anything else.

"After Natalie's married," his wife reasoned with him, "there'll be no one to carry on the name, and you'll admit it's a burden to keep the place up."

Horace yielded at last. He stood his ground only in his determination to do what he considered the right thing by his two half-sisters.

"My dear Bessie," he wrote to the elder of them—they were both many years his senior—"since my mother's death, in 1903, I have made it a practice to invite you to spend Thanksgiving with us. I attribute your consistent disregard of all my previous invitations to your natural stubbornness, discourtesy, and pride. I rise above it.

"I rise above it because, on this occasion, I have to notify you of a fact which may possibly concern you more deeply than mere social obligations. My wife and I have decided upon removing our residence to Boston, and I shall be interested to hear what, if any, objection you may put forward to our selling this house.

"In spite of my full legal right to dispose of my own property as I see fit, I cannot in conscience ignore your personal and sentimental interest in your former home. With this in mind, I pass over our long quarrel to offer you the opportunity to take the house and land off my hands at a figure to be agreed upon. I shall also consider as valid any reluctance of yours to see the house pass out of the family, provided you are willing to share with me the burden of its upkeep."

That sentence pleased him. He prided himself on his fairness, and that sentence struck him as exceptionally fair.

"Will you be good enough," he concluded, "to signify in writing what, if any, action you propose taking?"

He signed himself: "Most sincerely, your brother." Then he added a postscript which read: "As a formality, I am addressing a similar notification to our sister."

He showed both letters to his wife. "That, I think, makes our position clear," he said.

Caroline warned him not to expect her to sympathize with such quixotics, and once again said: "There is such a thing as too much conscience, particularly in one's attitude toward the undeserving."

"I have never felt," Horace asserted, "that my mother dealt fairly by her stepdaughters."

"That," said Caroline, "does not give Bessie any excuse for her rudeness to me. And as for your sister Maisie," she added, "the less said about *her* the better!"

Horace dropped the subject. He mailed his letter to his sister Elizabeth

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in New York, where she lived and practised the real-estate business. The "similar notification" he mailed to his sister Maisie in Rome. It was the first communication that had been addressed to her from her old home since the day, so long ago, of her first and fatal disgrace.

He mailed the two letters early in October to allow his sisters ample time in which to appreciate his generosity. He felt not a little injured, as the first of November went by, that neither of them vouchsafed him any answer. About the middle of November, however, a Mrs. Willetts, of Indianapolis, made him a most advantageous offer for the house. After that he felt less injured. He pronounced himself delighted with her proposition, and only asked that she leave matters open until Thanksgiving Day. As he said to Caroline: "Even though we may be practically certain that neither one of them" —meaning his sisters—"intends to interfere with the sale, still we cannot afford to give up the satisfaction of feeling ourselves wholly in the right." He had already commenced making his plans to invest the Willetts's thousands in foreign travel when his sister Bessie did take action and, thus, in one blow, dashed his incipient hopes.

"I shall be with you for Thanksgiving," she wired him. "I wish I might say that I look forward to seeing you."

Neither he nor Caroline could help wondering just what that telegram portended. "Now you see what I meant by too much conscience," said Caroline.

Caroline faced the facts bravely, however. She was neither a small woman nor a mean one, and she knew her duty, as New Englanders are only too apt to do. She spared no pains to prepare for her sister-in-law's visit. She even fished into the store of family photographs and drew thence a portrait of her husband's two sisters, taken together in their youth, at the beginning of the gay nineties.

They were handsome girls, high-spirited daughters of the Puritan stock. Their brows were strong and proud; their eyes clear and proud; their mouths firm and proud. Caroline, studying the pair, thought how little her husband resembled them. Intractable, unmanageable girls, she thought. Her own Natalie had something of their look, lacking its coloration of perverseness. The longer she studied the portrait the more sorry she found herself that two such splendid creatures should have come off so futile.

She wished that she might have found a picture of Elizabeth alone. But Horace remembered the old days, before the trouble began, and told her how inseparable the sisters had been then, even in photography. So Caroline stood her find on the mantel in the drawing-room, beneath Sargent's portrait of the girls' stepmother, old Nathaniel Rideout's second wife, to whom Horace owed at once his existence, his character, and his faults.

This, hoping for the best against long odds and a heavy cold, Caroline did on the very day of Miss Elizabeth Rideout's announced arrival. That was the day before Thanksgiving—the Wednesday—and Miss Rideout was expected by the three o'clock from Boston.

The Crandalls, who lived next door to the Rideouts, were scarcely less involved in Miss Elizabeth's advent than the Rideouts themselves. Doctor Crandall, a widower, stood to the Rideouts in the position of their oldest friend, a

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traditional family intimacy which young Roger Crandall prepared to carry on by marrying Natalie Rideout.

Doctor Crandall, in his sixties, belonged to that class of men called, by other men, "disappointments." There had been a time, thirty-odd years before the commencement of this story, when Crandall showed promise of assuming a great place in his profession. The Deity, it would appear, compensated the promise by neglecting to make Crandall a great man in himself. From a most brilliant young neurologist in both Vienna and Boston, he had petered out in a pleasant, leisured life, in a late, uneventful, brief marriage, in the esteem of hypochondriac ladies and in Horace Rideout's friendship. Horace liked him for the very qualities which had made him a failure at his job, for the very fact of his failure. Doctor Crandall made Horace feel less of a nonentity and, therefore, more of a man. Who thought seriously of Doctor Crandall now? Only himself, from time to time, on rare occasions of self-interest.

One such moment struck and was real and roused him from his languor on the evening when Roger, just home from the Rideouts, announced the aunt's impending arrival. "Bessie Rideout after all these years?" the doctor murmured, and got up out of his chair to walk uneasily up and down his long, dark library. Presently, his mind made up, he went out through the gate in the privet hedge between the door-yards, rang the Rideouts' bell, and asked for Caroline.

"So Bessie's coming back!" he said to her.

She looked sharply at him, because she understood his gravity and knew that he knew she understood it. "After all these years," she answered, to help him along.

He evaded her eyes. Something like shyness, something the least bit frightened, broke up the serenity of his usual mien. "I'm begging off Thanksgiving dinner," he told her.

"For the first time in twenty years!" Caroline observed. "It does seem extra-delicate of you. Aren't you forgetting that Bessie's an old woman now?"

"No wound," he replied, "is so old you can't open it."

"I think he's right," Horace gloomily put in. "One never knows what to expect of my sister Bessie."

"That's that," said Caroline.

Doctor Crandall looked wanly into the autumn twilight beyond the window-pane. "Bessie will be coming here again," he reflected aloud. "I shall see the redoubtable Bessie again! How long ago it all seems now and yet how real again! I'm glad it's Bessie I'll have to face and not Maisie."

"Oh!" Horace said. "You need have no fears on that score! We can guarantee to spare you Maisie!"

"Thank you for that, at any rate," said Doctor Crandall, and went home to his dinner. Thus Miss Elizabeth Rideout's welcome was prepared in yet another quarter.

All the way from New York that redoubtable lady, as Doctor Crandall had described her, sat in her compartment and wondered at the hold the old house exercised over her, the hold that could fetch her away, alike from her habits and her moorings. "It may be homesickness," she suspected. "I'd like to know what else it could be!"

She weighed close on three hundred avoirdupois, Miss Rideout did, was not

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a bit handsome any more, and called herself "The Madame of New York Real Estate." She enjoyed wondering about things, in a quiet way, provided she could get through the process without committing herself to any action. She wondered about the house, about her brother and his family; even, a little, about her sister Maisie. "Old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago!"—they made her feel humble and foolish about herself and her proud self-sufficiency. They made her ask herself if this long estrangement had ever been anything more than a perverse self-indulgence. They made her feel downright kindly toward that fuss-budget young half-brother of hers.

She rested her mammoth forearm on the window-sill and dropped her heavy head into the palm of her hand. "It's a queer thing," she said to herself, very much as Doctor Crandall had done, "how alive all that old rumpus seems again!"

Then it occurred to her (for she was not disinclined to philosophize) that perhaps life lives for us only up to the point where we have to begin making it work for us instead. What she wanted to know was whether life might not begin to live for her anew now that she had reached the point where she no longer cared whether it worked for her or not. She wondered if life were not playing just that trick on her in reviving so many of the old memories and putting so much of flesh and blood into them.

"It *is* going home," she concluded. "It *is* going home that's got me so stirred up."

Then she wondered if Steve Crandall were still living. "Sixty-seven he'd be," she judged. The train came into the landmark zone: she saw landmarks that had once meant going home to her and still meant just that. "Heigho!" she sighed.

Even if she had not been so gently disposed in advance, the sight of Horace on the platform would have disarmed her, so distraught he looked and so frightened of her. "Well, Horace," she began, "I suppose you think this very odd of me?"

"I'm trying my best not to," his tactless honesty informed her.

"It *is* odd," she said. "Odd as the very devil!"

He apologized for his wife's absence from the platform. "She's asthmatically inclined," he said, "and with her cold in this rainy weather . . ."

"You must tell me your wife's name," she cut him off. "I can't be calling my sister-in-law 'my brother's wife' to her face!"

"Her name is Caroline," said Horace. "She was . . ."

"Never mind who she was! Who's this?"

Horace presented his daughter. "My daughter, Natalie. Natalie, your aunt Bessie."

"Named after her grandfather Rideout?" Miss Elizabeth supposed.

"A corruption of Nathaniel," Horace explained.

His sister grunted. "Corrupting anything connected with that old buzzard strikes me as gilding the lily!"

"You're speaking of my father!" Horace protested.

"He was my father, too," Miss Elizabeth replied, "and that wasn't the worst of his sins!" She turned to Natalie, though, with the most charming warmth. "Never *you* mind, my dear," she added. "You're a damned pretty girl."

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They got into the car with that and drove through the town to the house. Miss Elizabeth sat, the short while, without speaking, looking into the drizzle as one familiar vista after another disclosed itself. She got over all doubts as to what it was had brought her from New York. So homesick she became that she barely managed to keep from crying, and had no strength left in her to call up her usual bravado. The elms hit her the hardest: some that she remembered, some that had grown to tree's estate since her day, some that were gone and, by their absence, made themselves as evident to her recollection as missing teeth in a beloved smile.

The sight of the house caused at once such contraction in her throat and such weakness in her knees that, when her brother made to help her to alight, she laid her hand upon his arm and stopped him. Homesickness, one of the most generous of the more worthy human emotions, let loose a cool freshet of good-will within her and she spoke to Horace out of the aged, aching depths of her poor heart.

"Listen to me, Horace," she said to him. "Let's have no more nonsense between us. It wasn't any fault of yours that your mother made you the hook to hang so much unkindness on. It wasn't your fault that Maisie and I went to hell. Oh, don't look so shocked! That's just where we did go, and I went farther than Maisie, too! Maisie had a love-affair and married a gambler, but I went into real estate and invented the kitchenette and the co-operative apartment-house, and they're two of the worst crimes ever perpetrated against humanity."

"You're joking!" Horace cried, relieved that his elder sister had not made him a more roseate confession.

"Not entirely. The point is to avoid blaming and fussing now for what happened so long ago. Let's forget what father did in marrying your mother and what your mother did to Maisie and what Maisie did to me. Let's you and I be friends."

"I'm glad you're so sensible, Bessie," he said to her. "Steve Crandall was so afraid you wouldn't be."

Just the sound of Steve Crandall's name, and Miss Rideout's sensibleness came to a full stop and a new ache came through the homesickness and complicated matters. "What matters now," she forced herself to say, "is what went on before Steve Crandall's misbehaviors."

He looked puzzled, she saw, though he said nothing.

"When we were children here," she explained, "Maisie and Steve and I. And now," she added, "take me in and introduce me to your wife. It was nice of you to let me come up, after all my years of churlishness, and see the old house once more. I shan't raise any objections to anything you want to do with it. I'll only look around and take my train back to New York."

At a little before three that afternoon a woman appeared in the streets of the town in which the Rideouts lived. She stood against the corner of an old house opposite the "Congo" Church and gazed about her in a faint timidity. Her attitude and her whole manner seemed to say: "All this is the same, but different. The curbstones are the same, but the people are different. The houses are the same, but the streets are different. The doors are the same, but they're changed, too. Only, I mustn't let any of the changes affect me."

The rain ceased momentarily and

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the clouds broke into masses of charcoal-soiled ivory that showed cobalt between. The wind blew gustily from the river and from the scarlet mallow patterns on the marshes of the Maine shore. The wind riffled the gutter puddles at the woman's feet and bore to her nostrils scents of wood-smoke and rotting leaves, of baking and hot oilcloth, of lamps and pines and tar and the tide and lumber, the least tainted, all of them, by the slightest odor of the fish-wharfs. The woman sniffed the scents like a dog and with a dog's ecstasy of recognition.

The wind appeared to revive her. She clutched, as it were, at its stimulus of recollected certainty and moved forward. No one noticed her. No traffic stopped for her. She did not pause for the crossings. She went straight on, like one resolved against looking to either hand.

When she had left the small business section behind her and turned into High Street, her puzzlement decreased and her assurance waxed correspondingly more assured. Under the arching, leafless elms her step quickened. She walked past one after another of the stately federal palaces of High Street until she came to the end, where the Rideout house, the stateliest of all, stood farthest back of all.

Here she paused again and stood quite still, and her eyes rested upon the house with all that can be of human pain and love and marvel and tenderness in them. When she had taken her fill of looking, she entered the Rideout gate, walked up the steps beneath the noble portico and knocked, somehow impatiently.

It was the maid, Delia, who opened the door. "What do you want?" she asked of the woman.

"I want to come in, of course!"

Delia wondered, as much at the tone as at the words. Lovers of Georgian building were no novelty thereabouts, however. "You can't see the house today," she said. "You have to write ahead and make an application."

The woman said: "But I don't want to see the house. I want to come in." And she laughed weakly, in a surprised manner.

Delia drew back frightened. "Who is it you want to see?" she demanded.

"No one!" This time a little querulous authority came into the woman's voice. "Don't keep me standing here! It's raining."

The rain had, in truth, resumed. Delia's was a soft heart. Delia saw the rain and saw tears trembling in the woman's eyes. A real lady fallen on evil days, Delia decided, and dropped her formal, or door-bell, bearing.

"I don't believe you're feeling yourself, dearie," she said. "Come in, if you want to, and I'll give you a cup of hot tea."

Delia stepped aside to let the woman in. "She walked right past me"—so Delia subsequently reported to Mrs. Blenkinsopp, the cook—"as if she'd owned the place. If I hadn't caught her, she'd have been in the parlor in a jiffy with Mrs. Rideout and the fat sister from New York and everybody!"

Luckily Delia did catch her and led her away from the drawing-room to the kitchen. There she provided the woman with a chair close to the stove. The woman made not the least resistance, but followed meekly and sat where she was told. Only she cried and cried and could not be made to stop.

Both Delia and Mrs. Blenkinsopp, the cook, found, in such carryings-on, good and sufficient excuse for exaspera-

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tion. They were doing for their strange guest all that she had any right to ask of them. "What on earth has got into you?" Delia asked a little bit impatiently.

"Nothing." The misery persisted, though, and twisted the features all up and made the words stick so that they came out all tight and hurting. "It's just that I didn't think you'd keep me in the kitchen!"

"Oh, didn't you, indeed!"

"No. I expected everybody would be much gladder to see me than they are."

Welcomed to Caroline's drawing-room, Miss Elizabeth Rideout regained her self-possession and proceeded, along her own lines, to ingratiate herself. She had twice to be reminded of Caroline's name, and, after the second reminder, called her Evelyn, Eleanor, and Leonore in succession and without noticing. She sat back in her grandfather's wing-chair and held the room at bay, a Barbarian empress putting Rome in its place. "It's a charming house," she said. "A really noble house! And you've done surprisingly little to spoil it."

"We've tried to preserve it," Caroline informed her, a little coldly.

"They all do that." Miss Elizabeth smiled the smile of the unimpressed. "Only a house as fine as this can protect itself from being preserved out of existence. Not that your taste is bad. It may be faddy, but it is *not* bad."

Caroline thanked her for that crumb.

"Though you ought to be shot," the redoubtable lady wound up, "for putting electric lights in this room."

Caroline thanked her again, and gave up any idea of protesting.

The redoubtable one was squinting with sudden malevolence toward the mantel. "Is that Horace's mother?" she wanted to know.

"It's the thing Sargent did of her," Horace replied, "the year before she died."

"Flatters her so I didn't recognize her," his sister rejoined; "though I never looked at her myself when I could avoid it."

Before she went up-stairs, she discovered the unearthed photographs of her sister and herself. As she struggled stupendously to her feet, she saw it on the mantel and lumbered over to take it in her hand. Such deep feeling flushed over her, as she studied it, that Horace thought her on the point of hurling it into the fire.

"Maisie and you," he stammered. "We thought you'd be pleased."

"Did you?" Grimly she put the picture back in its place and left them, and the old stair creaked under her ascent.

Natalie stated categorically that she was proud to be the niece of such a woman. "I adore Aunt Bessie!" she said. "I think she's superb. She may speak her mind out, but she loved this house and that's more than some people I could mention do."

She summoned Roger over from next door. "The sooner you meet my aunt Bessie the better," she told him, "because, after we're married, you're going to see as much of her as she's willing to see of us."

Thus Miss Elizabeth, when she reappeared, found her niece's fiancé awaiting her, along with her niece and her niece's parents, in the drawing-room. She inspected Roger suspiciously. "I suppose you're Stephen Crandall's son?"

Roger acknowledged his identity.

"I was thinking about him coming up in the train. Tell him to come to see

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me while I'm here. He needn't be afraid."

"Thank you. He wants to see you, I know."

"Humph! I hope you don't take after him."

Then she realized how she must have startled the boy. "Don't mind me," she went on quickly. "I gave up manners long ago. I was fond of your father once and he behaved badly about it. Coming back here has brought it all to life for me."

"So that's it!" Roger thought, and Miss Rideout asked herself what the devil there was about this place to stir her up, and tea was brought. She refused tea, demanded whiskey, took the amusement of the room into her own capable hands, and began telling stories at her own expense. Things went handsomely from that point, under her direction.

It was in the kitchen, where the stranger lady sat, that things halted. The cook said: "Either she's sick or drunk or crazy."

"Sh!" Delia admonished. "You'll only make her worse and I'm certain she's not drunk."

"Sick or crazy then," Mrs. Blenkinsopp compromised, "and, whichever she is, we ought to have the doctor in."

Now Delia did not at all fancy calling in the doctor. She could hardly go that far without Mrs. Rideout's permission, and she made a fair guess at what her mistress would say to her for entertaining such a waif. "Drat my tender heart!" she whispered. "Drat the rain and her for looking so ladylike and pathetic!"

She tried her conception of the polite hint. "Hadn't we better be moving along now?" she inquired of the woman in her most persuasive manner.

"Moving along?" A despairing echo. "Why?"

"The rain's stopped, you know. And you can't stay here all night."

That same baffled moth of pathos flitted once more over the lips and speech. "Why can't I stay? I came to stay a long time. You mustn't put me out."

"Bless my soul!" Delia cried, and Mrs. Blenkinsopp threw her apron over her face, ran into the pantry and locked the door.

"You don't understand," the woman persisted, "that I belong here."

"Don't I?" Delia was growing seriously alarmed.

"I was afraid you didn't."

Delia made up her mind and went for Mrs. Rideout.

It was a queer thing, altogether, in a company already queer enough in its own right, to have the housemaid walk in, as Delia did, blanched with fear, and ask for help with a lunatic in the kitchen. "She does nothing but cry," Delia reported to the astonishment of the drawing-room, "so I don't think she's dangerous. Only I dassn't put her out, or try it, with all those knives and cleavers lying about."

Roger volunteered. "If knives and cleavers are coming into action," he said to Horace, "I can dodge quicker than you could."

He went into the kitchen. When he came back—and he was gone only a very few minutes—he brought the woman with him. She stood in the door at his side, leaning upon his arm, and smiled a smile more touching than any tears.

"It wasn't that I minded being taken to the kitchen," she told them, hurrying her words out before any of them

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had a chance to speak. "I didn't mind one bit and they've been very kind to me out there. I may have felt a *little* hurt, but that was only natural, wasn't it? I mean, I *would* have wanted to have my tea in here with you. Don't you see?"

They stared at her, much more than dumbfounded by her extraordinary speech. They saw a woman, simply but most beautifully dressed, and with rare pearls at her throat. They saw hair of Indian summer artificially tinged with spring, and lips and cheeks that were not, by any means, innocent of rouge. They saw, as well, the tense gravity of a little girl in a face already aged and a body long since mature. The gravity was real, they saw—as real as it was tremulous and eager.

"She says she belongs here," Delia quavered.

"So I do!" the woman insisted. "I always did!"

"Do you know where you are?" Horace asked her.

"Of course I know!"

"And with whom?" Caroline pressed.

"Don't tease me any more, please!"

Then Roger put his oar in. "It occurred to me," he said, "the moment I saw her, that she might be quite right about belonging here. Are you sure this lady isn't your sister from Rome?" And, back to the woman, he added: "Are you Madame de Gondrecour?"

The woman shook her head. The others, too. All but Miss Elizabeth. Her voice died on her dry lips as she tried to speak. "Maisie! My little Maisie!"

"That's right," the woman answered her. "That's my name. I've come home at last."

She clung to that word and made it coo for them.

"Home . . . home . . . home . . ."

She made it clear, though, that she recognized none of them. She simply stood there, without one word more to say for herself, and turned her poor heart inside out with her still, intense joy in the house where she had been a child and a young girl.

Heaven only knew—as Caroline was later heard to observe—how long the shock of that introduction lasted. The prodigal daughter, come home in such fashion, after so long and so arduous an interval, laid a spell of silence upon them which it had been a sacrilege to break. At length, however, sunlight—the hearty gold of a late afternoon of rain—pushed in through the windows and bestirred life once more, and the family watched the happiness of that vacant face focus down upon a discreet pleasure in some immediate and palpable thing. The strain relaxed, and the watchers glanced furtively at one another. Then the shadow, in the image of Mary Rideout de Gondrecour, snatched them all back to her as she darted, suddenly, to the window.

"The sun's come out!" she cooed at them. "Shan't we be going, after all?"

"Going?" Caroline echoed. "Where?"

"Driving with Dan'l, of course!"

"Dan'l?"

Miss Elizabeth remembered if Horace did not. "You were a baby in Dan'l's day," she whispered, "though he drove you often enough. Maisie and I used to take turns holding you, every fine afternoon, down the turnpike."

The prodigal daughter was rapping on the window-pane, waving and calling: "Hello, Dan'l! Hello! How smart you look!"

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Roger peered over her shoulder. "It's Joseph," he said to the rest. "Out there with the car waiting for orders."

"What must he think!" Caroline groaned out of her deep dread of servants' gossip. "This is dreadful."

Miss Elizabeth took the situation in hand. "Tell your chauffeur to drive us down the turnpike," she said to Caroline. "Tell your maid to fetch me my hat and coat. I'll take this business off young Crandall's shoulders and find out where we stand."

For a minute after the two had left and the car had driven off, the four of them, Natalie, her father and mother and her fiancé, stood quite still, listening.

"I could have sworn," Natalie said, as steadily as she was able, "that I heard horses outside."

"And I!" her mother quavered. "Horses and a carriage on a gravel drive!"

"And I, too," Horace fell in, "though there has been neither carriage nor horses these twenty years."

"There will have been both," Roger said, "in Dan'l's day."

The hour Miss Elizabeth kept her sister driving was filled, for the family, with wild surmise, and for Horace, with shudders and mutterings of "How terrible! How terrible!" and the like. When they came home, Miss Elizabeth looked an exhausted spectre, years older and stones lighter than at tea. She dropped into the wing-chair, called loudly for more Scotch, flattened her two vast elbows on her knees and pressed shaking hands to throbbing temples.

The prodigal, however, seemed to be picking up. She ran into the house like a girl and up the stairs. Natalie pursued her to watch over her. Presently Natalie returned to the drawing-room to report.

"Wasn't my room hers once?" she asked them. "It must have been, because she went to it straight off and hung up her poor coat in my closet. Only her coat isn't poor, is it? Just being hers makes it seem so! And she saw my things on the dressing-table and looked so surprised at them. She's sitting on my bed now—I suppose that was hers, too—smiling away to herself like a tired little girl!"

Her aunt Bessie cried out at her: "Will you stop it, child! I've had an hour of her asking me where her sister is! And there I sat, and what on earth could I say to her? And she'd look out at old things and recognize them. I could see her. And when we came to new ones, houses and such that weren't there in her day and mine, I could see she was puzzled."

"Who does she take you to be?" Caroline demanded.

"Nobody much! People aren't real to her except as parts of this"—the thick, soft hands wavered off to indicate the four walls of the room—"or as memories *in* this."

"What do you make of it?" her brother asked her.

"What should I make of it! That her mind's gone, you fool! Or all of it since her childhood."

"All her life since it happened!" Horace supposed.

"It?" Roger fired at them. "What is 'it'?"

"Ah!" the old lady put him off. "You're the last one to be told that story. Let it go as a family row. A row complicated by all the uncharitable and unloving things we all do when our vanities get scorched. Let it go at that

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and leave the whole spiteful, wretched business to be forgotten!"

"It won't let us forget," said Horace, and added: "We used to call her 'Proud Maisie,' too!"

" 'Proud Maisie was in the wood,
Walking so early,' "

Natalie quoted.

That was more than Miss Elizabeth could possibly bear. "Don't, child!" she begged. "For the love of Heaven, have a little mercy on me!"

Caroline asked what was to be done.

"Psychiatrists," Roger hazarded, "would diagnose her case as amnesia." Would Miss Elizabeth place her in some good sanatorium or keep her at home with nurses? Those were the alternatives Roger saw.

"I'll take care of her," Miss Elizabeth assured them. "It's my job. She's my little sister. If she's mad, I'm at least partly to blame."

"She'll be a handful," Roger prophesied.

To Caroline's mind the only logical course was to call a doctor in at once. Caroline had no intention of putting up a lunatic, however pitiable, without sound medical advice on the possible risk incurred. Caroline considered Roger's father the logical man.

"Not Steve Crandall!" Miss Elizabeth protested. "Any one but Steve!"

"I can't agree with you," Caroline pressed her argument. "The past *is* the past if it does seem the present to us just now. If Maisie doesn't know you, she certainly won't know him. And how much more sensible to call in a doctor who is also a friend, who knows the whole story from the beginning, and who has such good reason for keeping things to himself."

"You must realize," Roger backed Caroline up, "that people in Madame de Gondrecour's condition are often recalled to themselves."

"I won't admit that she's really mad!" Miss Elizabeth said.

"You'll admit, though, that she isn't herself?"

"I'll have to do that."

So Caroline won her point and scuttled over to the Crandall house next door to lay the situation before Doctor Crandall.

Much as that gentleman had dreaded Miss Elizabeth's advent, he had thanked his stars that he was, at any rate, to be spared Maisie. "Frankly, Caroline," he confessed, "I could wish you had called in any other medical man on earth. There's something almost fateful in this. Our old sins have a way of coming home to roost, I suppose. I see your point in choosing me. I'll come along with you and have a look at her."

He did come and, in the drawing-room, encountered Miss Elizabeth, braced to receive him. "Well, Stephen," she said to him, "here's a pretty business for you and me to have tumbling about our ears at our time of life."

"Old, unhappy, far-off things," the doctor began, and stopped like an actor who has forgotten his lines and bowed his head.

"Bring Maisie down," Horace commanded. "Let Stephen see her in here."

All the time that this controversy had raged in her honor, the woman who had been Maisie Rideout sat on the bed in her girlhood's room and played listless games with the curtains and the wall-paper. After she had done with the parrots and polka-dots about the

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casement, she painstakingly proved, with regard to the wall-paper, that she required seven Chinese garden scenes to get from the floor to the ceiling if she went diagonally, whereas she could do it vertically in four. Then she made patterns in the wall-paper: a square with two scenes to a side, another with three, and a huge one with four. She made a triangle and a six-pointed star.

She turned her attention to the window. Sitting up quite erect, she could see the bird-house in the fork of the wine-glass elm outside. When she lay over on her cheek, the bird-house dropped below the sill. When she sat up again, it climbed back to its proper level. By bending forward and backward, she could move it from pane to pane.

Thoughts followed one another through her sick mind like crinkled images in a green mirror: sweeping the garden-paths with her particular broom; thin horses; the hole in the privet hedge; slipping down between bales of hay in the barn loft; "The Little Match Girl" and "The Culprit Fay"; watering the garden (you needed a hose for that but no water); playing "Horatius on the Bridge" with a plank laid across the brook and falling off and getting soaked; a doll named "Happiness" who fell into the brook and got soaked; the house in the hedge and the cellar that was not under the house in the hedge, except pretending; and raspberries and yellow crayons and bare feet. They had neither reminiscence nor immediacy in them, her thoughts, but shifted, merely, with the weary stateliness of the mind's music that has no tune to it. They had no more quality than the mind's music. Thought does not need much quality to be no more than thought. Like life, thought may exist with equal right, both as great gods and as filmy and impalpable little fishes in the stream of perpetual consciousness.

When Natalie came to find her, to fetch her down to Doctor Crandall and the others, the thought of supper rose idly above all other thoughts. The simple fact of being summoned so, in the darkness that had descended upon the lemon-yellow fading of the day, brought the idea, supper, to her mind, habitually, if not hungrily. And, as old habit frees an idea of intention and leaves it only the mechanism of gesture, she commenced to make vague motions toward freshening her appearance.

"You look quite all right, you know," Natalie gently hurried her. "Just come as you are. They're all waiting for you."

She went down obediently, turning on the stairs to make sure that Natalie was coming, too. "I didn't hear the gong," she apologized, as she stepped into the drawing-room. She smiled all the way around the circle of their faces, as candidly upon Doctor Crandall as upon any other. One would have said she hoped they would spare her her scolding.

Doctor Crandall had got off to a bad start with Miss Elizabeth, and this apparition of Maisie did not improve matters with him. What little remained to him of his medical authority deserted him when he saw Maisie, and he forgot every word he had planned to say. "Maisie," he stammered, "you and I were in love once. Awfully in love. You with me and I with you. In Vienna. I'm Steve Crandall. Don't you remember me?"

A slow, incredulous smile spread over the prodigal's face. Doctor Crandall watched it and Roger watched it. Roger watched his father pull the handkerchief from his breast-pocket and carefully wipe the corners of his mouth

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and his hands. Roger knew that his father was taking refuge in a medical mannerism for want of anything better to do. Something about the scene upset the boy. With an impulse of disgusted self-consciousness he motioned his fellow spectators out of the room, closed the door after himself and them, and left his father and Nathaniel Rideout's daughters alone together.

Thus none of them heard the little girl in Maisie Rideout's image make her astounding answer. "I never married Steve Crandall," she said. "I do wish you'd tell my sister Bessie that."

"This is a most extraordinary case," the doctor said. "The most extraordinary that has ever come my way."

"We're in for it now," Elizabeth answered him, and they buckled down to the task of recalling the lost soul to herself.

The problem turned out quite differently, however, from their anticipation of it. The lost soul turned the tables on them. Before five minutes of their interview had passed she proved to them that they had no need to recall her to herself, that she knew already all there was to know about her story and her identity, and that their real task lay in recalling themselves to her. At this they failed completely. Step by step they built up for her the dismal, hectic structure of her life, and she permitted them to build it. Not one fact did she question or greet with any symptom of surprise. What they asked of her she told them, and yet they got nowhere with her. She never evinced the faintest interest in what she had to say nor gave any faint sign of recognizing either one of her examiners. She did not even appear to doubt their right to examine her, but patiently answered query after query, for all the world like any well-mannered little girl who knows what to expect of grown-ups and what grown-ups expect of her.

Miss Elizabeth's staying power failed early in the game "I can't bear this," she said. "I'm too old for this sort of thing. She hasn't an idea of who I am and, worse than that, she doesn't care!"

"We've got to break through, though!" the doctor insisted. "Now we've started, we've got to break through if we can, if only to tell her that we understand, at last, that we love her and that we want so much to be forgiven by her."

They struggled on, but she resisted recognition of them with what seemed like nothing so much as a stubborn and remote distaste, and always with the same refrain: "What do Steve Crandall and Vienna matter now? What does any of that matter now?" Sometimes she corrected them. Sometimes she amplified their memories and told them facts about her story and their own, facts they had never suspected. And always passively and with that marvelling sweetness that only children have or sainted innocents.

"The baby was born in Carlsbad," she told them in answer to one of the doctor's questions. "Didn't you know about that? It was just after Ramon married me. I always thought it was nice of him to marry me as he did just when I was going to have another man's baby. I went to Carlsbad when I left Steve in Vienna, and I stayed there all the time my stepmother was pretending to look for me, and Ramon took care of me. Ramon loved the baby and took her death just as hard as I did. She died in Dresden when she was ten months old. We were living in Dresden then. Ramon got in trouble there, play-

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ing baccarat with the King of Saxony, two days after she died, and we had to go away and leave her there in her little grave. Ramon saved my life then. He had his faults. But they were a Latin's faults, and Ramon was a great gentleman."

Her story submerged them in wave upon wave of listless iciness until the doctor's voice faded to a whisper and Elizabeth cowered at the dark roots of her own soul. Her story told them how cruel a thing is anger and how weak a thing suspicion, and set them right where they had gone wrong thirty years before, and shamed Elizabeth for three decades of injustice and stripped the doctor and revealed him for what in truth he pitiably was. "If only Bessie would understand," she said, out of some long-endured regret, "that I didn't want to steal her beau and that I never meant to go so far, she wouldn't feel so badly against me. Won't you tell her I refused to marry Steve, even when he begged me to, even for the baby's sake? If only Bessie would understand that!" And then the refrain: "But it's too late now. It doesn't matter now."

"But, Maisie!" her sister moaned. "How was I to know? You promised me, and yet you did go to Vienna and you did take him away from me!"

"It's too late now," the lost soul rigidly spoke on. "It doesn't matter now. Only I never meant to go to Vienna. I was taken there and thrown in his way. Bessie might have guessed that much, knowing what she knew."

"That's so," the doctor muttered. "It doesn't excuse me, but it *is* so. It's the story of the wicked stepmother over again. What happened was what she meant to have happen. She meant Maisie to come between you and me, Bessie. She meant to make the two of you hate one another."

Elizabeth raised haggard eyes to the Sargent portrait of that dead demon her father married. "And, God forgive her," she said, "things turned out as she planned."

The lost soul shook her head and smiled at them. "No," she protested, "I never hated Bessie. I was only sorry she didn't understand. But it's too late now. It doesn't matter now."

Having learned so much and failed so thoroughly, they went in to supper at last. The candles shone on the white old silver and the dining-room smelled of pineapple and beans. Maisie sat down by Horace and bowed her head. They all fell in, and Horace spoke the grace the dining-room had not heard since his father died.

Through all the meal she sat and never spoke except as good little girls may speak, briefly and in polite reply. She touched no food at all, though they pressed food upon her. When coffee came, she asked to be excused.

"I'll wait in the blue sitting-room," she said. "I haven't been in there yet since I . . ."

"Since?" Roger picked her up.

"Since ever so long," she answered him, and made her courtesy and went out.

Roger turned to ask if they had seen that courtesy. Their faces told him he had no need to ask. Roger said: "Would you mind explaining to Natalie and me? We've heard so much, we've a right to know. And it isn't for us to guess."

"Nor for us to tell," Horace put him off. "It doesn't matter now."

"That's her refrain," the doctor cried, and buried his stricken head in

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his two hands and shook for the awfulness of its mattering so much.

Said Miss Elizabeth: "I'll tell him if you won't. There was a stepmother . . ."

"Please, Bessie!" Horace begged.

"A wicked stepmother who had a son she loved, and two stepdaughters whom she loathed, and who loathed her with interest. Only the odd thing was that her son loathed her, too, and feared her, and adored his sisters. And for that she punished them, divided them, and drove them both out of her way forever."

"How?" Roger pressed her.

"They loved the same man, those girls did, and they'd made a bargain to let him choose between them. And whichever one he chose, it was agreed, the other was to keep hands off. You see, they knew how weak he was. They loved him, but they knew how weak he was."

Roger glanced toward his father, and kept his peace.

"But when he chose the elder, then the stepmother saw her chance. She took the younger one abroad with her. To ease the blow, she said. She took her to Vienna, where the young man was, and when things had gone to suit her, turned the poor girl adrift, and came home to tell lies the elder sister was disloyal enough to believe. That's why you're not my son, Roger. That's why I've kept so long away from here. That's why my sister has come home as you see her."

"And now?" Roger asked.

"Ah, now!" she rallied. "There isn't much more now. I buy this house from Horace and keep Maisie here at peace until she dies."

"I see," said Horace.

They got up from the table and went into the blue room to look for Maisie. She was not there. The electric lights had been turned off and all the candles were ablaze. Maisie's work, clearly, they recognized. Maisie's harking back to the past. But no Maisie.

They called her through the house. No answer. No sign of Maisie in the house or in the long garden, when they dodged with lanterns through the shrubbery, nor in the barn nor in the street.

Panic consumed them to think of her astray and in her state. They organized a search with the car, with all the servants, with the police, and still no Maisie. Only one clew could they discover. A figure answering to the description they gave had been seen wandering along the beaches and among the dunes. Perhaps the tide will tell the tale, they thought.

At about midnight a boy brought a radiogram in upon their exhausted bafflement. They were all of them in the drawing-room, and Horace opened it.

"Don't sell," it read. "I'm coming home." It was signed "Maisie." It was dated from the *Berengaria* at sea.

Caroline did not understand. None of them understood. Miss Elizabeth heard her teeth chattering in her head and wondered numbly what made such a sound. Roger lifted the message from Horace's numb fingers.

"Does that mean," Natalie faltered, "that she wasn't Aunt Maisie after all? Because if Aunt Maisie sent that radio, she couldn't have been here to-day."

The doctor and Miss Elizabeth both knew better than that. They knew much better than that. "Still," said Miss Elizabeth, stunned and incredulous, "it might be that Maisie's died at sea and that we've seen . . ."

"No," Roger cut her off. "No ghosts,

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Miss Rideout. At least, no spirits of the dead."

"What do you mean?" they asked him.

"This radio was sent at five," he said. "At five our time. That's a good hour after she put in her appearance here."

"Well?" Miss Elizabeth looked quickly up at him.

"Oh, there'd be living things to account for this. Living things ever so much stronger than death could be."

Miss Elizabeth nodded. "Very like," she said. "If homesickness could tear me from New York, it might easily have brought Maisie here from Rome. Or from midocean."

"To meet you here," said Roger.

"Bless the boy!" The old woman put forth a hand to clutch at Roger's. "There's kindness and understanding in him or he wouldn't have said that last. We all of us go back to our real times. For Maisie and me, our childhood in this house was our real time."

"Maisie has been here," Horace said, "and Maisie's coming. What will she be like, I wonder?"

"Happy again, perhaps," his sister ventured.

None of them, though, had the wit to turn, then, out to the flying stair in the dark hallway. Had they turned then they might have seen, not one, but two little girls, climbing up, step by step, dragging their chins along the banister, saying, so dutifully: "Good night . . . good night . . . good night . . ."

In a Garden

By H. A. S.

My little garden lies upon a hill
And from it I can view the wide-spread land,
The fertile fields, the woods; the clouds that fill
The sky with radiance seem to touch my hand.
Here Beauty rides upon the fragrant winds,
The distant hillsides row on row grow fair
As ready Earth her scattered riches finds
And luscious Summer basks in sun-warmed air.

The swallows dart across the azure sweep
While amber blends with turquoise, green with rose
As Day lets fall her golden veil to sleep
And silence comes upon the garden close.
I turn and look upon a single flower
To find the beauty of the world its dower.

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Dickens as Don Quixote

BY HARRY B. SMITH

The new high prices for rare editions of the work of Charles Dickens established at the Jerome Kern sale in January, together with recent biographies of the Victorian crusader, make this article by a well-known collector, who is also a well-known musical-comedy librettist, especially timely.

A PERFECT copy of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" in the original parts was sold at auction in January of this year for twenty-eight thousand dollars, the high record for the public sale of the book. In "A Sentimental Library" I describe a first edition of "Pickwick," which is the most interesting copy known. The first fourteen parts bear the novelist's presentation inscriptions to Mary Hogarth, his sister-in-law. This copy I bought in London in 1890 at the sale of the collection of Mr. William Wright, a gentleman whose business was described as "mixing other people's money with his own." He was a race-track man and one of the earliest of Dickens collectors. I paid a hundred guineas for the copy. In 1915 I sold it to a book dealer for nine thousand dollars, and fancied I was making a neat profit. Later I heard that the purchaser had sold it for fifteen thousand dollars, and the information caused me six thousand dollars' worth of acute anguish.

To own a perfect copy of "Pickwick" in the original parts is a dream to be realized by very few collectors. It is to be desired and admired partly because many still consider it a great novel and partly because it is regarded as Dickens's first book, the "Sketches by Boz," published in the same year, being a collection of magazine articles.

The fact is that Dickens's first book is an unconsidered trifle published in 1836, when only three of the twenty monthly parts of "Pickwick" had been issued. This is "Sunday Under Three Heads," a pamphlet of sixty-four pages; and with it the novelist began his career as a crusader against anything and everything that he considered an injustice.

Readers of the novels are likely to regard Dickens as an exuberant caricaturist and a rampant sentimentalist; but he was a humorist who took himself seriously. All his life he was a Victorian *Don Quixote* who saw baleful enchanters and malignant giants everywhere around him and was always eager to ride full-tilt against the powers of darkness.

From the beginning of his career, he wrote as a reformer. The "Sketches by Boz" contain satires on existing institutions, contrasting things as they were with things as they might be if the advice of a certain clever young man of twenty-one were taken. Then came the contract with Chapman & Hall by which he agreed to supply the material to accompany Robert Seymour's sketches of cockney sportsmen. In February, 1836, he wrote to the publishers:

Furnival's Inn,
Dear Sirs: Thursday evening

Pickwick is at length begun in all his

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might and glory. The first chapter will be ready to-morrow. I want to publish The Strange Gentleman. If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else has seen or heard of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian haste),
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Regardless of this "Pickwickian haste" and of the immense importance to himself of the work he had begun, Dickens found time to write another book when he discovered a cause that he thought needed a champion. A certain Sir Andrew Agnew—whose name suggests that of Sir Toby's boon companion—had agitated for more rigid Sunday laws, and had brought before the House of Commons a bill "for the better observance of the Sabbath." Work and play were alike forbidden. No shops were to be open and no houses of entertainment, no distinction being made in favor of inns or hotels. No public meetings were to be held; no vehicles were to be let; there was to be no travel on land or sea, penalties being fixed for vessels beginning their voyages on Sunday.

The Agnew bill was introduced in May, 1836. "Pickwick's" first monthly part was issued at the end of March of that year and the young author was writing at high pressure to prepare the material for the monthly instalments; but the tyranny of the proposed law awakened his wrath, and he made time to write a satirical protest.

Instead of his own name or the pseudonym Boz, the author adopted the pen-name of Timothy Sparks. Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) had just begun his association with the author by supplying the drawings of "Pickwick," and this scarce little book is the first published work resulting from this collaboration. The "Three Heads" of the title are Sunday "As It Is," "As Sabbath Bills Would Make It," and "As It Might Be Made." The "Three Heads" themselves, designed by "Phiz," appear on the cover.

"As It Is" is represented by a conservative cleric; "As Sabbath Bills Would Make It" by a most unprepossessing Puritan, and "As It Might Be Made" by the artist's idea of the truly enlightened citizen. The engravings in the pamphlet have the unconscious humor of many illustrations of that period, especially those in children's books. Here, as a specimen, is Sunday "As It Might Be Made"—Arcadia come again. The great British public is represented by a happy family, whose members have attended church and left it in perspective, each now taking his pleasure seriously. Witness the venerable grandsire, who is apparently about to make a drive at golf, while the sweet young girl is reproving her brother for tempting the old gentleman to play cricket. Sir Andrew's bill was defeated by a small majority.

Having enlivened the British public by writing "Pickwick," and incidentally putting more money in his purse than the Dickens family had seen in many years, the young author, on beginning his second important book, evidently said to himself: "Now for a novel with a purpose." This same purpose had been in his mind long before the inception of "Pickwick." In the "Sketches by Boz"—"Our Parish,"—there are workhouses and *Bumbles*. Dickens himself had been as poor as anybody; therefore

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he took up the cause of the almshouse boy, and held a brief for him against organized charity, Bumbledom, and Faginism; just as in his next novel he fought for the poor boy against the tribes of *Squeers* and *Ralph Nickleby*. *Oliver* and *Smike* are only exaggerations of what Charles Dickens might have been if he had found himself at the age of eleven in a workhouse or a Yorkshire school instead of in a cellar full of blacking bottles.

The character of *Fagin* owed its origin to a newspaper item: A small boy arrested for picking pockets had admitted to the police that a man and his wife living in Whitechapel conducted a "school" with a score of pupils, picking pockets being the specialty of the curriculum. The woman would walk out with a bell and a sixpence in her pocket. A pupil could keep the sixpence if he got it without ringing the bell.

Shortly after beginning "Oliver Twist," the young writer's indignation was aroused by the conduct of a London police magistrate, notorious for the severity of his sentences and his abusive language to the unfortunates brought before him. With the purpose of studying this "hanging judge," Dickens wrote to Thomas Haines, a government official:

"In my next number of 'Oliver Twist,' I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be 'shown up,' I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be) I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might, under your auspices, be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning."

Dickens was smuggled into the courtroom, as he requested, and Magistrate Laing appeared in "Oliver Twist" as *Mr. Fang*. He was "shown up" so effectively that the Home Secretary shortly afterward removed him from the bench.

The characterization of *Bumble,* the beadle in "Oliver Twist," aroused a storm of protest. Several beadles threatened libel suits on the ground that Dickens's description and Cruikshank's pictures were recognized portraits. This sensitiveness to criticism was long-enduring. Seventy years after the publication of "Oliver Twist," in April, 1908, two poor-law officers brought a libel suit against Alderman Macnamara of Woolwich. The comedy element in this case was the libelled persons employing as their counsel the novelist's son, Henry Fielding Dickens. In protesting against the conduct of workhouse officials, the Alderman exclaimed: "Shade of Dickens!" This was considered a libel.

In cross-examining the defendant, Mr. Dickens said:

"You say in your letter 'Shade of Dickens.' Was not that to imply that it was as bad as what happened in 'Oliver Twist'?"

"I was reminded of *Bumble,"* replied the defendant.

"You seem to say their conduct was as bad as *Bumble's."*

"It was not quite so bad."

"You appreciate that 'Oliver Twist' had a great deal to do with the reform of the poor laws?"

"Yes."

"You did not anticipate that the son

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of Charles Dickens would cross-examine you?"

(Here there was general laughter in the court-room.)

"I have often wished to meet you," replied the defendant.

"Perhaps you thought it would be some one who had never read Dickens."

"That would be hard to find in England," said the Alderman.

The result of this comic trial was the imposing of a fine of five pounds on the defendant for continuing the good work begun by the father of the prosecuting counsel.

When Dickens was offered another contract for a novel to be published in twenty monthly parts, he chose as an object for his crusading the ill-conducted schools then identified with Yorkshire. In the London *Times* of June 29, 1838, appeared an advertisement which, I think, suggested the subject of these peculiar "schools," which were generally directed by competitors of *Little Buttercup* in the profession of "baby farming."

"At Mr. Simpson's Academy, near Richmond, Yorkshire, youth are boarded and instructed by Mr. S. in whatever their future may require, at 20 or 23 guineas a year, according to age. No extras and No vacations. Cards with references to be had from Mr. S. who attends daily from 12 to 2 o'clock at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill."

In "Nicholas Nickleby," Mr. Squeers's school is at Greta Hill, which is also "near Richmond in Yorkshire." *Mr. Squeers,* like Mr. Simpson, met his patrons at the Saracen's Head. It is likely that this advertisement recalled to Dickens's mind an event that occurred when he was an office-boy with the law firm of Ellis and Blackmore. At that time a Yorkshire pedagogue was brought to trial on charges resulting from several pupils becoming blind owing to neglect and ill-treatment. As an employee in a law office, Dickens probably read the report of this case. When he decided to use the idea in his novel, he and his associate artist, "Phiz," made a tour of personal investigation. Thinking that the author of "Oliver Twist" might be an unwelcome visitor, the two represented themselves as the guardians of a supposititious boy, for whom was sought a good school "without vacations." The actual original of Dotheboys Hall was a school at Bowes conducted by William Shaw. There were many real Dotheboys Halls in Yorkshire and other parts of England; some of them having gradual murder as an important department. To such places unfortunates like *Smike* were consigned with the hope that their education would result in speedy death. Undoubtedly Dickens's melodramatic presentment of the abuses of these institutions did much to put an end to them.

Ten years later Dickens again took up the cudgels in behalf of the *Smikes* and *Olivers*. A school for illegitimate children was maintained by a man named Drouet in the town of Tooting, in Surrey. Attention was directed to this institution by the fact that one hundred and fifty children died there within a few weeks. An investigation followed and it was proved that Mr. Drouet's unfortunate pupils had lived in surroundings so vile and died of treatment so cruel that the mere report of the evidence reads like a grotesque exaggeration.

Dickens wrote for *The Examiner* three scorching denunciations of Drouet and England's treatment of pauper children. The attitude of the classes who found Dickens "vulgar" was that peo-

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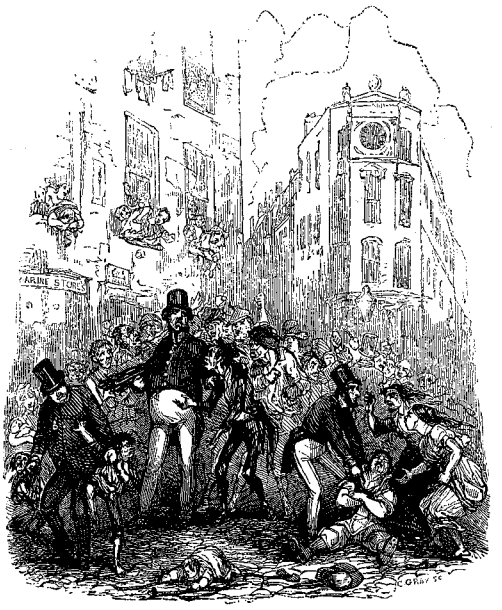
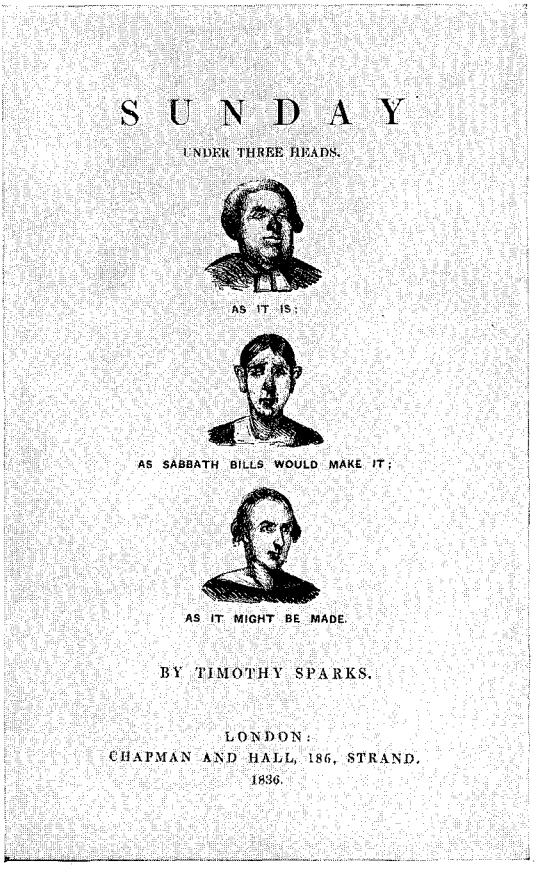


Sunday—As It Is.

Sunday—As It Might Be Made.

Facsimiles of the copper-plate engravings in the book.



SUNDAY

UNDER THREE HEADS.

AS IT IS:

AS SABBATH BILLS WOULD MAKE IT;

AS IT MIGHT BE MADE.

BY TIMOTHY SPARKS.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
1836.

Facsimile (reduced) of the title-page of Dickens's first book, published in 1836, while "Pickwick" was still running in monthly instalments.

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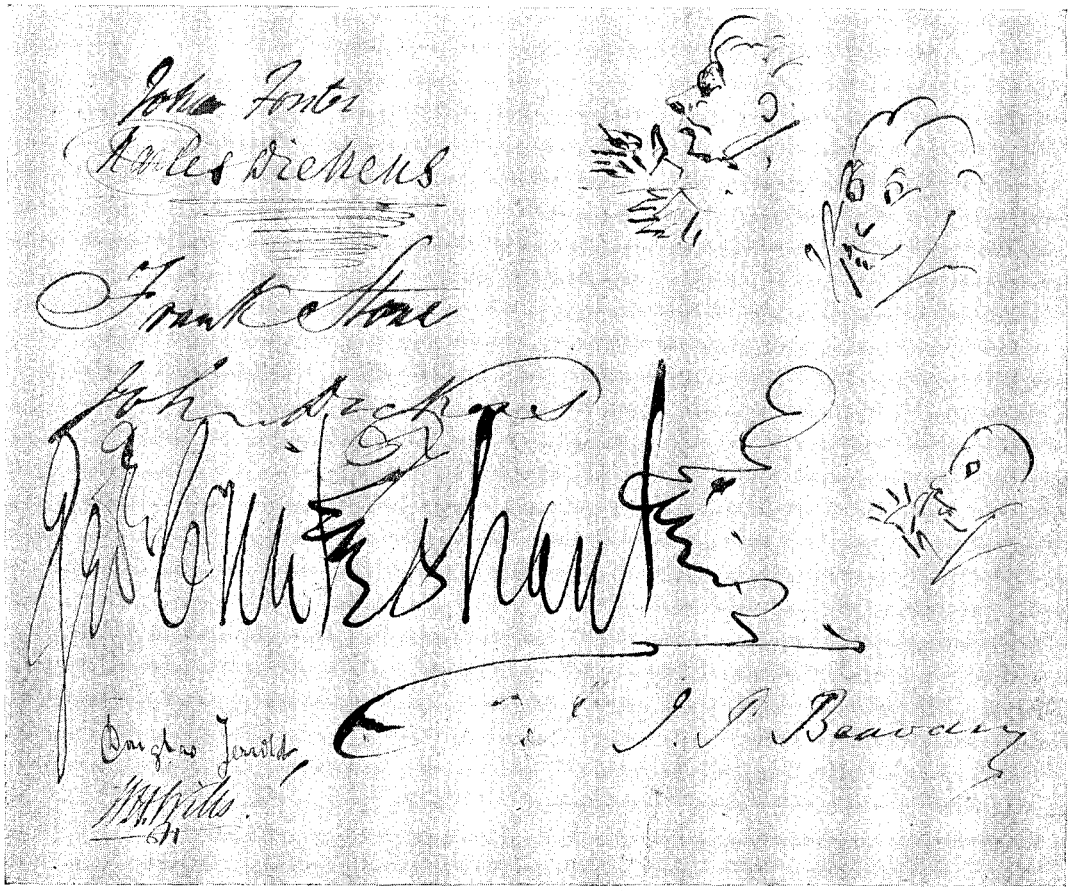

These signatures appear on the back of the menu-card of one of the "Household Words" dinners.

Besides Dickens's signature, there are the autographs of John Dickens (the novelist's father), Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Frank Stone, R. A., George Cruikshank, W. H. Wills (Dickens's sub-editor), and others. The sketches of heads are by George Cruikshank, one of them being a portrait of Douglas Jerrold, another that of John Dickens, the original of Micawber.

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ple had no business to be paupers; that, if they had any intention of becoming paupers, they should not have children, and that if they persisted in having children it mattered very little how those children were treated.

There is no object aimed at in "The Old Curiosity Shop" or "Barnaby Rudge" other than the telling of a good story, though the author preaches on the evils of gambling in the one and lectures on religious bigotry in the other. In his next book, "American Notes," and in the succeeding novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens set out upon a mission no less Quixotic than the reform of a nation, that nation being the United States in 1840. In this attack the windmill turned out to be a hornets' nest. Undoubtedly this great and glorious country was then suffering from the sensitiveness of adolescence. Fifty years after Dickens's attempt to reform us a famous English author journeying through this asylum for the oppressed proclaimed that New York was "a long, narrow pig trough" and that Chicago was "a place in which one-half the hogs killed the other half for food."

There was none of Dickens's well-meant criticism in this; it was mere billingsgate; but we laughed at it. We could afford to laugh. Americans of 1840 could *not* afford to laugh at Dickens's criticisms, because nearly everything he said was true; and the proof of its truth was that the *Scadders* and *Colonel Divers* and *Jefferson Bricks* waxed furious.

Dickens tried to reform all our errors at once. He held slavery in abomination, and he could see neither beauty nor utility in the promiscuous dissemination of tobacco juice. Not many years passed before Americans, most of them, saw that "Boz" was right; but in 1840 we resented a Briton's discovery that slavery was not entirely right and noble, and we reviled the critic of the medium for street decoration then in vogue.

The novelist's visit to the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania resulted in his arraignment of the system of solitary confinement. He selected, as a typical illustration of its evils, a German thief who was known afterward as "Dickens's Dutchman." Of him the author wrote: "A more dejected, heartbroken, wretched creature it would be difficult to imagine. What a spectacle! This poor creature being driven into his grave." This was in 1841. In 1870 Dickens died. The poor creature who was being driven into his grave lived for twenty years afterward, serving several terms following the one during which Dickens saw him.

When the novelist first visited America, and for nearly half a century afterward, international copyright did not exist. The law said in effect that it was a sin to steal a pin but perfectly right and proper to steal a book. The theory probably was that a young and strenuous Republic needed the culture that the effete monarchies could supply. It gave a new twist to the British lion's tail to rob the authors of Britain. Dickens made three eloquent speeches on the question of Copyright, and he carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Henry Clay, a petition signed by Irving, Cooper, Prescott, and many other American men of letters. He was roundly abused, and accused of coming to America for the sordid purpose of trying to protect his only property against legalized dishonesty. That the author of a book can now receive his dues equally with the inventor of a patent button-hook is owing largely to the

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novelist's persistent fighting for international copyright.

Dickens never attacked anything American with the vigor and bitterness that he displayed in denouncing existing wrongs in his own country. An example may be found in the paper "The Great Tasmania's Cargo," reprinted in "The Uncommercial Traveller." The British Government had brought home from India a great number of soldiers wounded or broken down by the climate of India. These men were neglected and starved by the government they had served. Dickens visited the workhouse into which Her Majesty's officials thrust her invalid soldiers, and his pen-picture of the existing conditions is Zolaesque in its realistic horror. If the novelist had written this tremendous satire upon anything American he might have gone back to England in a suit of tar and feathers.

On his return to London, Dickens found an undiminished supply of material for the crusader. His first onslaught was made upon cant in general and the cant of charity in particular. This was in "The Chimes," of which the author wrote to his biographer that he hoped and believed that he had written a "tremendous book." The novelist took upon himself the large order of converting society to the belief that "its happiness rested on the same foundations as those of the individual; which are mercy and charity, no less than justice." Whether "The Chimes" is what the author hoped, "a tremendous book," may be questioned, but it is certain that its author was tremendously in earnest. The definite object of his wrath in this story was Sir Peter Laurie, a London alderman who frequently expressed his zeal for "putting down" everything from the aldermanic turtle soup to the perverse inclination of the poor to suicide. Accordingly, Dickens "put down" Sir Peter as *Alderman Cute* in "The Chimes."

Another revered British institution presently became a subject for satire, "the law's delay, the insolence of office" as exhibited in the Court of Chancery, the time and money wasted by its proceedings. Before the publication of "Bleak House" the novelist had dealt with this in an article in *Household Words* entitled "Martyrs in Chancery." This brought upon him the ire of certain legal luminaries, who adopted the patriotic Briton's usual means of retaliation—letters to *The Times*. Dickens then decided that he could do the subject justice only in a novel. The case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce was derived from the famous Jennens litigation, involving the ownership of about one half the ground now occupied by the city of Birmingham. This originally belonged to William Jennens, "the richest commoner in England," who died in 1798, at the age of ninety-seven. The Jennens estate was claimed originally by Lady Sophia Charlotte Curzon in behalf of her son, for whom, in 1821, she purchased the lapsed title of Earl Howe. The Jennens heir charged that Lady Curzon's son had died in infancy and that she had substituted the illegitimate son of one Anne Oakes, a servant. The amount involved was $150,000,000, and there were a hundred and thirty claimants in America.

The creator of *Sarah Gamp* and *Sam Weller* was one of the earliest English writers—the first English novelist—to take up the subject of socialism. In "Hard Times," like *Mark Tapley*, he "came out strong" for equality and fraternity. Macaulay wrote in his own copy of this book: "Some passages of ex-

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quisite pathos; the rest sullen socialism." It required courage for a popular writer to be socialistic, even in a novel, in England in 1854. Ruskin considered "Hard Times" Dickens's greatest book, and says it "should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions."

In 1843 Dickens, who was then thirty-one years old, wrote a masterpiece of satire worthy of some of Swift's mordant pamphleteering. In this ironical effusion the self-educated writer assails an institution no less sacred than the Church of England, or rather those of its clergy in whom "such words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and good works awaken no ideas whatever, while the most preposterous notions are attached to the mere terms 'priest' and 'faith.' " In this paper the writer sought to show that while the rest of the world was progressing, the clergy—like the Bourbon Kings of France—had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. This was naturally resented, and several eminent clergymen retaliated by denouncing the frivolity and mischievous influences of Dickens's novels. The more conservative looked with disfavor upon the constant flow of liquid good cheer that courses through the novels like a river of steaming punch.

On the liquor question Dickens had an amusing controversy with his old friend George Cruikshank. When a young man the artist drank not wisely but too much, but when he realized the folly of his ways he became a zealous advocate of total abstinence. He edited a collection of fairy tales and, not content with illustrating them with his admirable etchings, he rewrote them as total-abstinence tracts. The following specimen of the artist's editing is taken from "Cinderella." The King ordered a fountain of wine in the market-place, but the Fairy Godmother protests, saying:

"Your Majesty is aware that this same drink leads to quarrels, brutal fights, and violent deaths."

"Well, I fear it is so," replies the King.

"The history of the use of strong drinks," continues the Fairy Godmother, "is marked on every page by excess which follows, as a matter of course from the very nature of their composition."

"Well, but," asks the King, "are not these things intended by Providence for our use?"

"With all due deference to your Majesty, most assuredly not; for if it had been necessary for man to take stimulating drinks, the Almighty could have given them to him free from all intoxicating qualities. And, as for people not being able to do without stimulating drinks, I beg your Majesty to look at Cinderella, who has never taken any in her life and who never will."

This temperance edition of nursery tales called forth an article by Dickens entitled "Frauds on the Fairies," to which Cruikshank replied in a pamphlet, "A Letter from Hop-o'-my-Thumb to Charles Dickens." Cruikshank's other pictorial tracts, "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children," were also criticised by the novelist. The artist denounced the use of alcoholic drinks as a national evil; but Dickens shows that it is the result of a combination of much greater evils, "the effect of many causes. Foul smells, disgusting habitations, bad workshops and workshop customs, want of light, air, and water, the absence of all easy means of decency and health, mental weariness

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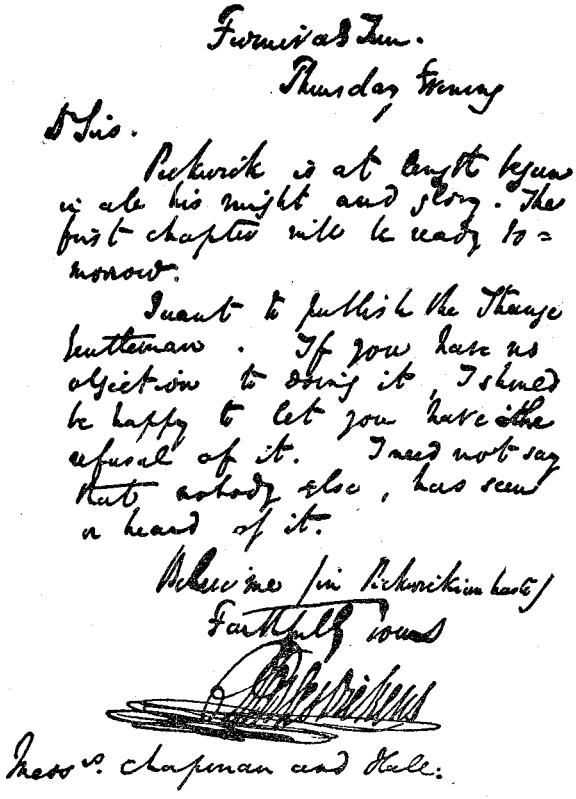
and languor, the want of wholesome relaxation, the craving for *some* stimulous and excitement, which is as much a part of such lives as the sun is; and, last and inclusive of all the rest, ignorance."

It was not only in the novels, in the "Circumlocution Office" of "Dorrit" and the debtors' prison of "David Copperfield" that Dickens wrote against existing abuses. Two volumes of his "Miscellaneous Papers" have been published, and the thousand pages of these books contain little that is not satire or invective against actions or institutions believed by the author to be unjust. From his immense literary and journalistic labors he found time to be a speaker at a vast number of public meetings and the banquets of various guilds and associations. An incomplete collection of his speeches has been published and most of them are in the style of a radical politician rather than in that of a popular novelist. We find him advocating "Commercial Travelers' School," "Gardeners' Benevolent Associations," "Children's Hospitals"; speaking eloquently for the "Railway Benevolent Society," the "Royal Theatrical Fund," the "Newsvendors' Provident Association," and many other altruistic institutions. In his interest in every phase of life Dickens was unique among novelists, and it is a proof of the versatility of his intellect that the greatest of all creators of humorous character was the writer of his time who regarded with kindliest sympathy the wrongs and burdens of humanity.



Furnivals Inn.
Thursday Evening
8th Feb.

Pickwick is at length begun in right earnest and I hope with all my might and soul. The first chapter will be ready to-morrow.

I want to publish the Strange Gentleman. If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else has seen a word of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian haste)
Faithfully yours
Charles Dickens

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Letter written by Dickens on beginning the writing of "Pickwick."

[See page 395.—Reduced facsimile.]

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An African Savage's Own Story

A SAVAGE TAMED IN SCOTLAND

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA is a Black Jew who tells simply, directly, and vividly, with primitive use of connectives and primitive emphasis on events of human interest, an unparalleled story of savage African life in unexplored forests south of the Niger. This Black Jew was born among the B'nai Ephraim, a race of black African Semites descended from Jews who fled from Palestine to Morocco eighteen centuries ago, after the destruction of Herod's Temple. Under the influences of trade, war, and persecution the descendants of these Jews moved in successive migrations from oasis to oasis in the Sahara Desert, some of them coming to a permanent home in the almost unknown Ondo Bush south of the Niger River.

One night when the village fires had been lighted and the gates closed for the night, Bata Kindai and thirteen little black companions made their way secretly from their native village, and went far into the Ondo Bush to see what they could find. Enjoying adventurous life, they wandered on, in an aimless, happy way, with many thrilling experiences, and after forty-five days came to a port on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Not far from shore they saw a trading steamer taking on cargo. In a stolen canoe they paddled to the new wonder and set about exploring it, so far as the sailors would permit. In the midst of their pleasure the sudden blowing of the whistle so startled the inexperienced boys that all leaped overboard except Bata Kindai, then seven years old. The sailors kept the frightened savage on the steamer and carried him to Scotland, more like a beast than a human being. In Glasgow the naked black broke from his captors and fled wildly through the streets. A kindly Scotch gentleman caught the boy and protected him from harm.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

II

Now when that gentleman picked me up he had no intention to take me any farther than the next corner, prompted by pity, because the rough crowd showed no mercy to a "puir, wee, black, naked creature," as he put it. And instead of putting me down around the corner, the good Scotchman did better. He afterward said: "I changed my mind, and took him awa hame tae my ain hoos." He intended to notify some one about my being in the city. That Scotch gentleman little dreamed that he would keep me when he took me home with him, but that was what fate decreed.

The man was a conservative Scotchman, and knew little about the world

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outside of Great Britain. It did not dawn upon him that I had never been in a house before, and so he tried to treat me as he would treat any little white boy. What a mistake!

I at once fought against being held, for he had forgotten, in his excitement, to let me sit down in the carriage. We must have looked strange to the cabman, and to every one else that saw us, because the gentleman, instead of loosening his grip on me when I struggled, held me all the tighter, close to him as if he were holding something precious. I kicked and tried to get away, but he held on. The cabman laughed, and different people shouted at us along the road, seeing an old man, with his hat flying off, struggling to hold a little naked black boy. How funny it must have looked!

The man got me to his house, out in the Dennistoun District, off the Alexander Parade. He rushed in with me, and then made the first big blunder by putting me down on the floor. He did this with satisfaction, as if some great job had been completed, and with the air of "There you are!"

Oh, what a blunder! What would it mean if you turned a little untamed monkey loose in a house? I was just a little animal, an untamed, and seemingly untamable, little savage. The first thing that caught my eye was a mirror in the hall. I had never seen a large mirror before; how was I to know that its job was to reflect! So when I looked into the mirror, of course it reflected me back, and that made me laugh, strange to say; and my laughing at it caused every one looking at me to laugh also.

When I was first taken into the hall, the noise that I made attracted the whole household, and brought every one running to the front door, the madam, with her son, her only child, and all the help, which included two maids, a butler, a footman, and a cook. All came scurrying to the door to see what was up. You can imagine their surprise when they saw the master holding a wee black boy; and you should have seen them run when he put me down on the floor. Each one got behind some object in the hall, and stood in sheer amazement. So when I began to laugh, they all came out from behind the objects back of which they had hidden themselves, and began to laugh also. The little boy, standing in front of his mother, roared with glee.

While they all were listening to the master of the house, who was busy telling them how he had found me, I was busy examining the mirror. Every time I laughed, it laughed at me. That made me angry; so I walked up to the mirror and gave it a good cuff, and broke it into a thousand pieces! This brought the conversation to a sudden standstill. Everybody screamed, and so did I, but I did not scream for the same reason that they did. No, not at all; I screamed because I saw blood on my hands, and I did not know what had happened.

The gentleman caught me, and shook me hard, and made me scream all the more. He rushed with me toward the door, but before he could open it, the boy, standing in front of his mother, began to howl also. This distracted the gentleman. He did not know whether to open the door; or to stand still and hold me, struggling; or to go back into the hall where all were talking at once.

He finally went back, and handed me over to one of the men servants. He gave orders to that servant, who dragged me up a stairway. Needless to say, I struggled, and he handled me as if I were something soiled, holding me aloof from

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him like a dirty rag. Well, he succeeded in getting me up the stairs, and flung me into a room, giving me a good kick at the same time, but not before I had bitten him on his leg, which made *him* yell, too.

It never dawned upon any one for a moment that I was not used to any of their ways; not used to drawing-rooms, bedrooms, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, furniture, ornaments, pictures on the wall, and mirrors, or any such paraphernalia.

What would a wild beast do if he were locked in a bedroom with all kinds of breakable things? I wrecked the room! The butler was afraid of me; so was every one else. I broke things to my heart's content, and then laid me down on a mat and cried myself to sleep.

If it had not been for that boy's crying when his father was taking me to the door, after I had broken an expensive mirror, I should have been kicked out of that house, then and there, onto the sidewalks, and left to drift as I pleased! The gentleman since told me that it was only the influence of his wife, who was a kind, motherly, conservative Scotch lady, and of his boy, that caused him to let me stay in his house that night. He said that his wife persuaded him at least to keep me until they could notify the steamship company about me, and thereby locate the ship that had, in all probability, been responsible for my being in Glasgow. He said that his boy "urged him sorely" —that is the way he put it—*to keep me for him*. That made the greatest impression on that good Scotch gentleman, so that was the reason he turned me over to the butler, who swore, since I had given him that bite on the leg, that he would not touch me again; in fact, he said that he would leave service before he would handle a little "black brute savage."

This was all laughable to every one in the house except the madam, who sympathized greatly with the butler; and so she talked him into forgiving me; for she explained to him that I was one of God's creatures and did not know any better.

While I was breaking up things in that bedroom, no one was brave enough to open the door and stop me; but the gentleman telephoned to the ship's company, begging them to locate the captain of the steamer, and have him come to the house, post-haste, and take me away, for no one dared go near me, because I was wild.

The captain was located, and he immediately came out to the Drive, for that was where the house was. Now in the meantime, everything being quiet, for I had finished my breaking and was lying on a mat asleep, the captain told the people about me, and my companions who had been lost. When they heard that tragic story, every one was sad, except the butler, who nursed his leg that I had bitten; he felt that it would have been a good job if I had been swallowed up like the rest.

But the madam cried pitifully, and so did the boy. The master went to her and put his arms around her to comfort her. His good wife persuaded him to keep me, and so did the boy.

Now the question arose whether the captain was willing to leave me there, but he answered, when asked if they could keep me: "Yes, you can have him; he probably will be much better off here than he would be back there in his own land." So the bargain was made, over a cup of tea, and I was left for better or for worse.

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The captain was the first to come upstairs to greet me. If he was shocked at the state of the room he did not show it, because he caught hold of me tenderly, and led me away to another place, and began to wash me.

I had been cut by the broken glass from the mirror, and the people of the house had not been able to take proper care of me. I welcomed attention from the captain, so I did not cry or struggle. I nestled close to him, especially when I saw the butler in livery, and every time that he came near me, I pulled away and screamed.

So I was taken out of the butler's hands and placed in charge of another man, the footman, whom I did not fear. My wounds were dressed, and everything quieted again. The captain took his leave, and when he left me I cried, but the gentleman of the house pacified me by giving me biscuits, and he ate also, to show me that the food was good to eat. He sat on the floor with me, and tried to play with me, but I did not understand him at all. The little boy became familiar with me, and he tried to imitate his father, but they all tried to keep him away from me.

I was settled, and in a good home, and became, to all appearances, contented. Only when I saw the butler did I cry out; and he, every chance he got, belted me on the neck or jaw, and then I screamed more; but he would do this and run. I found out later, after I had been in the house over a year, that the butler gave as an excuse for my screaming when he was by me alone, that he was only trying to stroke my head. "His hair is so funny and nice," he would say. The boy caught him once, when he was giving me my daily poke in the ribs or on the mouth, and told his mother, who in turn told the master, and that gentleman sent the butler away immediately.

The new butler was kind to me, and I was happy with him. Nothing else happened that first day until they tried to clothe me. That made me struggle and scream again, so they let me have my own way about clothes. They fed me on the floor of the wrecked room, with nothing in it but a bed and mattress, but I slept on the floor. They exhausted themselves of every trick trying to get me to put something on, but every time they tried, I tore the clothes off. Try as they might, they could not induce me to copy them in wearing clothes.

The boy, by this time, had become more used to me, but did not altogether trust me; when he wanted to be kind to me, he gave me a banana, for he believed bananas the chief article of food in my homeland. He little knew that we, in our country, eat less of that fruit than of anything else that grows in the Bush, because we consider bananas monkey food, and because parents disguise bananas when they feed them to the children, by frying them or boiling them, or mashing them and mixing them in with some other food that we are fond of. When the boy offered me a banana he plucked up courage enough to approach me, but before I could snatch it out of his hand, he dropped it on the floor and ran. I say "snatch," for that was the only way that I took anything. I simply snatched it, and examined it, and if it happened to be pleasing to my nostrils and sight, I put it in my mouth and tasted it. If I did not like it, I threw it on the floor; I threw everything down on the floor after I had examined and tasted it.

The master had a habit of holding his watch to my ear so that I could hear the tick; he always stopped me from crying in this manner. On one of these

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occasions he gave me his watch to hold. He had just come home, and he had brought some friends with him to show how he could handle me, and how I did everything that he wanted me to do. It must have been amusing for those that looked on, for the master came in with his friends, and picked me up, and fondled me a little. I had become used to his caresses, and so I did not rebel. On this occasion he gave me his watch, after quieting me, for I had been crying; and after I had tasted the watch, I just flung it away from me, and it fell to the floor with a thud. It was a good watch, an English lever, and it was damaged after that treatment. The master looked sick, while the guests and the household burst with laughter. Strange as it was, the master had never given me his watch before; he had only let me hear the tick. He boxed my ears good and hard, and ordered me to bed at once, as if I knew what it all meant.

The butler took me to my room, and I cried so loud that he went away and brought me some cabin biscuits to quiet me, and was most gentle. I soon fell asleep, but woke up during the night and cried. I often had crying spells, but no one knew what was wrong with me. I called for my mother, and for Akrim, and for all the boys that I remembered, until I was tired.

At one time the good lady of the house thought I was ill, so she sent for the family physician. He was a good man, and I think that his name was "Dobbie," and they all called him "Dobbie," without the "Doctor." He was afraid of me at first, and it took him some time to approach me.

Now his idea was quite different from the ideas of the others as to the way in which I should be handled. He suggested strong-arm methods, for, as the boy told me afterward, he used to entrance them all with stories of how a close relative of his had instructed him how to treat a black, if he should ever meet one. This relative had served in Her Majesty, the Queen's, overseas forces, in the country of the blacks, for years, and therefore he knew what he was talking about. This dear old bounder tried to attract me by pretending to tickle me with his walking-stick, but at the same time giving me a poke which hurt me. I fairly jumped at him, and if it had not been for the butler I should have caught him and given him a good biting. The butler could hardly hold me, and he laughed at the way the old fellow went down-stairs, in leaps and bounds, screaming all the way down. Even the master laughed when he was told the story of how old Doctor Dobbie "subdued" me. And for the longest while every time the master brought friends to the house some one suggested sending for the doctor in a hurry. I do not believe now that the old man remembered his visits from one time to the other, because he always responded to the call; and he tried some foolish stunt with me each time he came, and I invariably made him run away howling. One time I caught his hand and gave his finger a good bite. Lord! Lord! Lord! you should have heard old Doctor Dobbie shout! They told me later that he actually swore, and threatened to have me placed in irons, and given a flogging by troopers, who knew how to handle treacherous blacks.

Oh, if they could have understood my language! If they had only used a little tact, they could have found out what it was that made me weep! What else could it be but homesickness, a longing for my mother and my father?

The boy became used to me, and

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spent much time in my company. He gave me my way in everything, because he feared to oppose me. The household was much afraid that the boy might provoke me some time, and then that I might bite him, as I had bitten some of the others. He was a boy like myself, and I knew that, so I was anxious to have him around. It was difficult to get him to do or say anything other than make grunts and signs as he had seen his father do. So hearing these grunts and seeing these signs so much, they became a sort of new language to me, and I used them every time I wanted something.

One night after I had been put into my room, I cried so much that the boy crept from his own room over into mine. Our rooms were on the same landing, but at opposite ends of the hall; he had to pass by his parents' chamber in order to reach mine, and he did so without any one's detecting him. He was sorry for me, crying, and he brought sweets. Now my room door was always locked on the outside, but the key was left in the keyhole, so it was easy for him to unlock the door and enter. The gas had been cut off from my room, and the only means to light the way there was by candle-light. The boy had been forbidden to come near me after I had been locked up for the night; in fact, the whole household had been instructed to keep away from my room at night; only the butler had access to my room at will, because it was his place to take care of me. But after he had run up and down all day with me, the butler was glad enough to be away from me, so I was not troubled by any one after I had been locked in. So the boy stole to my room, a lighted candle in his hand, and he grunted to let me know that it was he, for he, too, like all the rest, thought that his grunt was individual, and that I must know his by heart.

I knew him, and I stopped crying. The boy sat on the floor and fed me the sweets that he had brought for me, and played with me for a long time.

Now the difficult thing for him was to get away from me to go back to his own room without making me yell. He has since said that he heard his father's voice, and he knew that it would displease the master to have his authority set at naught by his own son in his own house. So when he heard the talking, he ran out of the room, but before he could get out of the door, I was close behind him. He could not get away without making a commotion, so he caught me by the back of the neck with one hand, and with the other hand over my mouth, to prevent me from making a noise, he rushed me down the stairs, through the lower corridor, to the other end of the house, and led me up the back stairway. He got me up to his own room, at the top of the stairs.

So I came into his room, the first time since I had come into that house. This was a decided turning-point, because then I first learned to sleep in a bed. The boy got me used to the bed by picking me up bodily and throwing me into it, and the springs bounced me up and down, and I liked it, so I ran around to him so that he could do it again; and he kept this up until he became exhausted, and so was I. He stretched out on the floor, and I did the same on the bed, both of us panting for breath.

Next day the butler swore to the master that he had been the last person to visit my room, and he said that he had locked the door and had left the key inside the keyhole as usual. To his utter amazement, when he went to the room

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in the morning, he discovered that the room door was open, and both the "little black imp" and the key were missing. He said that when he went to the young master's room, he found the "little heathen" sound asleep on the young master's bed, and the young master sound asleep *on the rug* near the bed. No one had dreamed that the young master would think of doing such a thing. But how did the young master get onto the floor and "that creature" into the bed? No one could guess; so the whole thing remained a mystery until I began to talk English, and then I told all.

From that time I was the sole care of the boy, and I learned to wear clothes through that boy's example. I had stopped the habit of snatching things, and I shyly waited for whatever was to be given to me. I do not know how that habit left me, any more than I know how I first came to sit on a chair. It was difficult to make me sit on a chair in the beginning, but after the boy took me in hand I followed him and did everything that he did. We were inseparable. I used to watch him sit in his chair and pick up his spoon or glass or cup, or whatever it was, and I tried to do just what he did.

When the boy went away from the house I was lonely, and I rushed to the door every now and then to see if he were coming back. They called me several names in that house, at least every one but the madam, and she could not get out of calling me "creature" or "thing." Of course that is what I was to her, "a poor wee creature!"

The sound of the boy's voice was welcome music to my ears. We loved each other, just as a master loves his pet dog and the dog loves the master. The boy taught me words. That is, I began to recognize words that he said first to me, and I began to say them. The first word that I said in English is *bed,* and then *eat.*

One morning, coming down to the breakfast-room, every one was astonished to see me fully dressed, such as it was, but dressed, nevertheless. I had the little pants, or knickerbockers, on backward, the stockings on my arms, and the blouse on hind part afore; and I had on slippers. That was a wonderful day when they got that much on me without my tearing the clothes off; and so, by degrees, I was clothed nicely, and I became so tame that I stood and let them dress me properly, because I knew what they were doing, and I was anxious to be like the other boy.

Then one day the boy wanted to take me out for a walk. It was warm outside, because the summer months were in, and almost everybody went to the parks and promenaded along the Drive and Parade. The boy had his way, and took me out in company with several other boys; and these other boys could not take their eyes off me.

I was rapidly becoming civilized. I joined in the races in Alexander Park, and I did not know exactly what it all meant, but I just tumbled, and ran, and screamed with delight as the other boys did. I cried when my young master took me away from them.

One day my young master, with another boy, took me out to ride on the tramway to the city. What a thrill it was! They had me out for a long time, and I was hungry, but I could not think of that word *eat,* to save my life. So the two boys were busy talking to each other, in front of a window, about something, and they were interested in conversation, and, for the moment, had forgotten all about me. In the meantime, I

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drifted along looking into the windows all by myself; and then I came in front of a restaurant. I have since learned the name of the place, the Grosvenor Restaurant, back of Central Station, Glasgow. The smell of good things in this place attracted my nostrils, and I walked right in. I walked right up to the first table, and at this table sat a lone man with his head buried in a newspaper. There was a hush all over the place, for a moment, as if every one had been struck dumb. This poor lone man who had his head buried in a newspaper had a plate full of food in front of him, but he was too busy reading to notice the food, so I put my hand into his plate and began to eat it for him. The man must have noticed the sudden quiet, so he looked up from the paper. In the meantime, I had remembered the word for hunger, and I held out some of his good food to him, and said: *"Eat."* When he saw me, instead of taking what I offered him, he jumped up in fright and ran out of the door; he must have thought me the devil himself. Everybody roared with laughter. Some men came to me, and I said: *"Eat! Eat!"*

My young master and his friend, who had missed me, found me in the restaurant, with a big crowd watching me. My young master offered to pay for the stolen meal, but the owner of the place would not take anything, and told my young master to bring me back again, and said he would give me all that I wanted to eat free of charge. When the story was told at home, be sure it made every one laugh heartily.

Things went along as usual, without any change from then on, until school began, and then the young master had to leave. It was arranged to send me to a private school in Glasgow, but the young master said that if I was to go to school, I should go with him. The father strongly objected, and told the madam that I would interfere with his son's education, and he added that I was "impossible." He said: "Why send *that* to school, anyway?" But the boy insisted, and of course got his own way in the matter; and off to school we went together, on the train to Edinburgh, to the Sandringham House School.

I was lonesome and homesick, and I cried much of the time. The young master was separated from me, and everything was black. The boys in the school were curious. When I washed, all the boys stood at a distance and watched me, and some of the smaller boys would come up and say to the others: "The water's no black." They could not conceive of my being a real black boy, and they wondered why the black did not come off.

They soon became used to me, and were extremely kind. But neither they, nor any one else, could stop me from fretting. I dreamed dreams; I remembered the days before; I thought of my mother, and I frequently called for her. The head master advised my master to send me back to my own country as soon as I had finished the fourth year.

I was in that school four years, but I never felt settled in it; the life was so different. I loved my playmates and they loved me, and I could speak a little English by that time, but I often stopped in the middle of a game or a conversation and began to cry.

And finally, when that school sent me and my young master back to Glasgow, my old master arranged to have me shipped back to my own country. Not before he had purchased and showed my return passage to my young master would the young master consent to

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let me take leave of him, because we were attached to each other. It was like losing a precious pet for him to lose me, after all the trouble he had had in training me, all by himself, from the time when he had stolen me from my room and brought me into his room, seemingly into a new world.

At school when anything was done by any of the boys, the schoolmasters knew whom to ask for the truth. Of course the boys soon broke me of that habit by giving me a leathering now and then until they made me fight, and then they loved me all the more. I was not much of a fighter, but the fact that I would fight at all, when hit by another boy, made all of them like me, although I usually got the worse of any combat. You could not blame me for the habit of telling the truth. I was on the way to become civilized, but I was not quite civilized enough to tell lies.

So my things were packed and strapped up, ready for my journey home. I had learned to call my master *"Yabah Abiad,"* meaning "My White Father," and his madam, *"Ima Abiada,"* "My White Mother," and my young master, *"Oremi,"* meaning "My Friend." What they put in the three trunks that I took with me I did not know then, but I found out when I reached Africa. There were toys, rattles, clothes in plenty, a cot-bed, camp-table, camp-chair, lamp, knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup and saucer, and everything that is used in a Scotch home.

The trip to the coast of my country I made without any unusual events, and I finally reached Whydah in Dahomey, my home port. Then what a scramble to get ashore over the surf! Only a short four years before I, with thirteen other little black boys, Akrim the eldest, and Ojo-yola the youngest, gazed out over the sea for the first time, fresh from the Bush, untamed and scared of everything, and then clambered aboard the steamer, on that ill-fated day! Just to see a white man! When I think of it all now, it makes me weep! My companions, all lost! Dragged under the black waters of the Gulf of Guinea! A tragedy! I alone was saved; for what, who knows?

What was the effect of my becoming civilized? Before I knew fifty words in the English language I was given a good beating *for telling the truth,* and by the sons of *white men.* Look what I had learned! The good clothes that I wore! The good things that I had to eat in the white man's country! The street-cars, the horses and wagons and carriages, and shops and houses, and dogs and cats and rats and mice! Oh, no, nothing so horrible as our beastly monkeys and leopards, ferocious lions and elephants, and snakes and lizards, which jeopardize every step one takes. Of course the white man's country has inventions, such as buses, trucks, taxi-cabs, horse-cars, motor-cars, tramway-cars, and hold-up men thrown in for good measure. Oh, white man, I think of you to-day in terms of indescribable affection, on the one hand; and on the other hand I loathe your culture and advancement, because it stole my savage being. I love you because in your duality you taught me good manners, although at the cost of good principles; and it is still debatable in my uncouth mind which is the better of the two, although in theory they are inseparable; but I learned from you, white man, that they have no affinity in practice. What a change of view-point from that which I had before to that which I have acquired; so different from eating when I am hungry, and not by the clock; sleep-

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ing when I am sleepy, and not by custom or force of habit; resting when I am tired, and not by command or when the boss says "Stop."

I stood on the coast of my country once more, gazing out over the black waters of the Gulf of Guinea, that had robbed me of my companions, clinging to the one, yes, the only vestige of my natural self left in me, and that was my manhood, boy as I was.

I reached my own community, after having waited over three months on the coast before I was able to find carriers and guides to escort me north to my own wild people, and, after a most disagreeable forty-seven days' journey, in the company of a hostile crowd of men. There was the place of my birth, my father's home.

The men who brought me up through the Ondo Bush made me suffer much. They did not know that I understood every word that they said, and I would not reveal to them that I knew anything before reaching my village. Otherwise, they would have left me stranded in the middle of the Ondo Bush. So when I arrived I had their hands tied behind them, had them severely flogged, had oil put on their heads and a fire set to it, and then gave them the chance to run for their very lives.

My mother had died shortly after we boys had left the village, on that fateful night, but my father lived, and he knew me. My one thought was of a girl that I remembered from of old, and her name was "Gooma." Needless to say, the utensils that I had taken home with me from Scotland were all destroyed, accidentally or on purpose.

I explained as well as I could to my father all that had happened, and told him as much as he would permit me to tell about the white men, emphasizing the story of my white father; and when I repeatedly mentioned my white father, he became angry and said: "I am your father; you have no white father, you fool! Don't you know that you cannot be white and black at the same time?" He asked me about marriage, and I asked him about the old chief, O-loo-wa-li, and about his beautiful daughter, Gooma; and he assured me that Gooma had been chosen as my bride, that is, my last wife. For my father, before I had left home, had selected six girls for me to marry. Such selection is always made early in life in the case of an heir, the youngest son in the home, and that was I. The chance of having Gooma as a bride compensated me for all the suffering that I had undergone from the time I had left my native village. I was willing to marry forty girls, if Gooma was to become my bride. But we do not get everything that we wish for, as is amply illustrated in the story of what happened to poor Gooma.

[Back into the shadows of the jungle LoBagola takes us. "The Marriage Ordeal," a wild and savage account of primitive custom—the barbaric preparations for marriage, the all-powerful god Oro who detects evil, the grim and mysterious Circle—appears in the May number.]

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An Architect's Holidays

BY J. MONROE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM WATER-COLORS BY CASS GILBERT

WHATEVER of vitality and permanence is contained in the so-called modern point of view as applied to matters of graphic art springs, I believe, from an increasing dissatisfaction with mere representation and a desire that man's artistic productions, in addition to technical proficiency and careful observation, shall display a knowledge of his subject or his theme far deeper than mere surface similitude. The artist must be a craftsman but, if his work is to stir us deeply, he must be more than that. He must be a seer, an interpreter. He must base his appeal to us upon the fact that he has thoughts in regard to his subject deeper than our thoughts. He must bring to our attention truths which, were it not for his work, we should have missed. This is the secret of the appeal of all great art but it applies with especial force to those works which may be classed as by-products of certain masters. Who could fail to be thrilled by Victor Hugo's little burnt-match drawings, by Thackeray's illustrations of his own works, by Frank Benson's dry-points of ducks. Here we find adequate artistry brought to the portrayal of ideas of tragedy, or humor or the quest of the ardent sportsman, but in these works the artistry takes second place in our interest as compared with the revelation of the minds and the knowledge of the men who made them.

So, when a master of architectural design chooses habitually to spend his hard-won days of leisure in portraying the architecture of the past, not by careful measured drawings, not in the delineation of detailed form as he knows it, but in the capture of those evanescent patterns into which walls and roofs, trees, sky and earth are woven by light and distance, color and texture, then we may assume that the things this architect has learned about architecture in the making are for him a constant source of light cast upon architecture in the being, and his water-color drawing becomes for us a human document in which the atmospheric conditions under which the drawing was made, the character of the architecture portrayed, the compositional relations of foreground and background, all become informative as to the architect and all his works.

Water-color sketches of foreign architecture are an almost invariable manifestation of the student days of our young architects but, viewed in the retrospect, such sketches seem, for the most part, more a tribute to the clever water-colorists whose works the student has seen, admired and desired to emulate, than to the qualities in the subject itself—qualities which the more mature mind will wish to visualize, memorize and record for the joy of himself and others.

So, in considering this little group of drawings by Cass Gilbert I find myself most deeply moved by the youthful ardor that year after year has brought him

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back, not to the rendering of effects which long practice has made easy to him, but to the expression of new subtleties, the study of new problems in connection with the things that light and air and perspective do to the form and color and values of architecture. The examples illustrated here cover a period of something more than thirty years and so span, with fair adequacy, almost the entire professional life of their author. In view of subsequent history, it is not strange that the earlier ones show a marked interest in towers silhouetted against the sky, in the gradations of tone and simplification of textures expressive of great height. It is these earlier drawings which are more adequately represented by the black and white of half-tone reproduction. Their beauty is a beauty of carefully studied silhouette rendered with sensitive appreciation of atmospheric values.

It is, however, the examples painted during more recent years that seem to me most enlightening. The single dominating mass against a simple background has in these been discarded. The maturer mind is seeking deeper understanding of the subtle combinations, textures and patterns of the many materials which, in combination, enter into architectural effect. It often happens that an artist's later work displays less interest in intricacy of detail but here we have the exact reverse of this. More and more we find a keen interest in the study of architecture, not simple and quiet in mass but representing the juxtaposition of strongly contrasting materials.

As a marked example of this, take the drawing of the little courtyard of the "Hôtel Guillaume le Conquérant" at Dives, a drawing made four years ago. It would be hard to find a sterner challenge to the resources of a water-colorist than the subject of this drawing but this challenge has been met simply and straightforwardly. The violence of the contrast between dark timbering and light stucco has been expressed and overlaid with a spattering of bright leaves and flowers and yet it somehow resolves itself into a quiet mass. Hopkinson Smith, who claimed, with reason I believe, to have been the American discoverer of this charming spot, were he alive to-day, would covet this drawing and envy the man who made it.

Now look at the old "Pont du Gard." What a superb expression it is of massive draftsmanship combined with sensitive appreciation of stony texture. This drawing, perhaps above all of them, expresses the dual personality of the man who made it. No one but an architect could have so simply expressed the curving sweep of those receding arches and none but a skilful painter of textured surfaces could have so satisfactorily expressed the color and patina of those old stone piers without losing something of the simplicity of the architectural mass.

"The tower at Segovia" might well be entitled "A Study in the Anatomy of Cracks." How unconvincing to the eye of a builder painted cracks in masonry are apt to be and yet how revealing they are here, if closely studied, of the gradual operation and direction of destructive physical forces.

I doubt if water-color can be made to express with greater simplicity and freshness the merging of ivy-clad walls into foliage forms that we find in "Compton Castle" and yet the salient masses of the buildings are all there.

Such are a few of the subtleties that differentiate these drawings from those of artists less versed in architectural form. If I have not said much about

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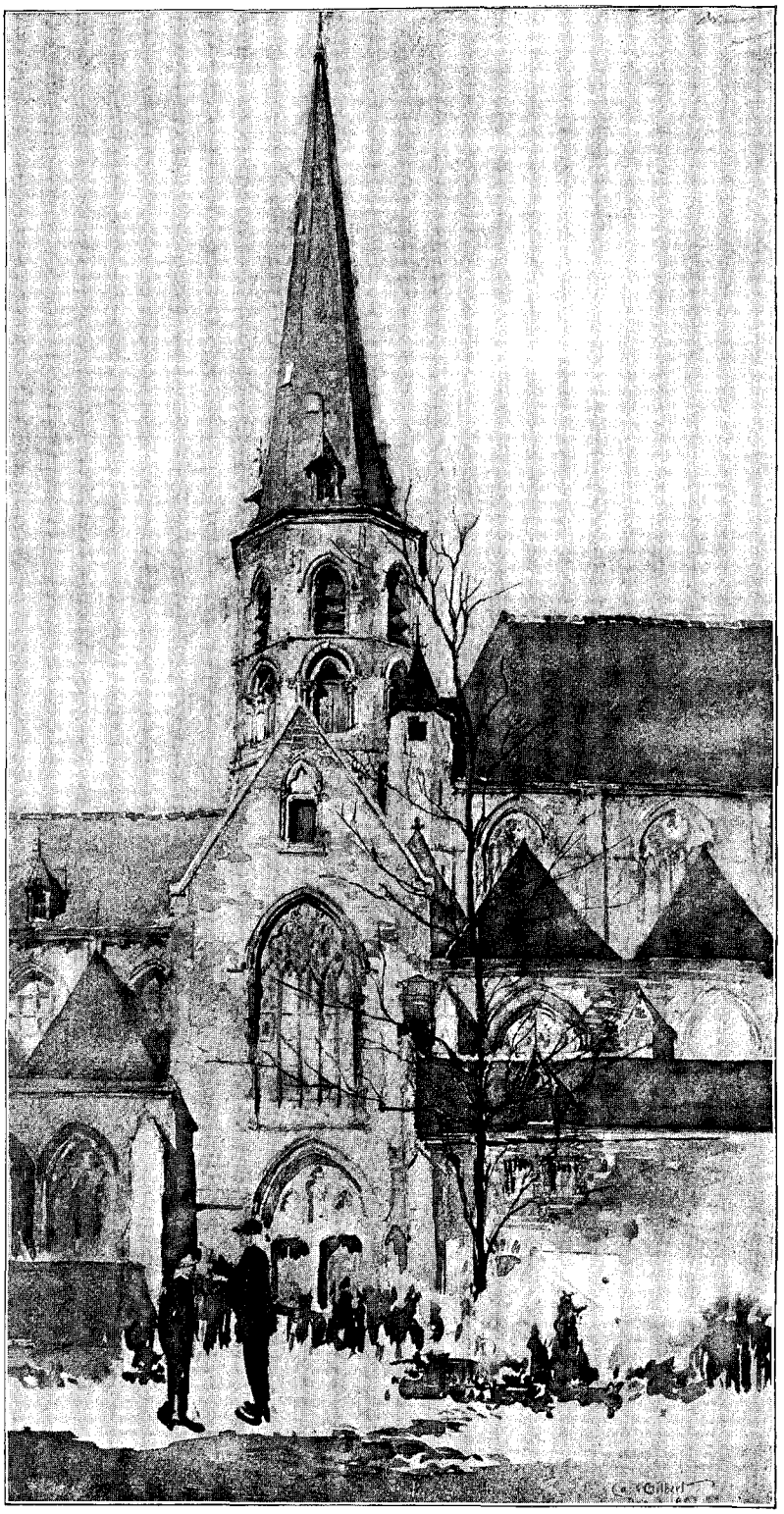

St. Jacques's Church, Ghent.
1897.

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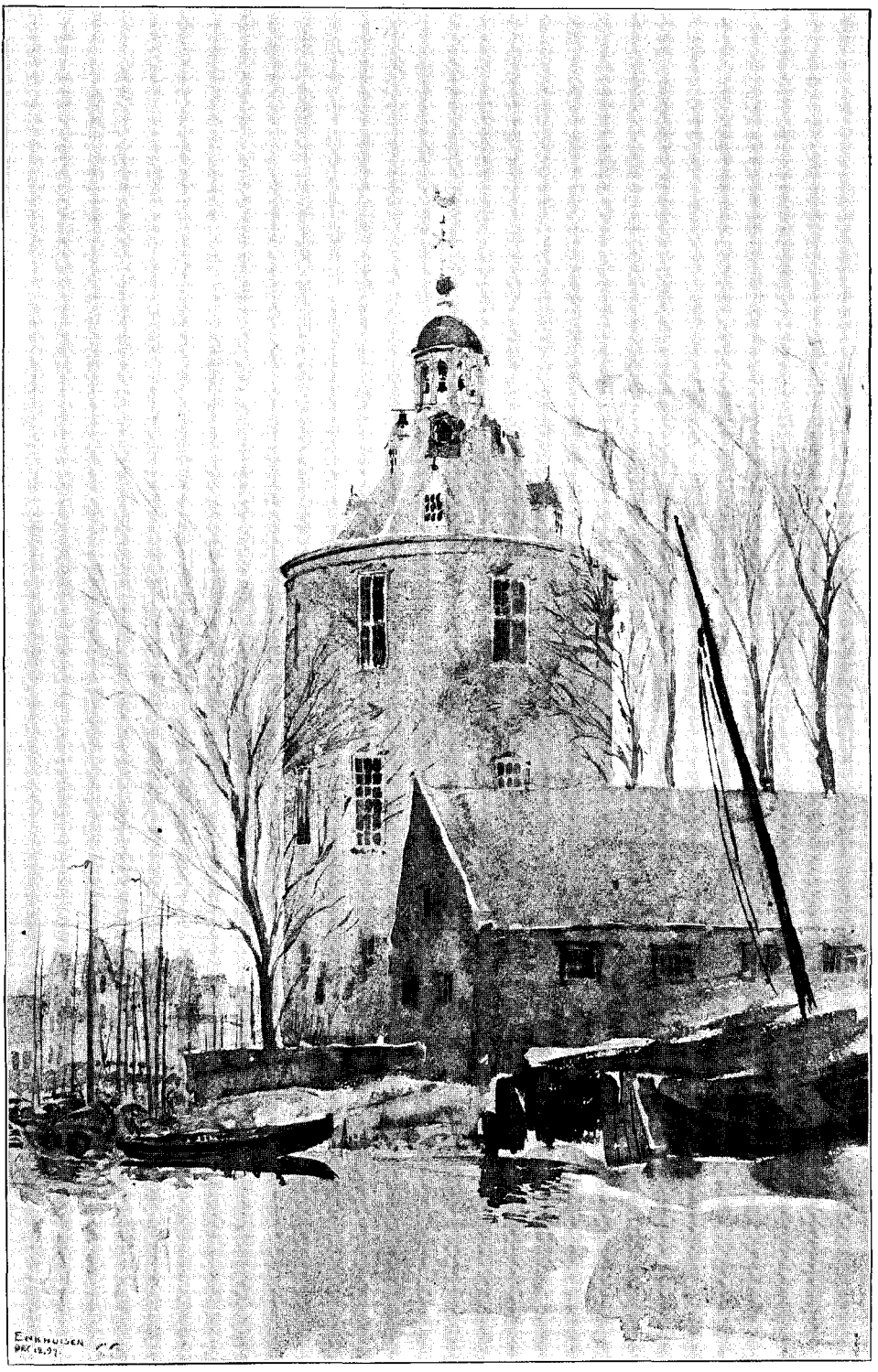

Tower at Enkhuisen, Holland.
December, 1897.

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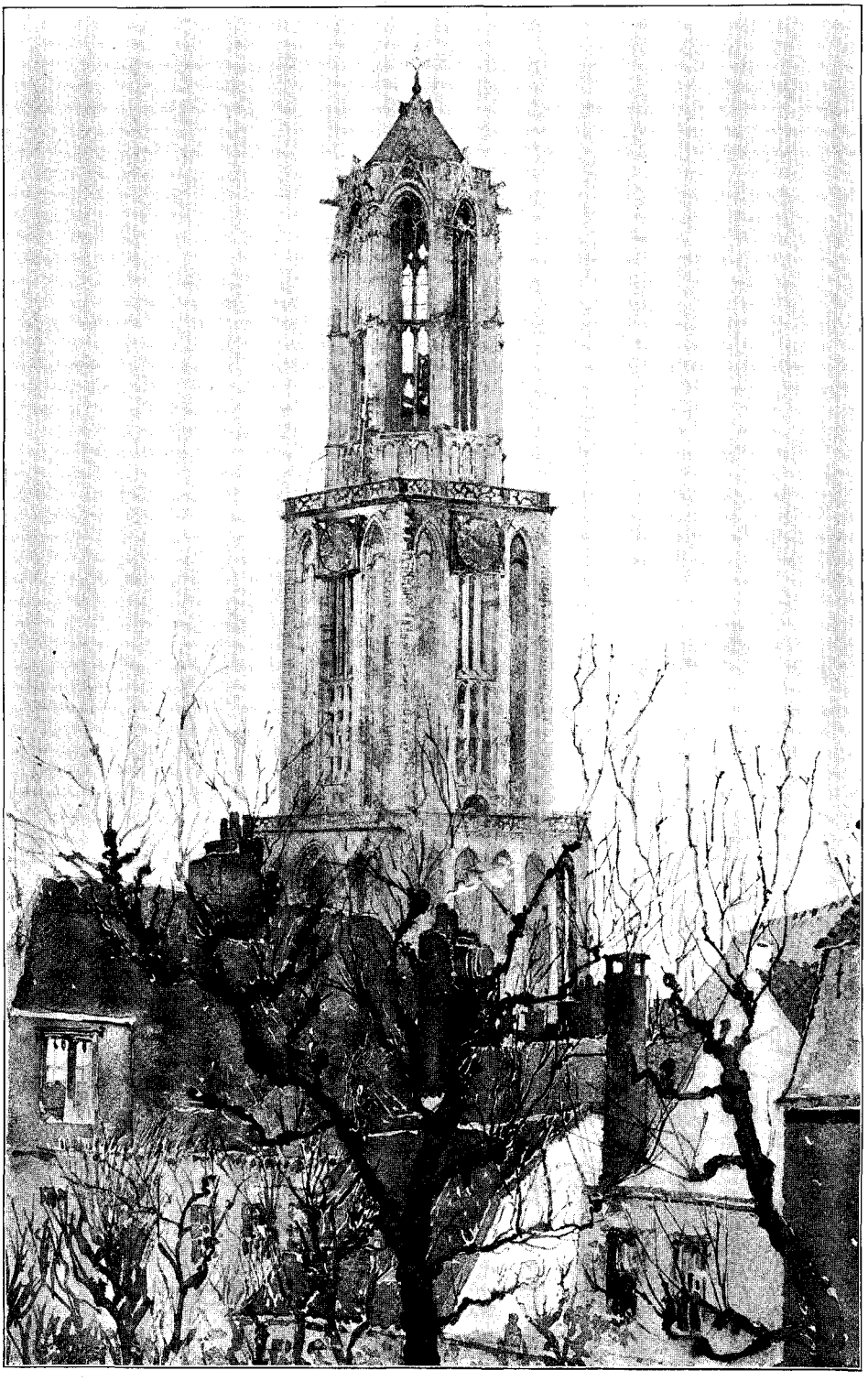

Cathedral Tower, Utrecht.
1898.

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Hospital, Warwick, England.
1910.

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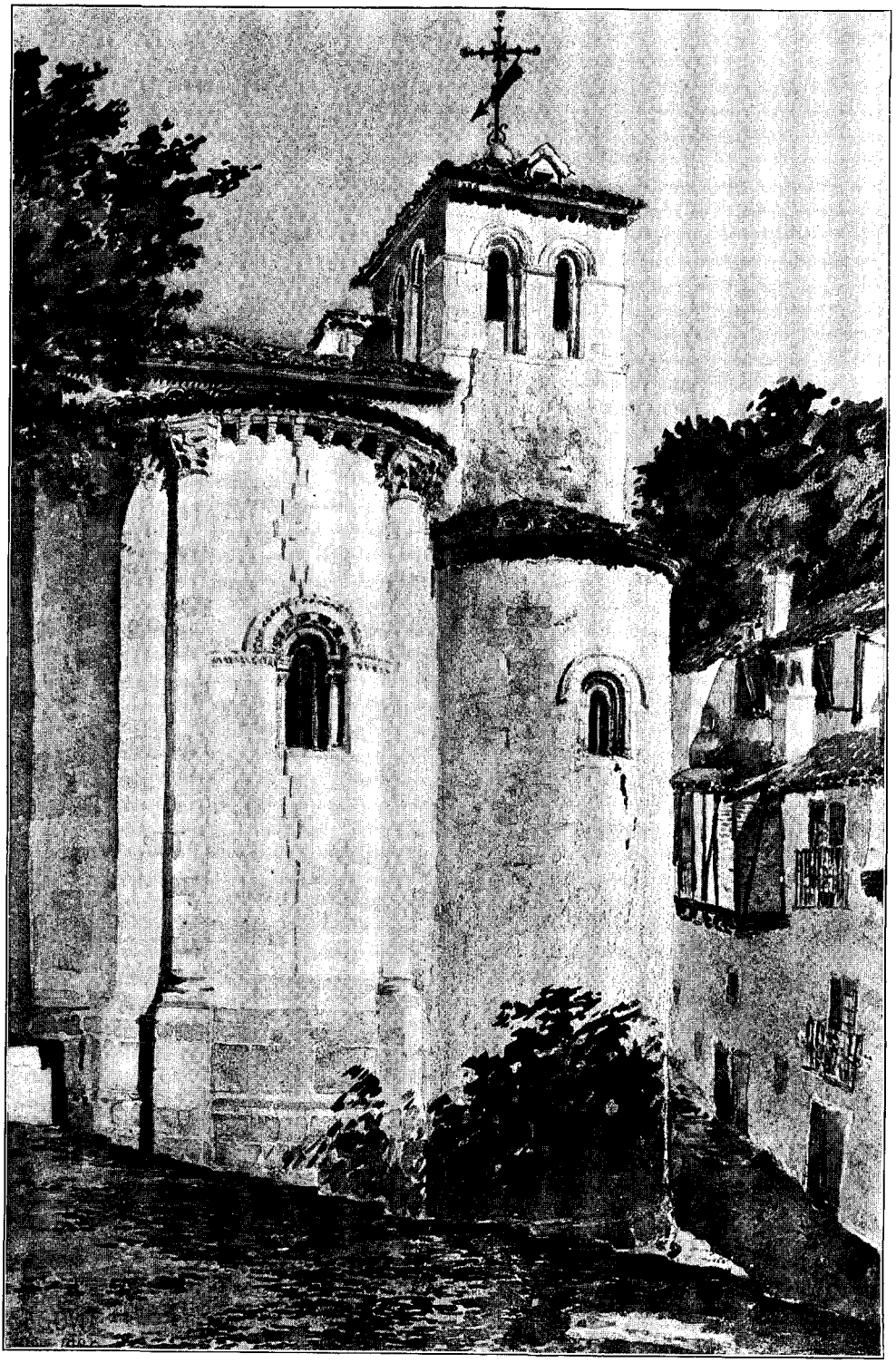

Church Tower, Segovia.
June, 1920.

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The Lesser Courtyard, Hôtel Guillaume le Conquérant, Dives, France.
1924.

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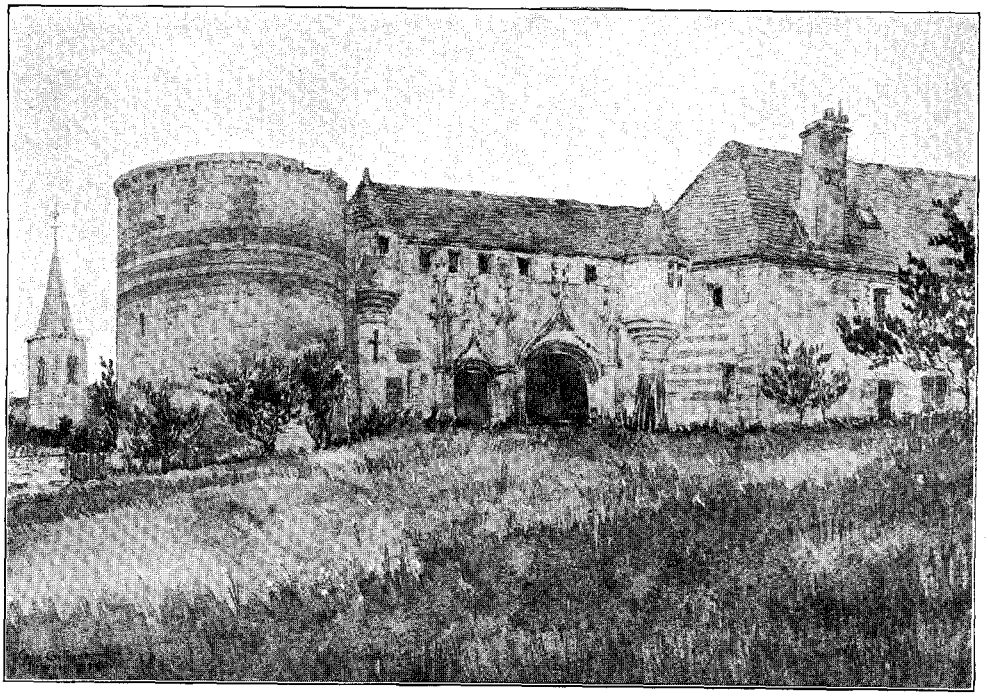
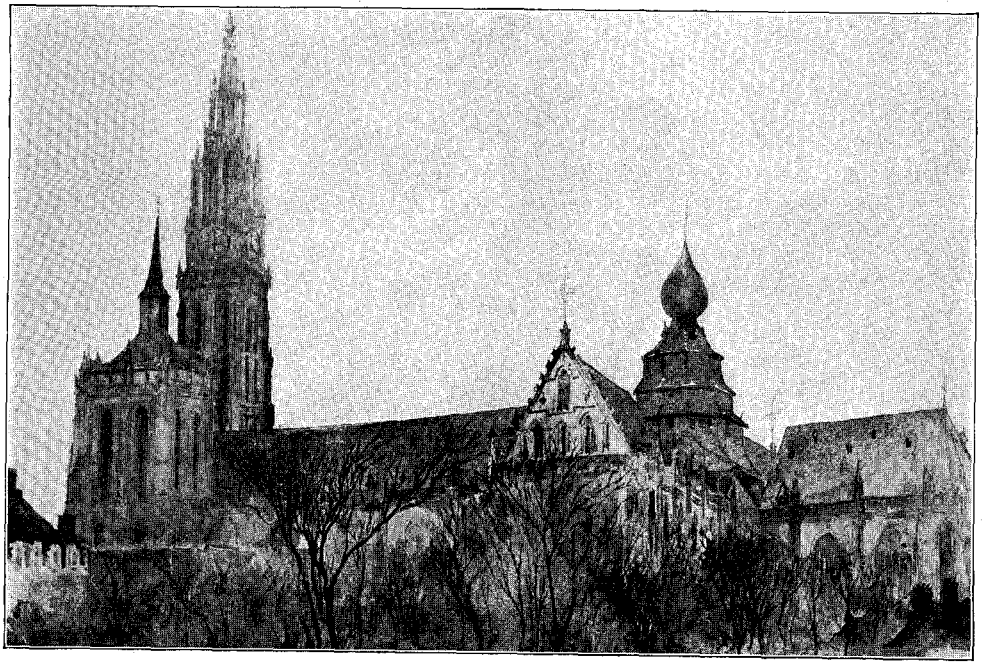


Château de l'Houblonniere, Normandy.
July, 1924.



Antwerp Cathedral.

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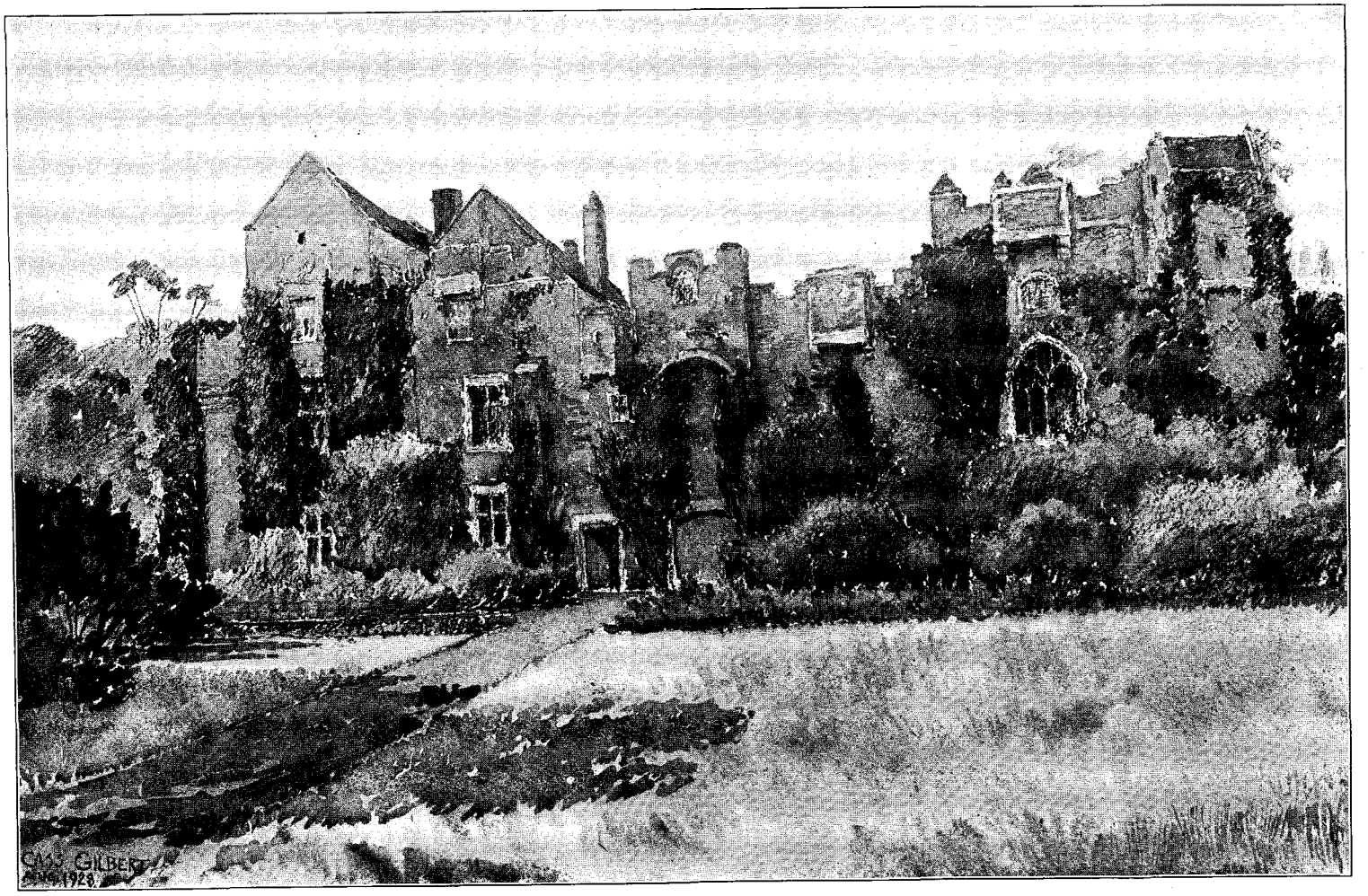

Compton Castle, Devonshire, England.
August, 1928.

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charm of color it is because this quality is merely suggested by the reproductions. It is there, however, in full measure and amply repays careful study of the originals.

The appeal of a water-color drawing is an intensely personal matter. We either feel it or we do not and, if we do not, no amount of discussion will make us. When an artist ceases to be a student he might as well be dead, and these drawings (as demonstrations of the continuing vitality of the student's point of view, the student's enthusiasm for his theme on the part of a leader in the art of architecture who, for more than forty years, has been immersed in the ardors of architectural practice) are to me a revelation of personality no less vital than the buildings their author has designed. They will in the future, I believe, be accepted as an indispensable and inspiring portion of the record of a life of high achievement.

Debris

By Beatrice Wyndham Palmer

Broken glass made long ago in Tyre,
Bronzes shipwrecked on their way to Rome,
Made in Greece at Cæsar's high desire,
Lie beneath the sea waves and the foam.

Rosaries and fine Damascus swords,
Wedding-rings that Venice gave the sea,
Silver stolen from the Inca hoards,
Manacles of slaves of Barbaree;

Bottles whence carousing pirates drank,
Harpoons, compass needles gone awry,
Round shot weighting corpses as they sank,
On the ocean floor, forgotten lie.

In their depths the shining waters hide
Endless works and vanities of man.
Still beneath the changing moon, the tide
Flows on, as when the changing world began.

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Mad Anthony Wayne

VALLEY FORGE AND MONMOUTH

BY THOMAS BOYD

FROM a dreary winter at Fort Ticonderoga, where he was promoted to Brigadier General, Anthony Wayne was called to Washington's headquarters on the slopes about Morristown in the late spring of 1777. The battle of the Brandywine followed, and there Wayne held the most accessible ford against the Hessian General Knyphausen's division until Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis, outflanking the whole American right wing, swung in from the west, where they were checked by Nathanael Greene. With the rest of the army Wayne retreated toward the Schuylkill, was worsted in a night attack by Major General Sir Edward Grey, drove three miles through the British centre at the battle of Germantown, and finally, after schemes of further combat came to nothing, suggested to General Washington that the Continental Line go into winter quarters "about twenty miles west of Philadelphia"—Valley Forge. Though only four miles from his own home, Wayne remained in camp commanding the Pennsylvania Line throughout the dismal winter.

II

FROM his quarters in the house of Mr. Walker, down the south slope below Mount Joy, Anthony Wayne could look ahead and to the left a little where, over an intervening rise, the fields of Waynesborough lay. Only a year ago the farm had been stocked with herds of sleek and fat-bellied cattle. But now the rolling acres were bare and most of the animals had disappeared. Nearly all of the menservants were gone too, taken by the British. And in the tannery, where there had always been bundles of hides waiting to be shipped in return for Spanish-milled dollars, little work was being done. As for the money he had and the payment from the government—what they were worth was just about nothing. And the price of things: that two pounds of tea Abraham Robinson had sent him in the spring had cost nearly ten golden guineas.

Back of him, up the hill in rear of Mr. Walker's house, crouched the ragged Pennsylvania Line in smoky huts with scarcely a blanket to cover a man when the wind blew through the logs at night. Inspecting them each week, Wayne felt ashamed to go into their cabins—the sight was so wretched it was little better than death. Most of the troops were crawling with vermin and several hundred had been buried, dead from a disorder that had to do with filthy rags instead of clothing. Yet when he wrote to Dick Peters, who was still secretary for the board of war, there was nothing done. When he wrote to James Long, the commissary, James Long an-

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swered that Anthony couldn't conceive how uneasy it made him not to receive any instructions from the council regarding the forwarding of necessaries to camp. When he protested to Thomas Wharton, president of the council, that the men were naked and must have clothes, Wharton replied that the delay was caused by want of buttons.

And the farmers in the neighborhood; many were as disinterested in the cold and hunger of Valley Forge as the Congressmen and assemblymen themselves. To prevent half-starved soldiers from straggling out of camp and foraging in barnyards was more than headquarters could accomplish, yet one old man who had a farm in the vicinity brought so many complaints to Mr. Walker's house that he almost wore his own path to the door. The soldiers were stealing from him! They were milking his cows and committing similar depredations!

"Had they?" asked General Wayne, annoyed; then he suggested ironically, "well, damn 'em, shoot 'em; why the devil don't you shoot 'em?"

But to the old farmer it was excellent advice. And not long afterward there was a tattered, hungry soldier shot from a milkstool in his barnyard.

In February Wayne rode into New Jersey for cattle and forage. He was gone nearly a month, most of the time within enemy territory. Then, long preceded by several hundred head of cows and many horses for cavalry and wagons loaded with forage, he came back to camp over the melting snow. And now, except for clothing and equipment, the condition of the army was becoming better. The winter, which had not been unusually cold, was passing. The hard ruts on the Gulph road which ran northwest through a corner of the grand parade and over the hill toward General Washington's headquarters were softening and no longer spotted with blood from barefooted soldiers with tender feet. Nathanael Greene had become Quartermaster General. And also there were wine, some little gaiety and female society of a sort in camp. The rich Mrs. Washington was at headquarters, having come up from Mount Vernon to be with her husband. Catharine Greene had also appeared and a fine, comradely woman she seemed to be. At Nathanael's house south of the Gulph and King of Prussia crossroads, which was not far east of Wayne's quarters, the young Marquis Lafayette, with his slanting forehead, his long thin nose, his eyes glinting for fame which would trumpet his name back to France, could sometimes be found talking his own language to Mrs. Greene. Down the Mount Joy slope westward were that pleasant, ponderous couple, Lord and Lady Stirling and up the hill back of them lived General and Mrs. Henry Knox.

But by the middle of April Wayne had begun to feel that Valley Forge was in danger of surviving its usefulness. Underfoot the ground was growing soft and springy, a gentleness was in the air and a fresh, bright shade of green was creeping over the fields and into the forests. It was time to renew the contest and he would take the liberty to suggest to his Excellency the Idea of Making an Offensive Campaign against such places as afforded the greatest prospect of success. Many reasons, in his humble opinion, both political and prudential pointed to the expediency of putting the enemy on the defensive.

Yet the days went by and the army stayed motionless. Gruff old Baron von Steuben, contemptuously recollecting

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how he had made the Frenchmen run when he had fought under Frederick of Prussia, using his own hands to teach Continentals how to handle a musket, drilled the troops on the grand parade and wrote out a book of instructions for field officers. Wayne watched his systematic actions profitably. Though most of the foreigners evoked his friendly amusement, he liked Steuben frankly. But why was the army allowed to continue idly through such good days of campaigning weather! Through Dick Peters he had succeeded in supplying the Pennsylvania Line with bayonets and now he was eager to have the British out of Philadelphia where they had the temerity to be rioting about his own familiar haunts. Word came into camp from spies sent into the town that the public rooms of Smith's City Tavern on Second Street were now the scene of fancy balls. Drunken officers sat at the Bunch of Grapes and the Indian Queen. There was a pit for fighting cocks in Moore's Alley. Young but ugly Lord Rawdon, having lost his favorite spaniel, had the brazenness to advertise for its return to the home of Mrs. Swords in Lodge Alley. That old wooden building, a former playhouse, that stood near South and Fourth Streets, a couple of blocks from Sharp Delany's and just outside the town limits, was livelier than ever before, with presentations of "Duke and No Duke," "the Minor," "the Deuce is in Him" and "the Wonder," which last's subtitle was "A Woman Kept a Secret." James Humphreys, from whom Anthony had got his works of Laurence Sterne that Hetty Griffiths, Sally Robinson and himself had used to talk about at Dr. Bond's, was now printing play-bills for the British. And Dr. Bond's own daughter was shamelessly being fêted by the officers—also Edward Shippen's daughters, Peggy and her sister. And it had been like that all winter. Successful or otherwise, it was certainly time for action, else soon the capital would be no more than a tory camp.

But as if to make this inactivity last the longer a council of war was held on May eighth when it was agreed that the army should not attempt any offensive operations until some opportunity should occur to strike a successful blow. Major General Charles Lee, gaunt, sunken cheeked and irascible, had come back to camp twelve days afterward from seventeen months' British captivity at New York wherefrom he had just been liberated in exchange for General Prescott. Though he arrived too late for the great council of war he gladly adjoined his name to the list of major generals who advised waiting for a miraculous opportunity before giving battle. And, in early June, when information was brought to Valley Forge that Sir Henry Clinton was about to evacuate Philadelphia and march toward New York General Lee announced his opinion that the American army should limit itself to following respectfully in Sir Henry's rear, merely making an effort to restrain him from giving the farmers and villagers of New Jersey too much misery along the way.

Charles Lee held a little marquee of his own during those last few days at Valley Forge. His bony knees crossed, his long fingers caressing the velvet ears of a hound that lay beside him, he would sit surrounded in his tent by a group of junior officers who listened to his sharp but amusing judgments of the generals who weren't present. He had been given command of a division composed of three brigades; his reputation earned from years of foreign warfare

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was picturesque—a great man, thought many of the younger officers, flattered to be around him. Lafayette in his French frills, young, ardent and worshipful of Washington, was also in camp, still hoping to lead in action important enough to justify the major general's stars with which Congress had presented him. Others still there from the winter were the bibulous Lord Stirling, the downright Maxwell, the monumental Henry Knox, Charles Scott, who had stood twice with Wayne in the minority during council, Varnum, Poor, Woodford, Dickinson of the Jersey militia, Grayson, Jackson and Cadwalader. Nathanael Greene continued his efficient struggles with the duties of quartermaster general in addition to his care of a full division and Anthony Wayne, though only a brigadier and outranked by two other Pennsylvania generals, St. Clair and Mifflin, still held charge of the troops from that state.

The June weather was growing hotter. In their huts surrounding the grand parade men said it was beginning to be the most pestiferous month they had ever seen. Twenty miles westward, in Philadelphia, Sir Henry Clinton, with Knyphausen and Lord Cornwallis, was completing his organization for the march through New Jersey to New York. General Washington, wondering if in this journey "some opportunity . . . to strike a successful blow" might not appear, called yet another council of war.

It was held on the seventeenth and Charles Lee spoke loudest and longest. What Washington wanted to know was whether he should keep his army at Valley Forge and allow Sir Henry's heavy train to move past him unharmed, whether it was better to march at once to the Hudson and be at hand when Sir Henry arrived in New York or whether he should follow the British army closely and watch for an auspicious opening for attack, either partial or general. Was that what his Excellency wanted to know? Well, said Charles Lee, there was only one answer: General Washington should not attack Sir Henry Clinton at all! Those British troops who were about to leave Philadelphia were the best trained men in the world; there were nearly ten thousand of them. What chance had the Americans against them even though the state militia made them greater in numbers! None. By all means let Sir Henry march in safety to New York.

General Washington frowned questioningly at the other officers. What had they to answer?

He was sorry, Lord Stirling said slowly and gravely, but Major General Lee was doubtless right. That was unfortunately true, admitted Henry Knox. Then Maxwell, Grayson, Dickinson, Woodford, Poor, Varnum and von Steuben nodded their agreement with the rest. Charles Scott, weary of being in the minority, likewise assented.

What, asked General Washington, was the opinion of General Greene?

There was some truth, Nathanael Greene replied thoughtfully, in what General Lee had advised, but Lee's counsel was too sweeping. For if the Americans followed Sir Henry Clinton closely an opportunity for attack might present itself during the confusion of the British march.

Anthony Wayne had sat apart, holding a book in which he had looked with bright-eyed scorn as ten of his fellow officers had agreed with Charles Lee. He raised his head.

"Well General," asked his Excellency, "what do you propose to do?"

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Wayne answered quickly, "Fight, sir!"

But that reply could scarcely have surprised the Commander-in-Chief or any of the others. For when hadn't the leader of the Pennsylvania Line voted in favor of attack? At Brandywine? At Germantown? At White Marsh last November? Never. Attack, attack! It was the only word he knew. His Excellency had a portmanteau half full of notes in which General Wayne had expressed himself as being most Solemnly and Clearly of Opinion that the British should be put on the defensive at once. A brave officer and nothing else, thought Washington and developed ironic gravity listening to him. The council ended with the mind of his Excellency still undecided, though Cadwalader and Lafayette had joined Greene and Wayne in opposing Major General Lee.

On that same day Sir Henry Clinton's plans to move had been completed and by ten o'clock the following morning the tail of his heavy, twelve-mile train had crossed the Delaware to the Jersey shore and all were on the march to New York. Ten thousand men: Hessians, Tories, British regulars; regiments of artillery; wagons creaking under heavy stores and baggage upon which rode officers' families, went sweltering over the low New Jersey roads with a movement slow as crawling.

With Clinton lumbering toward New York and General Lee's counsel prevailing at Valley Forge there were elements that might have made a ludicrous situation. For a whole winter the Continental army had starved and frozen twenty miles from the revelling British in Philadelphia; now, were they to follow Sir Henry to New York, they might very well starve and bake throughout a summer, with nothing gained for all their fasting. But Washington, though he had not decided to risk a battle, sent Maxwell and Philemon Dickinson of the Jersey militia, to harass the British march as soon as he heard that Philadelphia had been evacuated. Something, at any rate, was sure of being done, even if it were only a skirmish with the tag end of Clinton's rear-guard.

But there was more than that to follow. Washington too broke camp and marched his army toward the Delaware whence he turned north and started a parallel course with the enemy who were rolling along the east bank of the river in the direction of Trenton. That Sir Henry was going to New York the Commander-in-Chief was certain, but whether he would choose the left road through Brunswick to Staten Island or the right road through Monmouth to Sandy Hook he could not tell. And remaining on the west bank of the Delaware until he reached Coryell's Ferry, he crossed on June twenty-fourth and led the main body of his troops over the higher ground in the direction of Princeton. Near there, at Hopewell, he called one more council of war, hoping to find some support among his officers in favor of an attack.

That council was like most of the others. It would have done honor, declared young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Washington's aide, to the most honorable society of midwives, and to them only. General Lee continued to express his belief that the action against Clinton, if it were to be hazarded at all, should be limited to small detachments skirmishing with the British rear-guard. And again there sounded a long roll of yesses from the other officers, heartier this time than last, for there was added to it the assent of long-faced, dour Ar-

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thur St. Clair who had come upon the scene as a volunteer.

But Nathanael Greene was still of a different mind. And Wayne, of course, was also. Those two, with Lafayette, felt that General Washington ought to send a large force against the British rear-guard, which was certain to be made up of Clinton's best troops, while the main body stood ready to sweep down in case there appeared any opening for a successful battle. After a wrangle in the council Washington accepted the minority opinion and General Scott was sent forward with fifteen hundred men to join Maxwell and Dickinson who had marched near Clinton's rear.

Until the day of the council neither army knew the direction of the other, but then John Graves Simcoe, lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of British Loyalists known as the Queen's Rangers, espied the position of the Americans and reported to Sir Henry Clinton who at once laid his course through Monmouth to Sandy Hook. Knyphausen's Hessians were sent ahead with the heavy baggage train while Clinton and Cornwallis marched behind it.

As soon as Clinton's northward route became clear General Washington, to strengthen his advance party still further, determined to detach Anthony Wayne with a thousand men among whom were included Colonel Dicky Butler's riflemen. Maxwell, Scott, Jackson and Varnum had already gone out, Wayne's men added to theirs would make four thousand; that was a number great enough to perform some signal manœuvre and Lafayette at once began clamoring for the command of it. The marquis had been with the army for nearly a year during all of which time he had been eager for a chance to make a dashing exploit against the British. Here was one at last, for it was certain that the advance guard of the Americans and the heavy rear-guard of the British would meet. Hopefully he asked for the command and got it; provided, Washington stipulated, General Lee, who as senior officer under the Commander-in-Chief had the right to take charge, would not be offended.

Offended! General Lee echoed Lafayette and held up his long hands to defend himself from the thought; he would be only too glad for Monsieur le Marquis to take full responsibility for an action that was bound to be disastrous to the army. With this assurance Lafayette rode out of camp to gather up the regiments under Wayne, Scott, Maxwell, Jackson and Varnum.

That was on June twenty-fifth, the day Knyphausen took the long supply train toward Monmouth Court House while Clinton and Cornwallis protected his journey with the bulk of the British army marching at his rear. As the night of the next day fell the enemy had marched northeast to Monmouth Court House and were encamped to the west of the road and to the north of the village. And the Americans lay in two parts, both of which were on a line northwest of Monmouth Court House. The plan was shaping for Lafayette to come down from the northwest and assault Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard at the village after it had rested and resumed its march on the main road from Monmouth.

It was at Englishtown, five miles northwest of Monmouth Court House, that the American advance guard under Lafayette lay waiting. When and where they would attack or whether it would be a skirmish or a general engagement they did not know, but the enemy was before them and they were eager and

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watchful as the sun-steamed hills allowed. Lafayette was pleased and Wayne was waiting for orders when General Lee rode through the sentries and appeared at the Marquis' headquarters. He had two brigades behind him and had come to displace Lafayette as commander of the advance guard. Appealing to the youthful, inexperienced major general, Charles Lee said, "I place my fortune and my honor on your hands; you are too generous to destroy both, the one and the other."

Honor it was that gave the surface explanation of Lee's presence after he had once refused the very command which he now was accepting. For as he saw the French stripling leaving the main body to take charge of the advance it came to him that "if this detachment . . . is to be considered as a separate, chosen, active corps, and put under the marquis' command until the enemy leave the Jerseys, both myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced." That was what he had written Washington in his appeal for Lafayette's command; and the Commander-in-Chief, recognizing his claim as valid, had finally given his consent. Now the change was made; it was Major General Charles Lee that would give orders to the advance guard who lay waiting on the high ground about Englishtown.

Toward evening General Washington rode into Englishtown from the main camp three miles on a line northwest at a place called Cranberry and passed on to reconnoitre Monmouth Court House. Sir Henry Clinton, he discovered, had chosen safe ground for his encampment. Heavily wooded stretches and deep swamps protected the men and the baggage train from the north and west. Ravines would have to be crossed before they could be assailed. The chance of a successful attack, he could see, was far from guaranteed. But on the next day if the enemy moved their position would have become even stronger, for then they would have reached the higher ground about Middletown. He rode back to Englishtown slowly pondering; the best plan, he at length decided, would be an early attack on the British rear-guard as soon as Knyphausen's long train began to move.

At Englishtown Washington told General Lee of his resolution; the advance guard, he gave instructions, would sleep on their arms and be ready when dawn broke to go forward. Anthony Wayne, Charles Scott, William Maxwell and Lafayette were standing by as the Commander-in-Chief presented Lee with his orders for the coming day. Lee assented; the dispositions should be carried out, he said. Then Washington rode back to Cranberry to have his army prepared for instant movement. The officers at Englishtown stretched out for a little sleep and the camp was still.

But with Washington gone and General Lee in charge no effort was made to watch the British through the night. Lee's officers asked him what they were to do. Shrugging a bony shoulder he had answered that he had no plans as yet. And in the enemy camp General Knyphausen began to move his heavy supply and baggage train soon after midnight. Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis anxiously heard it rolling forward on the road to Middletown and Sandy Hook; they too were restless to be on the march.

Lee lay inert till nearly dawn, when he sent Philemon Dickinson and his New Jersey militia to watch the enemy; an order from Washington, who feared the British might decamp in the night,

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had stirred him into this. Otherwise he would have done nothing at all, for when Lafayette went into Lee's headquarters at four o'clock on that morning of June twenty-eighth Lee told him that everything was the same as before, except that Dickinson's seven hundred men were marching.

Wayne was also awake early. Restless to move, but condemned to wait for orders, he walked about in actual command of only a thousand men. In a few hours there would be an attack; that knowledge gave him a cool joy and pointed his energies toward the British. Standing in the quiet dawn that Sunday morning, he ran a smoothing hand along the front of his blue coat and adjusted his frilled white stock. He wished his men had better uniforms, any kind of uniforms, in fact; he wished more of them had bayonets, eighteen inches in the blade; that all the colonels about him were valiant as Dicky Butler, lank-haired Walter Stewart, Dan Morgan and Light Horse Harry Lee. Louis Fleury, too, was a good man for a Frenchman. Harry Lee wasn't there, but Butler and Stewart were at hand and Dan Morgan, with a healed wound disfiguring his left jaw, was not far away. Already the air was hot and chokingly thick to breathe.

From the advance camp Wayne heard the chitter of musketry up ahead. That was Philemon Dickinson encountering Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard. The British column, then, must be on the march already. It was time for General Lee to do something, why the devil didn't he! A little later an express galloped up the slope, carrying the word to Washington at Cranberry. The British column was moving and Dickinson had lightly engaged its rear.

It was five o'clock and the sun was over the tree tops in front of Monmouth Court House when Dickinson's report reached Washington. Half an hour later another messenger was before General Lee to march the advance guard forward and begin the attack in earnest; meanwhile Washington would bring up the army for battle. So at last the advance guard began to move.

The deep drums tapped and the fifes called shrilly. Dicky Butler stood in the lead, his two hundred Pennsylvanians forming the head of the column behind which six hundred men under Woodford, a like number under Varnum, then Wayne's thousand jostled into line. In Wayne's command were two field-pieces and back of him two more were strung out through the brigades of Charles Scott and Maxwell. Lafayette, spirited but uncertain of what to do because Lee had ousted him and had assigned him no other place, rode along with a useless sword. In the rear, at a respectful distance from the British, came Major Generals Lee and St. Clair.

Dickinson's fire had long since ceased. Under the molten sun the men wound forward and downward through the meadows, skirting the swamps and clumps of wood between them and Monmouth Court House. When they reached a hill near the village it was discovered that the British had gone. The column halted. Generals Lee and Wayne cantered ahead to an open stretch and began to stare westward. Lee said, "Look!" and levelled a long dark finger over a stretch of timber beyond which could be seen rising the dust cloud trailed by a detachment of troops. About two thousand men it would take to raise such a powdery mass against the horizon, Lee judged. Turning to Wayne he ordered him to take both his field-pieces and six hundred troops, attack

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the rear of the moving force which they saw before them and hold it until Lee with the rest of the advance made a short cut and divided it from the main body of the British army.

Wayne set out rapidly; swinging in a half circle, he went round the wood, crossed over the wide marsh through which the Wemrock trickled and was shortly in contact with a British rear-guard detachment loitering on the other side. But after one volley from Wayne's muskets and the close sight of his long bayonets they broke ranks and began to run. Pursuing, Wayne came within sight of Sir Henry Clinton's main rear-guard and stopped. Calling Major Byles Wayne sent him with a note to General Lee, requesting that the main body of the advance be sent forward to support him, forming on the edge of the deep ravine which ran to the left of Monmouth Court House.

Far to the left of Wayne Charles Scott had come up with fourteen hundred men and was going into a wood behind the morass. Back of Wayne, Lee seemed to be coming forward slowly, much too slowly. As Wayne waited another party of the British, numbering about eight hundred, drew up in formation on the farther slope that led down to the ravine and halted significantly. Wayne scowled. But certainly Lee must be coming nearer. To drive this enemy covering party out of the way, General Wayne went forward as swiftly as his two pieces of artillery could be wheeled over the soft, uneven ground, halted within earshot of the enemy and began firing.

It was, Wayne thought, time for a battle. The troops, the whole army, could form on the edge of the morass and have fine ground for fighting. General Washington was a few miles back on the road with his men stripped down for combat. Lee stood with more than four thousand in the advance guard while opposite him Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis with seven thousand men had begun to slow down. For the troops which Lee had sighted from the hill were not a few regiments, but the whole British rear-guard. Separating Lee from Clinton was Anthony Wayne with his Pennsylvanians who were pushing the force that had stood against them back upon the British column, while to the left Charles Scott was moving out of the wood to take post on the farther side of the ravine.

Cornwallis turned menacingly as the men began to line the morass. Half a mile in rear of Wayne Lafayette believed the time for attack had come. Standing by Lee, he suggested that the whole advance guard be formed up on the firing line and fight until General Washington arrived with the main body. But Charles Lee admonished his inexperience with, "Sir, you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them." And having been opposed to an attack from the beginning, doubtless believing truly that the Americans were not the equals of the enemy and being able to shield his actions by the explanation that he was moving to draw Cornwallis's rear-guard closer to Washington's oncoming troops, General Lee began to retreat.

Charles Scott, on Wayne's left, began to recross the ravine, for Lord Cornwallis was turning with an earnest desire to halt this manœuvring and hold the Americans until Knyphausen's tremendous caravan had reached the safety of Middletown and its high ground to the sea. And now Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were left alone between the two armies. The British were com-

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ing toward him and he was soon to find that General Lee was marching back to the rear with the befuddled advance guard that had been cheated of the chance to fight and could not understand this retrograde action.

Meanwhile the rising sun glared terrifically on every one alike, on Wayne and his Pennsylvanians, on the detachment of British infantry which he was holding from him and on the sleek, orderly body of the Queen's Light Dragoons which came charging toward him to throw him across the ravine. From this unsupported position Wayne was ready to meet whatever force the British set upon him; he only wanted a few more men. Now the Queen's Light Dragoons were galloping through their infantry to where the Pennsylvanians waited. But they would meet Dicky Butler and his regiment of two hundred which Wayne had placed in the centre of his position. And Butler, like Wayne, was madly eager for the encounter. Nearer the cavalry plunged, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred yards. Then Wayne's rear rank let their musket hammers fall and a bright flare that was heavy with lead struck the charging horsemen fully. And as they wheeled, jerking bridles and careening, the front rank of Pennsylvanians heard the call, "Have at them!" and went forward on the double with bayonets straight and glittering.

Not content to repel the charge, Wayne and Butler must pursue the men who made it. In a panic the Queen's Light Dragoons bolted through their own infantry, breaking its ranks and drawing it in the wake of the thudding hoofs. Butler leading, the ranks of the Pennsylvania Line charged forward, chasing the enemy down a slope, through a wide marsh and over a rise on the other side where Wayne halted his men. And then as if determined to give battle to the whole British army Wayne sent for his two pieces of artillery, planted them when they had struggled through the marsh to the top of the rise and ordered Colonel Oswald, who commanded them, to begin firing.

But Cornwallis was advancing with his entire rear-guard, and back of Wayne, except to the left where Scott stood, the field was bare of troops for a great distance. It was then that he discovered Lee had begun a retrograde movement which had ended in retreat. Wayne fell back across the ravine, still leaving Butler on the farther side. Charles Scott rode out of the wood in which he had left his men and came up to him. It was good ground for an engagement, yet Lee was going away. Both men were furious. Wayne called Major Fishbourn and sent him racing back to Lee for troops to be brought forward. Meanwhile Scott and Wayne rode down to the court house. Returning, they were met by Major Fishbourn who reported to Wayne that General Lee's only answer had been that he would see Wayne himself. Scott grew worried. There was a wide space between his men and Wayne's and the British column were coming toward his right. With Wayne he sent an order begging General Lee at least to halt and form. While Scott, seeing that he would not be supported, rode away to file his men off to the left. Wayne sent word to Dicky Butler to fall back, for rashness would become insanity if he remained on the slope so recently taken. Guarding the two field-pieces that Oswald dragged back across the marsh, Butler joined Wayne on the west side of the ravine and they began a slow retreat.

Small detachments of the advancing

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British skirmished toward him from his right and left in rear, sometimes circled and drove at him from in front, but he held his men together and kept his guns protected as he backed toward the Wemrock ravine. Often hard pushed and frequently surrounded, he yet managed to cross the causeway and take up a delaying position on the other side. He was fighting again as he had fought at Three Rivers and at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, but the circumstances on this day were more hopeless than they had been in those other engagements, for now there seemed to be no end to the hot, slow, backward skirmishing against Cornwallis's thousands. Yet even then, covered with sweat and itching gunpowder, driven by what General Lee called the whole flower of the British army, Grenadiers, Light Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, amounting in all to 7000 men, Wayne persisted in his steadfast contempt of the Rebels whom he was keeping two, three or four hundred yards distant, a feat which he believed he could continue indefinitely provided any effort or exertion was made for the purpose.

Back on the road over which Wayne had marched that morning the retreating Lee had met the advancing Washington and the Commander-in-Chief was astounded and in a fury at the unexpected encounter. A scared young fifer running along the road had told him of the bewildering retreat and Colonel Shreve with his departing regiment had confirmed it. To Lee, whom he met at the end of the line nearest the enemy, he shouted: "What is the meaning of all this, sir? I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion!"

General Lee rasped back, "By God, sir, American soldiers cannot fight British grenadiers."

"By God, they can fight any upon the face of the earth! And you're a damned poltroon!" Which, according to Charles Scott, who had rejoined the column and was standing by, was only the beginning of what General Lee had become in the estimation of General Washington; for the Commander-in-Chief "swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charmingly, delightfully." Never before or since did Brigadier Scott enjoy such swearing, for the General "swore like an angel from heaven."

When Washington's moment of fury had passed he ordered Lee to form his troops to meet Cornwallis. Lee nodded, adding coolly that he should not be the first to leave the field. Whereupon young Colonel Alexander Hamilton excitedly piped up to General Washington, "that's right, my dear general!" Flourishing his sword he went on, "and I will stay here and we'll all die here on the spot."

But Lee's troops looked too scorched and exhausted from their aimless marching, Washington thought. Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were only a few minutes' canter up the road, on the downward slope of a rise that led to a causeway which the British would have to cross in their pursuit. And though his men had been fighting since eight o'clock that morning it was Wayne that was placed in the centre of the new line which General Washington began to form.

On either side of Wayne the ground was higher than where he stood, so that it was through his ranks that the British would be likely to make their strongest assault. To his left Lord Stirling's division had been stationed as soon as it arrived and to his right Nathanael Greene had come into position. Enor-

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mous Henry Knox had his artillery with Greene. Wayne himself had posted a part of his men in the barns and sheds of a near-by farm; the others stood in an apple orchard. It was in this opening that Wayne took his own place.

The American line, which Washington now had under control, had barely formed when Lord Cornwallis marched within range of the forward troops and came to a halt. It was now about noon and the day was bright with the streaming sun. But as Cornwallis stepped within the Continental range the cannon of Henry Knox and the smaller pieces of Colonel Oswald began to boom and crash and roar, each time spreading a dark veil above the ground.

Cornwallis stood still, debating. Sir Henry Clinton, he knew, wanted this business of being followed put to an end —and here was the result: a general engagement. He began giving orders to the officers of his regiments. The bright ranks started moving, feeling out the strength of the American left where Lord Stirling commanded, of the right where Nathanael Greene's division was backed by Knox's guns. Both were on uphill ground and too difficult of approach; the drive would have to be through the centre.

In the outbuildings of the now ravaged farm, under the apple boughs of the orchard, Anthony Wayne's men stood half-naked, their knuckles bloodless as they gripped their muskets. Under roofs and leaves alike the heat was sweltering and inescapable. Shirts and tunics lay beside them; over their bare shoulders captains and colonels stared expectantly at the pausing British ranks. Now and again a man would laugh; how those Lobsterbacks out in front must be broiling!

But then of a sudden the orchard and outbuildings were still. An officer had ridden to Cornwallis and away again, back to the British grenadiers who had begun to form for the charge. Brilliantly they wheeled against the background of the main body until they were directly opposite the low land where Wayne commanded. They halted in position and their commander, Colonel Henry Monckton, turning his back to the Americans, faced his soldiers. He was near enough and spoke clearly enough for the men in the orchard to hear him. The Grenadiers, his words came crisply, were going forward with their bayonets; they must break through to keep their reputation and to save their shame. Theirs was the proudest corps of the army; they could not fail. Colonel Monckton turned again and confronted the Americans with a sparkling sword. Forward Grenadiers!

Along Wayne's line the order ran, "Hold your fire!" The drums were rolling, Colonel Monckton came on in style. The Pennsylvanians, reinforced by a body of Marylanders and another of Virginians, held themselves motionless as the British cut down the small distance that lay between them. The bayonets in front of them made a jagged belt of steel. Wayne's head was back and his hand was on the hilt of his cutting-sword. To him as to his men life had become as nothing, except as it might be thrown away with a graceful contemptuousness. The effective moment came, the bayonets close and the crimson British jackets looming with bright expansiveness over American musket barrels. Wayne, Dicky Butler, Walter Stewart bawled "Fire!" and a pale flicker leaped from the waiting line of muzzles.

Colonel Monckton was among the first to sprawl. The Grenadiers stopped, their ranks shattered and the dead clut-

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tering the long grass about them. But broken as they were they continued in their attempt. Sweating privates licked their lips and ran desperately forward. Men lost their lives from heat and exertion as they tried to drag their commander's body back. At length they turned and straggled to Lord Cornwallis.

The Grenadiers' charge was the last attack of the day. While Wayne stood exultantly with his men in the orchard Cornwallis began to withdraw across the narrow causeway, resting one flank beside a wood and the other next to the marsh where he halted. Sir Henry Clinton and he knew that General Knyphausen's heavy baggage and supply train must now be near the heights of Middletown; its safety had been their concern when they turned on the advance guard under General Lee. Now they would wait, withstand the Americans till nightfall if they could and then march quickly away.

A solid fire from artillery and a few muskets had followed Cornwallis to the ground on which he stopped. General Washington, the moment Monckton's Grenadiers crumpled before Wayne's defense, had seen the chance to counterattack and had made his plans. General Enoch Poor was to take his own and a brigade from North Carolina around upon the British right, Woodford was to assault their left while the artillery and muskets of the main line were to confuse the enemy with a rapid fire. But this time it was the men themselves that decided what was to be done. All along the front they were falling to the ground; weary vessels of over-heated blood, they lay without moving or shook the last drops of water from their canteens upon their thirsting lips.

The rolling-green field with its marsh and deep ravine between the two armies was quiet again. Two hundred and forty-nine British lay dead and scattered about, most of them on the low ground where Wayne commanded. A hundred more were wounded or taken prisoner. Added to those were about two hundred and fifty Americans killed and wounded.

General Washington was stretched out under a shade-tree, sharing his blue cloak with Lafayette. He had not won, for Sir Henry had succeeded in his purpose and would be unassailable when he reached Middletown; but he had not lost either, for he had brought the British to a general engagement from which they had had to fall back with greater casualties than his own. But for Charles Lee, it was possible, the victory might have been decisive. And but for Anthony Wayne and his fight from the time he met the enemy Lord Cornwallis might not have been compelled to give up. When he wrote his report of the battle to Congress he would mention one name, that of Brigadier General Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery through the whole action, he felt, deserved particular commendation.

Anthony Wayne stayed among his worn but contented troops. At last he had been accommodated in his wish to fight and his scorn for the British was greater than ever. If only Lee hadn't retreated when Cornwallis turned on him earlier in the morning! If only Light Horse Harry Lee had been at hand when Dicky Butler had driven the British dragoons back through their own infantry when they were fighting east of the court house! That was a field in which young Lee's cavalry could have acted to great advantage. He would have to write him about it and in the letter give Butler the praise which his

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gallant behavior deserved. And he must tell Polly how British courage failed. Also Dick Peters, the secretary of the Board of War, should be informed and, with Sharp Delany, carry the word around among the Tory ladies of Philadelphia. The belles of the Mischianza—Miss White, Miss Craig, Miss Bond, the Chew girls, Peggy Shippen, Miss Redman and that Smith girl—he wondered how they would like it when Dick Peters told them how their heavenly, sweet, pretty redcoats, the Gentlemen of the Guards and Grenadiers, who had whirled them to balls and plays at the "Old South" while the Americans were freezing at Valley Forge, had now humbled themselves on the plains of Monmouth! Not much, that was certain.

[Wayne's famous exploit, the capture of Stony Point, will be told in Mr. Boyd's next chapter on Mad Anthony.]

Murder

BY DON KNOWLTON

THE train was late. It had been due at 6.05. I had not been able to get away from Boles's office until 5.30, and so, of course, went right to the depot, not daring to stop for even so much as a sandwich. Now it was seven o'clock. For an hour I had been waiting for that west-bound train.

It was cold there on the platform—cold and drizzly. Everything dripped water. And yet inside the station it was worse. There it was hot—it was suffocating. The smell of the thousands of people and the countless thousands of cigarettes that had gone before, hit you with a blast as you opened the door. The station restaurant was impossible. No doubt there was a diner on the train.

It arrived at 7.15. I found the sleeping-car practically deserted. I asked the porter whether dinner was still being served in the dining-car.

"There is no diner on this train, sir," he answered.

No diner meant, of course, no dinner, and I had had nothing since noon. Well, there was nothing to do but make the best of it. I went into the smoking-compartment, which I found empty, and began to puff on one of those long three-cornered cigars that Boles had given me. It was terrible, but it was the only cigar I had, so I kept on puffing at it. The legs of my trousers were wet, and my shoes were almost squashy. I felt of the radiator in the smoking-compartment. It was stone cold.

Stone cold. Just as cold as Boles had been when I made him that proposition that I had been so sure he would accept. In short, I had spent four weeks' work and a hundred and fifty dollars in expenses, all for nothing.

I might have known Boles would be like that. How blithely he had suggested that I do the very thing which I had done—how cold-bloodedly had he turned me down when the time came to pick me up on it and see me through!

I could have murdered him.

The long train rumbled over a crossing. Murder, murder, murder, said the

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car-wheels. Certainly I was in a good mood for it. I pictured Boles coming into the door of the smoking-compartment, fancied my hands closing about his Adam's apple, saw his haunting eyes as the light of terror faded slowly into nothingness.

Murder!

If only somewhere, somehow, on this miserable train, I could buy even so much as a sandwich!

At this moment a man walked into the smoking-compartment. I say a man—and yet, as I looked him over, I doubted it. He was small, and he was not quite straight. The left shoulder was higher than the right, and was twisted forward a bit. The fellow shambled as he walked. His whole gait and frame spelled hesitation and uncertainty. He hung his hat on a peg, and I saw that what hair he had left, which was little, was straw-colored and scraggly.

He turned toward me then and smiled. At least he must have intended it for a smile. It was ghastly. The man's forehead was a bit bulgy. His head was built like a turnip, bigger around at the top than at the bottom. He had no nose to speak of; one eyebrow was higher than the other; the eyes themselves were a sort of wishy-washy gray blue, the mouth trembly, and the chin simply not worth mentioning.

"My name is Jeffrey," he said.

I know it was rude, but I made no answer to the man. I wouldn't have answered him if his name had been anything from Aladdin to Beelzebub. I didn't want to talk, anyhow. Certainly I didn't want to talk to this fellow.

But over he came and sat down next to me—right next to me. He lit a cigarette, meanwhile looking toward me inquiringly, and then he began to move closer, to hitch over, as we used to say in school, until his side was touching mine. I began to hitch, too, but he hitched right along after me.

"Do you like to play tag?" I asked him finally, but he only smiled, a smile that consisted merely of dropping such jaw as he had, disclosing a mess of half-decayed, yellow teeth. I was about to get up and leave the smoking-compartment, but at that moment the porter stuck his head in and said:

"I'll make up your berth directly, sir."

So I sat down again.

"Were you ever on trial?" asked Jeffrey.

I did not answer at all, but it made no difference.

"I guess you don't realize who I am," he said. "I am Jeffrey—*the* Jeffrey, you know—the Jeffrey of the Jeffrey murder trial."

Murder! The word startled me. It made me sit straight up. The man nodded with satisfaction.

"I thought you would be interested," he said. "Most people are. Maybe you don't know yet how it came out. They acquitted me."

But I could only stare at him.

"Acquitted you of what?" I asked.

"Why, of murder, of course. You know the case, don't you? Certainly you have been following the Jeffrey case in the newspapers?"

Suddenly I did remember that a few weeks back there had been a lot of front-page stuff, pictures, head-lines, and all that sort of thing, about some fellow named Jeffrey, who was being tried for the murder of his wife.

I looked again at this undersized wisp of a man who sat next to me.

"You don't mean to say—" I began.

He beamed.

"Exactly," he exclaimed. "Yes, I am

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Jeffrey himself—Jeffrey of the Jeffrey murder case. And, sir, I was acquitted. I was acquitted a week ago Thursday. The jury by unanimous verdict found me not guilty."

I could only gulp and glare.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?" he asked. "Almost everybody congratulates me. Some of them want me to autograph things for them."

"No, thank you," I put in.

"Which did you think?" he went on, warming up, rubbing his hands together, laughing a quick maudlin laugh that showed again his rotting teeth. "Did you think I would be acquitted, or didn't you? The betting ran high on it in New York, you know. I met one man just before I left who had put a cool thousand on me. He brought his wife and his three kids down to see me off on the train, he was that grateful. Of course there was some betting just on whether I would or wouldn't get the electric chair, and then others were betting I would get only twenty years. Then there were bets just on guilty or not guilty. Oh, there were all sorts of bets placed on me. Really, it was most interesting."

The little man, still rubbing his hands, cluck-clucked to himself. Again I moved over, and again he hitched over still closer to me than before.

"Do you really mean," he exclaimed, "that you didn't follow the trial closely?"

"Not as closely as I should have, perhaps," I answered.

"Dear me," said Jeffrey. "You certainly missed a great deal of excitement. Let me show you."

And before I could stop him, he had taken out of his coat-pocket a great wad of newspaper clippings, done up in a rubber band. He peeled off the rubber band and began to shed newspaper clippings. They fluttered about him to the floor. They covered his knees, his lap. He stuck some of them into his pockets. He pawed them over frantically, looking for this and that, chattering all the while at the top of his voice.

"Now look here," he said. "This is the original story. I got on the front page of all the New York newspapers on this, and I guess on the front page of almost all the papers all over the United States, Canada, and even in England. See, it says: 'Kills Wife with Scissors.' There is my picture there, right below it. I am supposed to have killed her with scissors. Look, 'Defendant Denies Guilt.' Oh, those were great days, those were."

He smiled dreamily.

"Yes," he went on, "it was a wonderful trial—wonderful. And you didn't read all about it? Well, well. Say, some of the most prominent people in the United States followed every word of that trial. You should have seen some of the society women that came to see me when I was in my cell—brought me flowers, too. I got letters from some of them. Look here, isn't this fine? See, here's what Mrs. Winters-Smythe—you know who *she* is—what Mrs. Winters-Smythe writes to me. 'Dear Little Jeffrey,' she says, 'I am sure you simply couldn't have done it. I just know this horrid old trial will come out all right-ighty, and here's some orchids for you, to cheer you up while you are down in that awful old jaily-aily.' Wasn't that simply too sweet of her? And here's one that Miss Cornelia Umpstaad, of the Philadelphia Umpstaads, sent to me by special messenger. It says——"

I started to rise to my feet. The man seized my arm, pulled me down.

"No, listen," he said. "It says——"

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"I don't care what—" I put in.

"Wait until I tell you," the man went on, drowning me out, clinging to my coat. "What I am getting at is, Mrs. Winters-Smythe and Miss Umpstaad, and a lot of others, they formed, you know, this Jeffrey Defense Society. Maybe you remember of it. No? Why, it was them that hired Terrence Darlow, the big criminal lawyer, to take my case. They had booths out all around the cities, you know, all over the country. Booths where you could give just a dime or a nickel, if that was all you could afford, to the Jeffrey Defense Fund. Don't you know about that? And the sandwich-men walking up and down the streets? Oh, say, it was marvellous, simply marvellous. To think that my name was on the lips of millions and millions of people all over this whole continent!"

Again I got to my feet, and again this leech dragged me back onto the seat.

"Now I want to tell you all about the trial," he began. "I will tell it to you from the very beginning, going through first with the time I was arrested, and then all about what the prosecution did, and the prosecution witnesses, and then all about what the defense said, and all about the defense witnesses, and everything, clear on through to the time the judge charged the jury, and then the time the verdict came in. It begins——"

I shook the man off. Great God! there was a limit to the amount which any man could be expected to endure as a matter of ordinary smoking-compartment courtesy. But he grabbed my coat-lapels. I thought he was going to climb right up the front of me, like a squirrel.

"Why in the world didn't they convict you?" I said nastily.

He smiled, and clasped his hands.

"That," he said, "is just the point I was about to make in telling you the history of the trial. It really is a quite nice proposition. You see, in the first place, the evidence was purely circumstantial. There was no witness to the murder. I showed in my evidence that I had left the bank, where I am employed, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and that I was in Finlay's Restaurant, eight blocks from the bank, by six o'clock that same afternoon. Now it was established that the murder was committed some time during that hour; that is, between five and six o'clock. I admitted, of course, that it did not take a complete hour to go from the bank, where I worked, to Finlay's Restaurant; but I explained that, as the weather was good, I had stopped for half an hour in the park, which is half-way between the bank and the restaurant, and then had gone on to the restaurant to get my dinner. It was the last night in the month, you see—statement night, as you will well understand if you have ever worked in a bank—and of course I had to work that night, so I was staying down-town. Now, you see, when I got home from the bank that night, at 10.45, and walked into the little apartment where my wife and I had been so happy, I found her stretched upon the floor in a puddle of blood, with a pair of scissors stuck through her neck."

As the little man made this last statement, he stood a bit back from me with his feet spread wide, his miniature shoulders thrown back, head on one side, looking like a bantam rooster.

"Now, of course," he went on, "the prosecution contended that as my apartment was only fifteen minutes by street-car from the bank, it was perfectly possible for me to leave the bank at five

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o'clock, go home, murder my wife, and still get down-town again to Finlay's Restaurant by six o'clock. But——"

Here Jeffrey began to wag the forefinger of his right hand significantly.

"But," he went on, "it was suggested to the jury that the man who murdered his wife at, let us say, five-thirty, would not ordinarily go to his favorite restaurant at six o'clock that same night to eat his favorite dish—namely, liver and onions—as I did. Then more things were brought to their attention—all about the sort of life I had led up to that time. Look, here is something——"

Jeffrey began to claw about among the clippings that littered the smoking-compartment, finally pouncing upon one and shoving it under my nose.

"Look," he went on, "see this headline? 'Jeffrey and Wife Were Love-Birds, Says Friend.' Ah, that helped. That was my wife's friend, Mame, who said that. Mame, she knew my wife very well, she did. She suffered terribly when my wife, Hilda, died. And Hilda, she had always told Mame what a good husband I was. So Mame, she was glad to testify for me. Look, here the paper has got our picture—my wife, Mame, and myself—a picture the three of us had taken together about two months before the murder, that time we went out to the Simmons picnic. See the big one, that's my wife. Why, she weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds, Hilda did. She was a big-boned woman. She could do anything. Mame's the little one. You can't hardly see me there standing in between them. Yes, the jury heard plenty of testimony about how peaceable and lovable my wife and I lived together—always did. And then my boss, Norcross, down at the bank, he testified—wait a minute, here's another piece in the paper——"

I tried to escape through the door, but Jeffrey fairly tackled me about the knees, bobbing up with another clipping. The head-line read, "Jeffrey Always Punctual, Says Boss," with a subtitle: "Willing and Obedient Worker, Bank Official Testifies."

"Yes, sir," Jeffrey went on, "Norcross told them how I had been keeping books in that corner of the bank for the last twenty years, and how I hadn't been tardy in the morning, except when I had typhoid fever, only once, during all that time. Well, you see, that along with what Mame said about how fond Hilda and I were of each other, besides also the fact that there were no witnesses to the murder, and it was just circumstantial evidence, you might say—well, and along with the things all these society people did for me—what else could the jury do but acquit me? Sure, I am free now. I am going out West, out in California. I'll bet they'll have some use for me in the movies. My face is known now, you know. They have had my picture in the rotogravure sections of newspapers all over this country and part of Europe. Yes, sir, I am going out to California——"

I cut him short.

"You skunk," I said.

I hadn't meant to lose my temper, but I simply couldn't help it. First it was Boles, and then that long wait at the station, and then no dinner, and now this insufferable pest, this worm, this thing that babbled and babbled in my face. And now he was standing before me, standing back a bit, staring at me strangely, a half-mad light in those wishy-washy eyes. I let myself go.

"As if *you* would have to make any defense for murder," I flung at him. "Why, any jury would know, to look at you, you couldn't commit murder.

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You kill your wife! Why, you couldn't even kill a fly."

I started out of the compartment, but this strange nuisance, this Jeffrey, barred the way. He barred the way like a wild thing at bay, his lips curling, baring his yellow fangs.

"You say that?" he screeched.

"Yes, I say it," I went on. "You are incapable of murder. You are incapable of anything except being a bore, an insufferable bore, a pest, a disease. I don't want to look at you. I don't want to hear another word from you. I want to get out, get out, do you understand? Stand aside; let me by; let me pass. You——"

I found myself looking right into the muzzle of a revolver.

Jeffrey was standing there in the doorway of the smoking-compartment, the revolver held in his right hand. He swayed and jerked as the train swung us about, and that revolver swayed and jerked, too.

"So I couldn't commit a murder, eh?" he jeered. I thought fast. I might make a sudden reach for that gun—but a lurch of the car might throw me wide of it. Then he might fire——

I might dive for his knees, but suppose the gun went off?

I might yell for help, but suppose, if I did, he would fire before the help got there?

Oh, the vileness of him! How I loathed him, hated him, feared him! I wanted to crunch him under my heel like an angleworm. I became incoherent—my tongue simply would not work, I was so angry.

"Listen to me," he commanded. Commanded! Imagine that insignificant misshapen shrimp of a man commanding me! But that was what he did. And I stood there, as he told me to. Stood there like a fool, with sheer helpless rage mounting wave after wave from the tips of my toes to the hair on the top of my head.

"So you think I couldn't commit murder?" he went on. "Well, let me tell you something. That was what *she* thought, too. That was what Hilda thought, with her two hundred and fifteen pounds, and her cussing and her swearing, and her giving me black-and-blue marks all over my back, and all that sort of thing. Yes, that was what she thought, but I showed her, just as I'll show you when I get through telling you a few things, damn you! Just as I've showed everybody who made fun of me. Sure, they said I couldn't do it. They said I couldn't do anything. They said in the bank, for the last twenty years, that I wouldn't amount to anything, that I wasn't fit for anything. They said I couldn't hold down a better job. I told them I could, but they wouldn't listen. Just as Hilda said to me I couldn't get anywhere in the world if they'd give me a million dollars to start with. Just as Hilda said to me one day that I was so useless I couldn't do anything, I couldn't even commit murder. 'Can't commit murder, eh?' says I. 'I'll show you, old girl.' But she didn't believe me. All she did was laugh, and then she hit me over the side of the mouth in that playful way she had. She hit me over the side of the mouth and knocked me into the kitchen stove, and I burned the back of my neck. 'Serves you right,' she said. So when I came home that night, and she was doing some sewing, and she looked up and said, 'Well, committed any murders to-day?' I just naturally took the shears out of her hands and I drove them right through her neck—yes, sir, right through. Drove them through as slick as a whistle, and I was lucky

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enough not to get a drop of blood on my suit. Then I ran down the back stairs and went to Finlay's Restaurant. Nobody saw me. Couldn't even commit murder, eh? Well, I showed her all right, all right, I showed her. Now, damn you, I am going to show you! How do you like it? Too stuck up to read about the Jeffrey murder trial, eh? Didn't know who Jeffrey was, eh? Well, when this gun clicks——"

Something whisked Jeffrey out into the corridor. He popped out of the smoking-compartment — disappeared between two big men, who knelt above him. One was the conductor, and the other was a six-foot collar-button salesman from Toledo. I don't know what they did with Jeffrey. I never saw him again.

Shortly afterward the conductor came back to ask me whether there was anything he could do for me.

"Yes, sir," I said, "there certainly is. Can you by any chance get me a sandwich?"

"Suck in Your Neck"

BY BASIL BASS

It is not hard to see why this almost miraculous escape from death after a thrilling air fight is the high light of the war for the two fliers in the old Breguet. Mr. Bass was first lieutenant with the 148th Aero Squadron. This true tale is the tenth of a series of war stories.

A PILOT and his observer walked into the headquarters shack. A cracked motor cylinder, hanging from a piece of rope tied to the door and a post outside, dropped toward the ground. The door closed with a bang. The squadron's commanding officer, sitting at his desk with the telephone receiver to his ear, looked around frowning. He nodded, mumbled a greeting, turned back to the phone and kept on frowning. They saw the dark hollows under his eyes. They saw that his nerves were frazzled; that he should be sent to the rear for a rest.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Yes, sir, I understand."

The rumble of artillery could be heard plainly. It was on the wrong side of the American lines.

"Yes, sir," said the C. O., "I understand perfectly. I'll send a plane out at once. Yes, I'll keep on sending them until the battery is located." He listened again. "All right, all right," he rasped out irritably and banged up the receiver. He got up and shook hands with the pilot and the observer.

"Well, you're back, are you? How's Paris? Have a good time? You're back early. What's the matter, did you run out of money?" He was glad to see them all right, but the talk with the colonel had him worried.

"Swell war going on up here," he continued. "Lots of casualties too." He

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ran off the names of several former members of the squadron the others knew. They didn't say anything.

"Great show you fellows put on the day before I ordered you on leave. I recommended you both for the D. S. C. Think you'll get 'em? You will, like hell. G. H. Q. passes 'em out only to dead aviators and goddamned fools like that colonel who display their bravery by sitting back of the lines and giving heroic orders," he said as he jerked a thumb toward the telephone.

"Hear those guns? That's what the colonel was phoning about. There's a battery some twenty or thirty miles beyond here that's been shooting hell out of our lines for two days. Our artillery can't locate it. Division headquarters is wild. We're the goats. No damned good, see, or we'd find it. The squadron's full of replacements that aren't broken in yet. There're more coming up. The colonel just said that unless we both photograph and bomb that hidden battery within two hours that he will courtmartial me and the whole damned squadron. Cowardice in face of the enemy, general inefficiency, and all that stuff. There're three squadrons of Fokkers that take the air every time any of our two-seaters go up. They either shoot 'em down or chase 'em home, for we have practically no pursuit protection because it's supposed to be needed worse in some other sector. Didn't I say it's a swell war?"

The C. O. went on to give a more elaborate definition of just what kind of a goddamned fool the colonel was. It contained, among other things, the word "lousy," reflections upon his parentage, the color of his spine, the consistency of his blood, and the excessive amount of mineral matter in his head.

"Now," he said, feeling much better, and reaching for his goggles, "if there's an observer in the squadron crazy enough to volunteer for this job, he and I'll go up and get a whole damned album full of pictures of that battery and send them to our friend with my compliments."

He almost achieved a grin as he started outside. The pilot stopped him.

"Wait a minute, captain," he said. "We're going. We were just waiting for you to get through." The observer added a vigorous second.

"You'll do no such thing," replied the C. O. emphatically. "You're not due back yet, and besides this is my job."

"Nothing doing," the pilot said. "We've had a rest and you've been going up and catching hell every day. Your nerves are ragged. You need a rest and we don't. We'll be back in no time." He and the observer turned around and walked out.

"A couple of more damned fools," the C. O. called out as the door was swinging to.

The pilot and observer looked at each other and grinned. They went into the barracks, threw off their musette bags and caps, put on their flying coats and helmets, picked up their goggles and pistol belts and started briskly toward the hangar. Their sergeant saw them coming and came to attention before the end that was open. As they approached he saluted.

"Cut it out, sarg," the pilot said, and they both grinned.

"Roll out the hearse," said the observer.

The sergeant looked apprehensive and started to say something. The pilot shook his head and the sergeant sprang into action.

"Hey, gang," he barked, "get a move on. Number 9 outside. What de think

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this is, a wake? There's a war on. Ever hear about it? Can't ye see that 3 and 7 are in the way? Roll 'em out to one side."

A half-dozen mechanics and riggers dropped their cards on a packing-case and started rolling out the ships. Everybody hustled. The sergeant was a good egg. They liked him. His bark was fierce; but it didn't mean anything.

"What did we leave Paris for?" asked the observer.

"I'll bite. Why in hell did we?" replied the pilot.

"The visibility is sure good. We'll make a damned fine target."

"Sure will. Any preference in coffins?"

"Coffins? We'll never rest in any coffin. Pick out a nice shell hole when we go down, will you?"

The sergeant was yelling all over the place. "How many drums of ammunition in the back cockpit? Put in two more. Fresh fillum in the little kodak? O. K. Bombs all on? Right. Up in front you. Switch off, gas on. Wheels blocked. Wind 'er up."

A mechanic gave the propeller two or three turns.

The artillery boomed. The sergeant went around the ship inspecting the turn-buckles, looking at the flying and landing wires, checking up on the cotterpins.

"All clear," he yelled. "Switch on. Turn 'er over."

A mechanic swung the propeller and jumped clear. The motor started with a roar. The man in the pilot's seat warmed up the motor. He ran it slow, ran it fast, cocked his ear and listened closely. He looked at the pilot and nodded his head. The pilot nodded, adjusted his goggles and walked toward the plane. The observer climbed into the rear cockpit, adjusted his goggles, stood up and swung his machine-gun around on its rack. The gears meshed smoothly. The mechanic jumped out of the pilot's seat. The pilot climbed in, buckled the straps about his waist and shoulders. He ran the motor up again. It sounded fine. He nodded his approval.

Two men hanging onto ropes fastened to the blocks gave simultaneous jerks that pulled the blocks from in front of the wheels. Two mechanics hung onto one wing a moment and helped the pilot head into the wind. The motor sung. It roared. The plane bumped along over the field. It was full of shell holes. The tail came off the ground and the plane zoomed upward in a steep climbing turn, straightened out and headed toward the rumble of the guns, climbing rapidly.

When the altimeter registered ten thousand feet they were well behind the German lines. The pilot began flying up and down parallel with the lines. They both scanned the ground for puffs of smoke. They didn't see any. They were observed from the ground and the battery had ceased firing.

"Archie," anti-aircraft guns, suddenly cut loose. The concussion of a shell bursting too close for comfort tossed the plane over on one wing. It straightened out and continued flying up and down parallel with the lines. The observer strained over the side searching the ground with his glasses. At last he saw thin wisps of white smoke floating out from a small clump of trees. He looked toward the American lines and saw the puff of a large shell bursting.

The battery. He leaned over and tapped the pilot, pointing down. The pilot nodded and flew up and down over the wisps of smoke. The observer turned the crank of the camera. He made nota-

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tions on his map and signalled that he was through.

The pilot nosed the plane over and started diving toward the spot where the smoke came from. Archie went wild. "Flaming onions," a special incendiary shell for anti-aircraft guns, burst everywhere. Now they were within range of the machine-guns. Their bullets whizzed by, singing softly. A piece of shrapnel tore through an upper wing. The pilot held the plane in the dive on the battery. The wires screamed in protest; but the plane held together. When two hundred feet from the ground he levelled out. Machine-guns spat from the clump of trees. The observer released his bombs and they fell among the trees. They exploded with a roar. The trees stood torn and trembling. A few men ran out. The pilot nosed down again and raked them with his two machine-guns. Some of the men fell.

A court-martial, eh? No damned good, were they? The battery's out for a while all right. Spotted on the observer's map and photographed to a T. The artillery could finish the job. Now to climb back out of archie's reach and back to the airdrome. No one had seen them except the whole German army. It would be an interesting flight. He pointed the nose up and began climbing steeply.

One thousand feet. Machine-guns spat from everywhere within range. Archie whined and threw shells all around. The pilot turned, zigzagged, dodging about, but climbing. A piece of shrapnel tore through the fuselage. Bullets punctured the fabric of the wings.

Two thousand feet. Archie can't hit anything, eh? Only hard on your morale. At this rate the wings would soon be sieves and lose their lifting power. Anyway, none of the longerons had been hit yet. As long as they weren't the old bus would hold together.

Three thousand feet and still going strong. Archie becoming a little wilder. Machine-guns registered less often. Then suddenly seven Fokkers came out of the sun. The old stunt, but how effective! So that's why the battery had recommenced firing. No information going back. Pleasant thought. There they came diving toward them in formation. No doubt about the finish of the old two-seater. To stay and fight was to go down in flames. To streak it for the airdrome with this slow old bus was to be overhauled by the faster and more manœuvreable Fokkers, and—down in flames, or at best out of control. They were no more than five thousand feet apart. A lone chance to head for home. But no use either to climb up and be shot down like a sausage. Perhaps a French or American pursuit squadron would come along before they were overtaken. At least archie would let up when the enemy came within range, and leave them to finish off the job. Another iron cross. Another cryptic sentence at the end of some German's flight report: "Shot down enemy two-seater over our lines; confirmation requested."

The pilot glanced back. Still out of range. The observer's gun was trained on the flight leader. Stout fellow. They wouldn't come unscathed from in front of that gun.

Over the German front lines. The formation gaining but still too far away to hit anything. Come on, Breguet, you damned old log wagon, do your stuff. He had the throttle wide open but desperately tried to pull it wider. Another mile or two now and they would be shot

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down behind their own lines. Not "Missing in action" anyway. They would be found all right, what was left of them. But if he wasn't hit, if the old bus didn't catch on fire, if they could fake going down out of control over some kind of a field, if——

The leader opened fire. The first burst spattered the instrument-board. Damned good shot, that leader. The pilot squirmed lower in his seat. He glanced back as he heard the *pitity-pit-pit* of the observer's gun. The leader reared up on one wing and fell into a spin. Couldn't shoot like stout fellow though.

The formation closed up, another plane taking the lead. Burst after burst tore through the slow old Breguet. The observer was reloading or else his gun had jammed, for it no longer spoke.

Pitity-pit-pit, pitity-pit-pit. There she went again. A burst of flame, a streak of smoke and fire, and there were only five Germans.

Over the American lines now, but what was the use? The odds were too great. The Fokkers had left their formation and were circling from above. Too much observer.

A flash of wings through the pilot's sights. He zoomed as the flash climbed and pressed the trigger. A spurt of red, and the German fell wing over wing, a black and red streak shooting toward the ground. What did he get in front for? Asked for it, didn't he?

But the time lost in the zoom had been costly.

The remaining four had gained more strategic positions. They had passed their prey, turned, and were coming back, two on each side, one of each pair coming up under the protection of a lower wing, one shooting down over each upper wing. Their guns all converged on the Breguet's cockpits. All over now. But as they opened fire the cornered pilot jammed the stick forward and plunged into a headlong dive. The ship shot down at terrific speed. The tail came through the arced space where the cockpits had been but an instant before. The fire from four pairs of machine-guns tore through the tail controls. The stricken ship lurched and fell into a spin. The elevators went flabby. A remaining fragment of the rudder waved wildly in the upward-rushing stream of air. One of the Fokkers swung down alongside, circled the stricken plane once, and zoomed triumphantly.

The Fokkers went home.

The turns of the spinning ship flattened out. But it continued to spin. At the end of each turn it jerked into the next one, like a whip in an amusement park. The pilot rammed the stick over to one side of the fuselage, using the ailerons against the spin. The plane vibrated at the harsh control, hesitated, then plunged out into another dive. The pilot was almost hurled through his straps. The observer clung to his gun-rack. The dive was steeper than perpendicular. The wheels of the landing-gear were on top. The cockpits were upside down. The show was over. No chance to pull out without elevators.

More than three thousand feet to gain speed, nose on. What was the law governing falling bodies? Additional acceleration of thirty-two feet per second? God, how she would hit. Dig their graves, motor's grave, all their graves. Then the fireworks. The gasoline-tank would explode and make a funeral pyre. A purple-black flame streaked with red. A belch at the sky. Mechanics with rakes. Mechanics with magnets.

Downward they plunged, downward. Faster. Still faster. The air howled,

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moaned; rushing, driving upward. It pushed at their ear-drums, drove at their eyeballs, tore at their faces. The landing and flying wires shrieked, whistled shrilly, shrieked again. A high screeching note, higher, shriller than the rest, a piercing metallic twang, a flying wire broken, loose ends whipping madly hither and yon. Wing coverings torn from wooden framework, the ship tearing to pieces under the terrific strain.

The ground reared up, rushed to meet them. A shroud, an enormous flat shroud. A dun-colored streak, the shell-torn front. Irregular patches of green meadow. Deeper green the trees. A white narrow ribbon the road. White specks, houses. Silvery streak, the river. Gray, red, drab, green. A field. A wreck of an airplane plunging toward a field. What was that drab speck creeping around, a tiny red cross on its top? An ambulance! Good-intentioned imbeciles. Futile gesture. American field, though.

The pilot struggled to reach the controls. A clean job, he had to make sure of that. No chance of being only maimed when you hit this way, but he had to make sure, got his shoulders under the rear edge of the cockpit, hooked his feet under the rudder bar. He took a new grip on the side of the cockpit, let go one hand and pulled the throttle wide. Now for the stick to put the nose down straighter. Hadn't they agreed, he and the observer, that they would crash head-on if they got in a place where their chances were nil? He lurched forward, caught the dangling stick and shoved it savagely against the instrument-board. He held it there. It would soon be over.

The nose raised swiftly. What in the hell was this? Was his effort to be thwarted? When you jammed a stick forward the nose went down. It had to go down. It couldn't do anything else if the elevators worked. But these didn't work. Not when they were right side up, when they were going into the spin. Why did he bother about the stick? Did being upside down have anything to do with it? His physics had gone cock-eyed. Did he know how to fly, or did he and God ride together, as they said of some pilots? Was he alone now? They were almost to the field flying parallel to the ground, but landing-gear toward the sky, heads toward the ground. He held the stick against the oil gauge. What would happen if he pulled it back? Maybe the nose would drop. Then he could ease her down gently and level out upside down, flop the old bus on its back. Crazy idea. But why not? No one had ever tried it. No one had had to. If they could just suck themselves up inside the fuselage and didn't hit too hard, maybe they wouldn't break their necks.

He eased back on the stick. He held it back with his knees, and throttled the motor. The nose dropped easily. The wires stopped screaming. Now they sang gently as wires should. They were gliding. Upside down, but any old glide is so much better than a dive when close to the ground. Yes, by God, they were gliding upside down. He yanked his head around toward the rear cockpit.

"Suck in your neck, we're going to land!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

The torn and broken old ship glided on. Fifty feet from the ground. Forty. Thirty. How close did he dare go? He eased the stick forward. Ticklish business. The glide flattened. He let her down some more. Fifteen feet. Try five more. No under carriage between the

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ground and the fuselage. Then kill her speed slowly. Controls reversed again. Forward when landing instead of backward. Forward to stall. Mustn't forget that.

When his head was five or six feet from the ground he jammed the stick hard up against the instrument-board and squirmed up into the cockpit. The plane pancaked down, skidded around a quarter turn on her back and came to a dead stop. Balloon company field. Its personnel slashed and tore at the fuselage. The ambulance-driver chopped at the framework with a fire-axe.

The pilot crept through the hole they made. His flying arm hung limp. He turned to the rear cockpit as they pulled the observer out. A slight cut on his forehead was bleeding freely. He clung to his camera and map case.

"Is there a courier here?" he asked. One of the soldiers pushed forward. "Take this camera to the nearest photo section." He thrust it into his hands. "They'll know what to do with it. Take this map to division headquarters and with the C. O.'s compliments, give it to the first colonel you see."

As the courier dashed to his motorcycle the observer turned to the pilot with a look of mingled admiration and awe. He started to say something but words failed him. He looked at the circle of faces about them and demanded loudly: "Who in the hell hit me in the head with that axe is what I'd like to know?" He raised his hand to the slight scalp wound and grinned foolishly.

"Let's go get fixed up," the pilot said. "I'll have to have this set."

"Say, boy," began the observer, but couldn't go on. He tried to overcome his emotion. They started toward the waiting ambulance. He put an arm across the pilot's shoulders. He shook his head slowly, still incredible.

"Suck in your neck," he mumbled. "Suck in your neck, we're going to land."

Reciprocity

By Mary Cummings Eudy

"Pay up," says Life,
"Or I'll lash you up,
I've a scourge whip up my sleeve."

"Let you lie down and die?
You can't—you don't know how!"

"You'll have to learn to earn
Even the right to die."

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Electricity in the Household

BY A. E. KENNELLY
Professor of Electrical Engineering, Harvard University

When Doctor Kennelly was just starting on his distinguished career and was the principal electrical assistant to Thomas A. Edison, he wrote a prophetic article for SCRIBNER'S with the title he now uses. He reviews here the changes since 1890 and indicates the trend of the future.

THE title of this article is the same as that of a similar contribution presented by the writer in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for the year 1890.

A comparison of the status of electricity in the household to-day with that which existed thirty-nine years ago offers numerous objects of interest from a variety of view-points. The age in which we live is essentially an electric age. The history of the introduction of electricity into the homes of America is in a certain sense a contemporaneous history of the habits and customs of American home life.

In 1890 only a relatively small percentage of residences had been wired for electric supply. The most recent statistics available—those for 1926—indicate that about fifteen million residences were then wired, and that the rate of wiring was one and one-half million residences per annum. Nearly all new buildings are now wired during their construction, and, in addition to these, many older houses are wired for service, either from central generating stations at ever-increasing distances or from local generators in isolated localities. It is estimated that fully one-half of all the residences in the country have now been wired. This single fact represents a very large aggregate amount of labor to effect. It has involved a very considerable general familiarity on the part of the public with electricity and with electric-lighting service. This community knowledge and practical experience are essential to any rapid extension of electric service in a community.

Many years ago electric lighting was first introduced into a certain coal-mine in Pennsylvania. There are, of course, more difficulties with the insulation of wiring in a mine than in an ordinary dwelling, because there is so much wetness or moisture in a mine. Not long afterward one of the miners in that colliery was asked how he liked the lighting from the new electricity system. He replied that he approved of it heartily, except "that the electricity came hard on the teeth of the mules." On further inquiries following this mystical statement it transpired that after some accident to the wiring in one of the mine galleries a transport mule, working in the gallery, had received a severe shock from the exposed conductor, and had fallen on the rail track. The mule had bitten the steel rail so hard that he broke two of his front teeth. The miner, who had not had time to become acquainted with the practical properties of electricity, had formed the belief that the breaking of mules' teeth was in some way essentially connected with electric supply. This mental impression was not strictly

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logical, and was probably only temporary, awaiting the whitewash of further experience; but the incident illustrates the misconceptions that sensible persons may sometimes acquire when a new physical agent comes into their environment.

The incandescent lamp was the first important electric visitor to enter the home as a permanent guest. The history of the lamp is like a story from "The Arabian Nights," and may be very briefly reviewed here. Edison applied himself to the problem of incandescent lighting in a laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J., early in 1878. He first tried filaments of platinum wire, both in air and in an evacuated glass globe. With true insight into the nature of the problem, he realized that lamps would have to be connected in parallel, although the general opinion of the day was that they should be connected in series. In order to make lamps successful for parallel operation between a pair of supply mains, it was necessary for the filaments to be long and thin. His platinum-wire filaments were only successful to the extent of pointing the way to further developments. In October, 1879, he tried a filament made from a loop of ordinary cotton sewing-thread, carbonized by heating in an oven, when out of contact with air. This carbonized filament, mounted in a carefully evacuated glass bulb, gave the first evidence of success. The lamp burned continuously for forty-five hours before the filament broke.

After a very large amount of experimenting with all sorts of carbonized cellulose filaments, Edison used selected bamboo fibres. He sent agents to various tropical countries to search for species of bamboo-trees that might furnish particularly suitable threads for carbonization. Meanwhile, he greatly improved the dynamo-electric generator, which was a very crude machine at that time. He invented a number of important essential elements in an electric-lighting system. His first lamps were mounted permanently, each on a wooden base, with a pair of brass terminals to receive the supply wires. He then substituted the screw socket and base which are now so familiar.

The first incandescent lighting industrial central station was opened at Pearl Street, New York, in September, 1882, with a load of about 400 lamps distributed among a number of buildings in the neighborhood. That is only about forty-six years ago, and now there are generating stations in the United States aggregating about 20,000,000 of kilowatts capacity.

There have been great improvements in the incandescent lamp since the Pearl Street Edison station opened in 1882. There have been numerous mechanical simplifications in manufacture, and the carbon filament underwent various improving modifications. About the year 1908 a new filament of the recently developed rare metal tungsten was introduced with success, after a great deal of experimental research. The temperature at which tungsten filaments can be operated is distinctly higher than with carbon filaments. The light emitted by the tungsten filament is not only whiter in color but is also produced with less consumption of electric power. In fact, the modern tungsten lamp takes less than one-sixth of the number of watts consumed by one of the early commercial lamps of 1882, giving the same amount of light. Expressing the same fact in another way, a 50-watt Mazda lamp of the present day gives more than six times as much light as a 50-watt carbon lamp of 1882, and has also a much

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longer service life. Incidentally, the name of "Mazda" is derived from the ancient Persian mythology, in which the god of light was named Ahura Mazda.

Along with improvements in lamps during the last forty years have gone improvements in central-station generating plants. About one-third of the generator capacity in the country to-day is hydroelectric, or is supplied by waterfalls, the remaining two-thirds being steam-driven. The coal consumption, for a given amount of power supplied, has been greatly reduced, while the compact rotary steam-turbine has taken the place of the older reciprocating engines in the generative stations. As the result of these and other improvements, the output capacity of a large generating plant has been greatly increased.

The combined results of invention, scientific discovery, organized laboratory research, standardization and large-scale production, during the last four decades, has been a remarkable diminution in the selling price of electric energy for household consumption. In fact, the electrical kilowatt-hour is perhaps the only commodity in general demand that has fallen in price since the beginning of the Great War in 1914. Of course central-station labor and supplies have risen in cost, like other commodities; but this increase has been offset by the developments of the science, art, and business of power generation and distribution.

When to the lowered price of the delivered kilowatt-hour we add the sixfold gain in light production of the modern household incandescent lamp, as compared with the earliest Edison industrial lamps of 1882, it is evident that there has been a great diminution over that period in the cost of artificial electric illumination. It would have been possible for the average consumer to take this bonus out either in reduced household expenditure for lighting, by using less electricity, keeping the original amount of light, or by increasing his light consumption, keeping his monthly meter bill unchanged; or pursuing a middle course, by combining some financial economy with some increase in artificial illumination. The average consumer has inclined to the second procedure. He has mainly kept his expenditure constant, and taken his bonus in the form of increased light. The most remarkable change in household electric illumination during the past forty years, aside from the great increase in the number of residences taking electricity, has been the great increase in light and interior illumination. Modern household lighting is simply lavish, by comparison with the lighting used by the last preceding generation.

There can be no doubt that the average householder could manage to live with less light in his home than he now uses, if he were under compulsion to economize. Partly under the influence of habit and example, partly in the quest of agreeable stimulation during hours of deficient sunshine, he indulges in the wealth that modern illuminating engineering has placed at his command. The existing tendency is toward more and handsomer illumination rather than less. If we should attempt to reckon in money values the total extra expense of the more copious lighting in the present age, we should arrive at a staggering sum total. This may be regarded as the wealth contributed to the community at large, by the combined forces of invention, discovery, research, standardization, and large-scale direction of industry during a generation.

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Only a very small fraction of the wealth thus created has gone to reward the creating agents. The great bulk of it has gone to enrich the community. The present consumption of electric-service power is about 70 watts per capita continuously, for both light and power. That is, each American man, woman, and child may be thought of as holding in his hand a 70-watt lamp, which is kept burning day and night.

In the nomadic stage of civilization a tribe wandered from one district to another under the guidance of a responsible leader, who directed the movements according to the best of his knowledge and experience. The fortunes of the tribe rose and fell with the success of his administration of their efforts. In the modern stage of civilization our tribes no longer wander, but work under the guidance of inventors, discoverers, researchers, and captains of industry. The average wealth and fortune of the individual depends upon the success of the joint administration of their efforts.

Some interesting figures have recently been reported concerning the consumption of incandescent lamps in the United States during the year 1925. It appears that more than 336,000,000 of lamps were bought in that year, between the extreme sizes of the miniature ½-watt surgical lamp to the giant 30,000-watt lamp used in moving-picture studios. This represents an average annual consumption of approximately 3 lamps per capita. The 25-watt lamp led in popularity, followed closely by the 50-watt lamp. After these came the 40-, 60-, and 100-watt sizes.

The next household electrical device to enter the home after the incandescent lamp was the fan motor. Fans have been admitted in ever-increasing numbers. The ordinary table fan takes rather less power to operate it than the average lamp; but on a warm summer day the fan load is apt to be distinctly noticeable at the power-station. The fan is perhaps the only household electric device that enjoys a six months' vacation annually; because it goes on the shelf in the fall, remaining there in solitary self-contemplation until the ensuing summer returns through the opened window, heralded in the open country by the odors of white blossoms.

In recent years a number of new electric household devices have come into extended use. Some of these are motor devices, such as elevators, vacuum cleaners, floor-polishers, washers, sewing-machine drivers, refrigerators, and ironers. Others are heating devices, such as sad-irons, cooking-ranges, ovens, water-heaters, toasters, chafing-dishes, radiant heaters, and heating-pads.

The success of the motor devices is largely attributable to the fact that the electric motor has of late years been specially developed for long-continued durable service, with very little noise and only the most occasional lubrication. In apartment-houses and in large dwellings the electrically operated elevator has long been known as a reliable machine. The vacuum cleaner is steadily driving the broom into innocuous desuetude. The broom used to put up nearly as much dust as it took out, to say nothing of the abrasive wear and tear it exerted on carpets and rugs. The vacuum cleaner coaxes the dust out of hidden places by suction, and the large amount it can accumulate in a brief and superficial excursion is a mystery known only to itself.

The electric refrigerator has not been in industrial service for many years, but it has already come into extensive use.

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It has registered a vow of eternal defiance to the ice-wagon. Refrigerator enthusiasts prophesy the complete extinction of the ice-wagon in a few years' time.

In the electric heating devices it is their cleanliness, convenience, and controllability which makes them specially desirable. House-warming on a large scale, according to the needs of our severe American winters, has seldom been found economical by electricity distributed from a central station, as compared with the heat from coal burned in a furnace on the premises. For the purposes, however, of cooking and heating on a small scale, electricity has become very popular.

The general effect of all electric household appliances, including the telephone, has been to enable housekeeping to be conducted more conveniently in dwellings of restricted space and of the apartment-house type. The electric elevator has made such apartments easily accessible. The telephone has made communication from them practicable and convenient with the outer world. Electric cooking and heating devices have equipped the kitchenette with the maximum of convenience and comfort. The electric lamp has brightened and adorned the dark hours. The vacuum cleaner has replaced the broom. The electric switch has thus become the tutelary deity of the modern dwelling. Housekeeping has come to require more technical skill and experience in the operation of appliances that, thirty years ago, would have been considered as far too complicated for every-day use. The average individual knows far more about what electricity can do, and how to make it do this, than did our forebears of a generation back. Moreover, housekeeping with the electric switch can reduce to the minimum the domestic help required.

The general tendency of the growth of electric utilities in the house is to promote the growth of the electric-utility industry. At present the investment in this industry is stated as about sixty dollars per capita, and is steadily growing. It has grown very fast in America, relatively to other countries. The reasons for this relative rapidity of growth and development are probably various and complex. One prominent reason, that will be very generally admitted, is, however, that the electric-utility industries, including telegraphy and telephony, have thus far been less interfered with by government competition or restriction than in most other countries.

The number of persons employed in the public-utility plants in 1926 is given as 430,000 in the United States. This may be taken as representing about 2 per cent of the population, supplying the other 98 per cent. The rate at which capital investment is required to keep the utilities abreast of the demand is now about one billion dollars annually. It has been the custom of recent years to raise a large share of this new capital among the customers in the district supplied by each utility plant. In this way the utility comes to be publicly owned in corresponding measure, and the public served becomes more directly interested in the prosperity and good operation of its own plant.

Among the most recent electric acquisitions of the household has been the radio receiver, a very marvellous device, by which news, music, speeches, and reports can be conveyed telephonically from one or many broadcasting stations. There are perhaps ten millions of these

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instruments already installed, and it is evident that the demand for them is far from being satiated. It has been stated that the radio receivers are luxurious necessities for the convalescent wards of modern hospitals, as well as necessary luxuries in the modern home.

It is only about eight years since broadcasting became an accomplished fact among us, so that it is still uncertain as to the influence which this fascinating instrument is exercising upon American life. It is evident, however, that the radio has destroyed enforced isolation on this planet. Wherever a radio receiver of suitable sensitiveness can be installed, news and information can ordinarily be received from the civilized world. The isolation of the more remote farms is breaking down in the wake of the radio receiver. It may even be possible, with the aid of radio, to check the tide of youth which, in the past, has so relentlessly set in from the farms to the cities. Young people have naturally sought in the towns greater remuneration, stimulus, interest, and adventure than the country seemed to offer. With the cost of living steadily rising faster in the city communities, and as electricity, including radio, spreads out to the farms, we may hope ultimately to see the flow from city to country offset that which has so long developed in the opposite direction.

Another influence of the radio on home life seems to be indicated in music. With the aid of radio, there can be no doubt that music enters the average American home much more frequently and extensively than formerly. The music is not always of high quality; but the general effect must be to stimulate musical interest and familiarity, the result of which should be beneficially revealed in due future time.

A third influence of radio to be expected is an enlarged geographic sense and an international self-consciousness. Already radio telephone communications have often been successfully conducted across the Atlantic Ocean between England and America. Moreover, music broadcast from Pittsburgh has at least on one occasion been received in England, there automatically rebroadcast on another wavelength, and then received in South Africa, so that South African audiences have danced to Pittsburgh music. It seems probable that as the science and art of radio develop, this sort of international exchange in broadcasting will become more common.

The time required for any radio signal to pass around the globe from any sending station to its antipodes, or most remote point on the other side, is believed to be only about one-fourteenth of a second. Radio telegraph signals are much weakened when they arrive at the opposite point, or most remote on the globe, but they are often picked up and read at such antipodean receivers. The time required to send a radio signal from Washington, D. C., to Paris, France, or back in the opposite direction, has been measured at a little over one-fiftieth part of a second. When we all realize that we are residing on a fourteenth-of-a-second world, with joint occupancy of one and the same circumambient layer of radio-connecting atmosphere, so that while our bodies are more or less fixed, our minds permeate and pervade the common empyrean, we shall be likely to act mutually in accordance with that understanding. Mutual understanding may then be expected eventually to displace and eliminate mutual misunderstanding.

Finally, another influence which ra-

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dio exerts at the present time is for courtesy and politeness. One may listen at a radio set day after day, for hours, and never hear a harsh, repellent, or discourteous word from the many speakers on the air. It is difficult to say whether this is a temporary and evanescent phase of radio speech, or whether it is destined to be a permanent example and acquisition. It may be the speakers feel that through courtesy only can they hope to hold the attention of their audiences; or it may also be they feel that they are virtually speaking into thousands of American homes.

Any electric distribution system supplying a large number of dwellings with the power they require, exists from moment to moment, day and night, as an organization in obedience to the wishes of the communities as expressed through their switches. The power has to be provided just as it is called for. In steam-driven central stations, boilers and engines have to be kept in readiness for duty, at hours more or less irregularly regular, to throw into the system, or to be removed therefrom, as the switches in the homes go on and off. The upward or downward thumbs of the Roman theatre assemblies, in the old gladiatorial combats, were never so exactingly insistent as all those countless switches in the thousands of dwelling-rooms served by the modern light and power system. In order to meet those needs the more promptly, the large systems, embracing many interconnected generating stations and substations, install a central switchboard room with an operator so placed that the distribution of load at each moment, on any and all important parts of the system, are revealed to him by dial-indicating instruments, connected by small, carefully protected wires to all the district centres. This operator sees the demand in a certain district rising, say, as the householders turn on their lamps. He responds by sending appropriate signals to the operator in the nearest generating station or stations to throw in another engine and generator, and bring yet others into the stand-by state, with an engine-man ready at the throttle. The automatic stoking-machines throw coal into the furnaces, and the steam pressure comes up at the pressure gauges. The new steam-generator units demand change from light spinning to strenuous tugging on their shafts, to keep the dynamos supplying the electric current through the newly turned switches.

In the regular daily course of central-station events, these changes in the ebb and flow of power and of generator activity to supply that power, go on like clockwork, with the smoothness worn by long habit. There is, however, more strenuous effort required from the operating staff, when an unusual demand arises unexpectedly. When a thunderstorm comes up quickly over a large city, say in the afternoon, and the sky darkens suddenly, the load-despatcher receives warning in advance from the weather-watcher, and he prepares for the emergency. Reserve men are hurriedly sent for, and all the stations stand by. Up come the storm-clouds. By hundreds and by thousands the people in offices, stores, and homes glance up at their darkened windows. Reaching out their arms, as though acting in response to a bugle-call, they turn on their lamps. On go the switches by myriads. The load-despatcher has to be ready. Out go his signals in all directions. In go the generators, on the bus-bars of the stations. The staff have to work like steam-

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shovels to carry the ever-increasing load, so as not to allow the lamps to go dim or the voltage on the system to fall. During this race with the thunder-storm, every available generator may have to be brought into action over the entire system. In half an hour, perhaps, the sky will have cleared, and off will go all the extra lamps. The staff know in a moment when the crisis has passed. Off go the generators, and the stations settle down to the normal condition of the hour.

It may readily be imagined that the officers in charge of the maintenance of service on an electric-utility system have to be constantly on the alert to prevent breakdowns and interruptions of current supply. Accidents to wiring inside a house will occasionally occur, with interruption of current in that one dwelling. More serious are breakdowns in a street main, due perhaps to a gas explosion, bursting water-pipe, or other dislocation, which may put out the lights along a city block face. Most serious of all may be an accident in a central station, which may possibly cripple its service and throw a whole district into gloom. The officers charged with these duties have to be ready at any moment of the day or night to do battle with the powers of darkness. The least disturbance of an abnormal character instantly arouses them. Just as a person who has passed through a serious railroad accident may often become startled by the least jar of the brakes on the wheels of the train, so the patrol officer will involuntarily start and stiffen at the least unusual jarring of the voltage and lamp brightness on the system. Continuity of service to the fullest possible degree is his instinctive ideal from long habit.

The last forty years have seen a very great development of electrical service in homes and factories. There seems to be no reason why the next forty years may not witness a continued and correspondingly great advance. As we look to the future, the electric switch is still in the ascendant.

Boat Yard

By John Frazier Vance

Boats all around,
  Bellies to the sky,
Waiting aground
  Till Winter's gone by.

Rivermen talking
  Of the Good Old Days,
Rivermen caulking
  Bottoms on the ways.

Each one knows—
  But does not say—
When the ice goes
  Some Spring day

He'll stay ashore
  With his belly to the sky
Forevermore,
  With the River flowing by.

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What's on the Working Woman's Mind?

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Why aren't women in business getting "equal pay for equal work"? Does the worker think first of marriage, social status of the job, or of salary? How is the married-woman worker regarded? These are a few of the questions answered by Mr. Williams from his years of experience in industrial plants and offices.

SHE was a serious-faced young New York stenographer to whom, as my neighbor at the movies, I had expressed my chief impression since landing from a trip abroad—namely, that the amazing well-being of America's masses was typified by "more silk stockings this afternoon than all summer in Europe!"

Her reply was far from superficial.

"Yes, you see, nowadays," she said earnestly, "a fellow's got to be mighty broad-minded to be interested in a girl that don't dress well!"

Following my years of observing men and women workers here and abroad, I'd say she gave the crux of the difference between the attitude of the average man and that of the average woman toward the factory, office, or professional job:

Whereas the man in modern industrial society generally expects to establish himself among his fellow citizens —to determine his particular level in the whole social and civil octave—by the nature and standing of his daily job, the woman, on the other hand, generally expects to establish herself by the level of the job of her own or her family's MAN.

The acknowledged social pre-eminence among women of the married state—this, it appears, operates throughout our modern feminine universe as the gravitational pull which seriously deflects the compass of the woman's aim in her daily work as compared with her brother's. And so definitely and regularly does it do this that one could almost follow Newton's Law of that force which "varies directly with the mass and inversely with the square of the distance," and propose the thesis that

A woman's interest in her plant or office career tends to vary inversely with the square of her interest in matrimony.

Now, please note that this isn't quite so bad as it sounds. It doesn't at all mean that every woman is anxious for a husband, nor does it overlook the extremely pertinent fact that the social prestige of matrimony is now lessening while that of the job is growing—with a consequently marked increase in the number of women who appear completely interested in and perfectly content with their non-matrimonial careers. The thesis simply claims that there is a certain definite tie-up between every woman's interest or lack of interest in marriage and her interest or lack of interest in outside work.

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Whatever changes the near or distant future may bring in the values of the two variables, however, the equation, "as is," certainly suffices to set a large assortment of puzzling problems before the present-day employer.

"The average young and moderately educated girl worker in factory or office," so runs the testimony of practically all close observers, "has slight definite goal either regarding her job or her ultimate salary."

General appearance of the place, kind and state of the office equipment, class or type of other employees—these factors a large group of applicants for office work recently placed at the very top of the whole list of job essentials. Opportunity for advancement came second. Salary came third! To be sure, the work's dollars and cents are expected to furnish the means to the girl's career. The point is, however, that, unlike her brother, she generally expects this career to take her off and away from her job.

It is the importance of this off-the-job career which gives to every grade of work among women its precise place in an amazingly strict and intricate system of caste, each level being based not on its financial but on its social rewards and attributes—its opportunities for contact with this or that type of other unmarried feminine and especially unmarried masculine workers.

More than a few inexperienced college-bred employment managers, fresh from their classroom economics or sociology, have noted the slight difference in the earnings of office as compared with factory girls, and so have blithely proceeded to arrange a joint dance or dinner, only to discover that the great gulf fixed between Dives and Lazarus was a mere ditch compared with the abyss dividing the office filing-clerk from her lowly factory sister—and this even though the latter often enjoys a piece-rate which brings her twice her sister's salary!

The same gulf of superiority may likewise separate all the clerks in the town's smartest department store from those less-fortunate beings who earn just as much or more by selling the same articles at Blank's, but who, alas, deal only with the least stylish citizens! Just as the well rouged and manicured young ladies in white frocks who fill boxes at the candy factory do not dream of associating with those rougher but probably better-paid girls and women who operate the buttonhole-machines at the clothing plant.

More than a few employers have paid dearly for such a social *faux pas* as, say, putting a fat, slow-moving, foreign-born, non-English-speaking matron into some group of fairly stylish American-born daughters of exactly that same type of foreign-born mother—only to see every one of his nimble flappers ooze slowly but surely out of that department! In many of our high-class department stores no girl can hope to obtain a place if she has *ever at any time worked in domestic service!* Such a past, once the awful news leaked out, would not fail to cause exactly the same kind of abandonment of the job by the more socially ambitious of the girl's companions. Not one of these but would realize that if the work were, in future, to be open to women with such records, it would immediately and permanently lower the quality of girls accepting it, and therefore, inevitably, the quality of young man associating with them.

In passing, it should be said that this marked displacement of the dollar by the social rating of the feminine job

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means that domestic service is unlikely ever to gain a higher status by means of higher wages alone, or by any other change than by giving the girl something like the freedom enjoyed by her factory sister to meet her boy-friends after hours and at home—a change which electricity, incidentally, may conceivably be bringing.

Now anybody who wonders how this indispensable social status can be properly tied up with enough real work to get the job done is ready to appreciate the perplexities of the store or factory manager who wants to obtain, train, and hold a unified organization of intelligent and skilful women employees.

Suppose, for instance, that you, as superintendent of a machine-shop, want to give Mary, the brightest of your girls doing highly repetitive and monotonous work, the advantage of a more interesting job of greater skill and higher wages. The chance is at least more than fair that your pains will get you nothing but Mary's

"Me leave Gertie and Liz here for that bunch o' highbrows? I'll tell the world I won't!" Or perhaps her

"Sure, I'll go—*provided* I still work for the same foreman I got here now!"

Or suppose you want to hold your workers longer with you by offering to pay half the cost of every one's life insurance or pension, or that you want them to study salesmanship. In either case the result among your younger and brighter feminine employees is too likely to be the same.

"Why should I," questions Gladys of Opal between dabs of lipstick, "fall for that stuff? Believe me, girlie, my future don't lie on no notions counter!"

Small wonder if such puzzled managers are tempted to give despairing approval to Napoleon's mediæval sentiment that "we need not trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females— Manners are all in all to them . . . and marriage is all they look to."

Luckily, however, there are some progressive establishments which resolve the competition between the notions counter and the hoped-for prince by mixing them up together: the theory and practice of "Selling" are wrapped up in a course which wears the alluring title of "Charm"! Even this, however, may bring disappointment to the superintendent. The better the young lady masters her lessons, the more likely is her new skill to take her off her counter —and so make his investment worthless!

The seriousness of this feminine tendency to make the job a means to an off-job career has of course greatly increased with the recent post-war growth of employers interested in more skilled and more life-loyal employees. It was an executive of one of our largest manufacturing concerns who lately explained:

"We are now aiming," he said, "to teach not one but several crafts to every new office worker. But we are already almost agreed that the average young woman is not interested enough and not permanent enough to make this training worth its cost. Our experience indicates that no amount of either expertness or continued promotion gives us any show in holding the most attractive girls in competition with the prince."

"If," complains similarly another large industrial head, "we spend years developing one of our young men executives and then he gets another offer, we can sit down and make our own bid —and if we want him, hold him. But if the executive is a woman with an offer of marriage—we haven't a China-

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man's chance! She doesn't ask us; she *tells* us! We lose her—and her training—flat!"

"Make sure," advises another experienced employer, "never to give any teaching of girl workers to one of your older, long-serviced, and unmarried employees. They're too likely to consider her a warning of what happens to *the best of her students!*"

Puzzling enough all this, surely, in that world of work and business where the love of the dollar is popularly supposed to be more than enough to call out the last full measure of every man's and every woman's energy and devotion. To be sure, the masculine world of business is to-day making more and more use of a wide range of non-financial incentives, with less and less dependence on that classical myth known as the "Economic Man." Nevertheless, any tendency to let these appeals unduly overshadow the prime necessity of proper wages is still understood to be dangerous. But as to the "Economic Woman"—about all that can be said is that, so far as concerns the store or factory, there just "ain't no such animal!"

Yet it must be said that nothing could be more ingenious than the financial skill of the same store or office wage-earner in making her pay-envelope's dollar work wonders in the direction of reducing the strain on masculine "broad-mindedness." The attractively cut and colored office and factory smock, for instance, represents the economical saving of the street dress for its full out-of-office attractiveness without any loss whatever of the equally indispensable in-office charm—altogether a truly ingenious and admirable combination. In one large New York office the girls in their locker-rooms don each morning their Class B stockings for the day's duties, changing later to Class A for street and evening wear, contriving to maintain both in prime condition by pressing and drying between well-secreted blotters!

It goes almost without saying that these matrimonial aberrations of the compass of job interest serve decidedly to complicate woman's efforts to organize unions as a means to such objectives as "equal pay for equal work." As in her relations to her employer, loyalty to the job or to the organized movement to improve it, generally proves no match against loyalty to the new husband and the social status he represents.

"At every annual convention of a group of unions," relates a close student of organized labor, "a certain woman organizer regularly hurled the name of 'class traitors!' at the young women who were responsible for unionizing their fellow workers in various localities. For, year after year, after putting them on the organizing job, she would return, only to find them inactive and uninterested—because married!

"Finally, one year," he continued, "her own place on the programme was vacant. Nobody knew what had become of her. At last her telegram was read to the assembly. In it she wished the cause every good thing in the world; but for herself, she could not be on hand because the dates interfered too seriously *with her honeymoon!*"

So, too, with certain national enterprises for helping factory girls to fit themselves for leadership among their companions, organized and otherwise. Though the obstacle is now much lessened by more careful choice of the students, it was long true that distressingly many of them showed themselves uncompromising individualists and pro-

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ceeded to use their enlarged talents to negotiate a huge increase in their matrimonial chances by securing promotion from the lowly ranks of a factory hand to the heights of a private secretary!

Now, with the care befitting so delicate an area, it must be added that our thesis holds good for the so-called "business woman"—with, however, large variation in the values of both its main factors, the job and marriage. Undoubtedly the possessor of a desk and a measure of both liberty and responsibility responds much more strongly to the economic urge—in accordance with two other variables involved in the "law's" equation; namely, education and years. Obviously the possessor of a training which opens many doors into the higher levels of both business interest and business reward is considerably more likely than her sister at some monotonous factory machine to enjoy the sense of economic independence and other personal satisfactions and social recognitions which compete much more evenly with those of marriage.

What must nevertheless be noted is that of all the various competing doors the same particular one is quite generally apt to be chosen by the educated as by the uneducated, as long as it remains open—with, of course, the chooser's interest shifting markedly as rapidly as that door's availability lessens. That availability is itself very greatly lengthened by education. But until it is considered all but negligible at, say, thirty-five or forty, the interest of the educated girl, while genuinely different from that of her factory sister, is probably less different than might at first be thought—certainly it would so appear from the surprising number of college graduates who tell the sympathetic interviewer that they left the old job because of "too few chances to meet men."

Now it is not strange if this in itself creates a particular problem for the business woman's associates and employers. It was put thus by one of these, herself a successful executive—and I confess it takes considerable courage to quote her, even though I take no responsibility for the rightness of her observation:

"When any business woman tells you that she is sure she has chosen the better part and would not change her choice, you just look her in the eye and gently but firmly call her the liar she is!

"The time does come," she continued, "when we do 'give up,' and so accept, reluctantly, our commercial jobs as the ultimate aim of our existence. Then we begin to take ourselves seriously. Perhaps that's when people around us are likely to find us tense and rather hard to get along with."

It is a male, though a much-experienced, observer who confirms her testimony with his:

"A woman usually becomes 'oldish' if not old as soon as she stops struggling—though it isn't always good for the office when the struggle then proceeds to go into her work."

This is what was behind the further words of that employer earlier mentioned as requiring continuous study of all his beginning employees.

"We find," he added, "that many of the girls soon marry. As to the others, the better their training, the longer they stay. Then—and most unfortunately—the longer they stay, the more certain they become of their special skill and hence of their personal importance, and thus the harder to live or work with!"

"Miss ——," explains the head of a great concern, "was worth thirty thou-

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sand dollars when we were paying her six. But when we raised her to thirty, she became so sure of herself—probably because there were so few other women earning that much—that she wasn't worth four!"

Similar testimony is unpleasantly easy to secure, as is also the belief that even the best of educations is likely to leave the woman still too much of an individualist to fit well into the extreme, orchestra-like integration of the modern big, close-coupled business organization. It was the editor of a well-known woman's publication who related:

"In spite of all my efforts, I could not make one of my most important woman aides see the wrong of quitting, entirely without notice, the headship of one of my most important departments. Besides utterly failing to understand my point, she proceeded further to take from me all her own assistants!"

Now, it must be said again—and, I fear, as quickly as possible!—that none of all this is quite so bad as it sounds. For two reasons:

First, because it tells very little if anything about the "soul of woman"—about fundamental feminine nature. On the contrary, it represents, for the most part, only certain phases of woman's *experience*. It means practically nothing except that, the experience of our sister or wife being what it is to-day, her attitudes, interests, and capabilities are what present-day industry and business find them: as rapidly as this experience changes, so will those attitudes, interests, and capabilities alter.

Secondly, nothing is more pertinent to the whole matter than this: *that few things in the world are changing—or ever have changed—faster than the present-day woman's experience.*

Small wonder, therefore, that we are witnessing a great number of shifts in all those variables which compose the feminine universe. Certainly the signs multiply daily that the ancient and honorable institution of marriage is beginning to share its age-old prestige as a giver of social status with the industrial and commercial job—beginning to make something like a truce with its competitor. Already the number of women is rapidly increasing whose honeymoon hardly keeps them as much as a week away from factory or office—as also of those business and professional or semi-professional women who, married or unmarried, appear entirely content to seek their full happiness in their work and to base their standing among their neighbors upon nothing else than their own career. Already, on the other hand, are to be seen the beginnings of a back-lash against this truce; more and more the unmarried feminine employee is joining both the married and the unmarried man in openly and determinedly opposing the hiring or retaining of the woman who wants the multiple recognitions and assurances of both a job and a husband. If modern machinery should by any chance tend continuously to decrease the number of the country's or the world's available jobs, it is entirely probable that this opposition will show marked increase.

Whether such opposition overcomes or only delays the progress of the truce, nothing is more certain than that the whole fabric of our social life—not only business, but education, morals, and religion—will show enormous changes as rapidly as our society's centre of gravity forsakes the home; also as rapidly as, in the home or out of it, the present economic predominance of the man is lessened. For one thing, this last will tempt

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more than a few husbands to join the one who recently confided:

"I'm planning on divorce. I just can't stand it to have a wife who's earning more than I am!"

At any rate, of two things we may be fairly sure:

First, that we and our children have, probably, most to gain by what might be called the domestication rather than the commercialization of this truce—the effort, in spite of the extension of woman's activities into plant and office, to retain, nevertheless, her own and society's centre of gravity in the family. Exactly this, luckily, is favored by those electrical and other inventions which favor, for the first time in history, something like a proper recognition of the huge intellectual, psychological, and moral talents required for the job of wife and mother. Every day makes smaller the number of those who need feel the spur to which Mrs. Corson credited her conquest of the Channel:

"I reached the other shore," she related, "because at every stroke I kept thinking of all the dishes I'd have to wash the rest of my days if I *didn't!*"

Second, whether or not our mothers and sisters ever join us in making of themselves levers for directly doing the world's work, the stars of our social firmament are likely to grow cold before the woman ceases to function as the *fulcrum*—the supporting point or pivot—by which those levers are made more effective for getting the world's work done. For the truth is that we men wrestle with those levers not so much because we love our womenfolk as because without them and the children and the homes they represent we do not know quite how to register and demonstrate—yes, to incarnate—the measure of our achievement in our work. Remove that fulcrum of the woman and her help in thus making all the various financial and spiritual rewards of work more understandable, more alluring, and the world's levers would so slow down that, in the words of a worker friend, "There'd be almost no job fer nobody—woman *nor* man!"

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A Letter to Mr. Epstein

BY N. S. OLDS

As Mr. J. Harrison Simmons sank into his mahogany chair he surveyed his desk with approval. Nothing in sight on its plate-glass surface but the bronze desk-clock, the stout ink-well and its tray for pens, and piled in front of him the stack of morning mail. Miss Herrick had squared it off to the smoothness of a pack of bridge-cards. She always stacked it that way. Not many desks looked as cleaned up as his did; and he had never even told her he liked things kept that way. The assistant to the sales manager of The Intimate Daintywear & Silk Hosiery Mfg. Co. felt a glow of executive satisfaction.

The mail was nothing to get excited about. Another weather-report from Brozell. He'd have to shoot some pep into that bird, but it could wait until Miss Herrick checked up his sales for the month. Nice order from the Popular, and Syd had certainly cleaned up in Kansas City. The chief ought to be pleased at that. And Epstein was kicking again. Hadn't got his hosiery on time. Too many of these kicks. And the old man had signed it himself. Well, a line of oil would have to be dictated to smooth him out, with copy to Kritzel to stall his squawk. Trust the shipping department to fall down on Kritzel's pet account. Funny, how they always pick out the best accounts to fall down on. But they all do it, he guessed. Last night Ed Somers was telling about the grief he had with rotten deliveries. Good old guy, Ed. Always the same, and a darned good salesman. Interesting, what he said about Doug, too. There was the crazy guy. The old gang had done well, all except him. Where was that Epstein kick? Better get it off his chest and have it done with.

Mr. Simmons pushed the button labelled "Secy." and Miss Herrick appeared in the doorway. Her note-book was tucked securely under her arm, and she clasped two sharply pointed yellow pencils in her hand. The June breeze through the open windows blew against her slim skirt as she pulled out the sliding panel of the desk and sat down. Her eyes smiled in a puckery good-morning sort of way.

"Miss Herrick, I want you to take a letter," Mr. Simmons briskly announced. "Make an extra copy for Kritzler. It's to Epstein. You've got his address? 'My dear Mr. Epstein'—no, leave off the 'My.' Put it plain 'Dear'—'Dear Mr. Epstein, yours of twenty-third June——' "

Miss Herrick looked up. "Do you like 'twenty-third June'?" Mr. Simmons inquired. "It's the English style, you know."

"The English know how to write beautiful letters, Mr. Simmons," his secretary admitted.

"It sounded snappy to me. Kind of distinguished and different."

"But maybe a little high-hat for some

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of our trade, don't you think?" Her pencil drilled a little hole in the notebook page.

Mr. Simmons considered Mr. Epstein's letter. "You may be right," he replied. "Where was I when you began on English letter-writing?"

Miss Herrick returned to her notes. " 'Dear Mr. Epstein, yours of June twenty-third'—shall I leave it June twenty-third, Mr. Simmons?—'of June twenty-third received.' "

" 'And contents noted.' " Mr. Simmons gazed thoughtfully at the map of the nation which hung on the wall opposite his desk, with flocks of little contrasty-colored customer and prospect pins swarming among the States. He and Miss Herrick rearranged the pins the first Monday of every month. " 'I regret'—no, change that—'we regret that your shipment of our No. 8359 silk hosiery has been delayed.' You know, there ought to be a form letter got up for these delayed-shipment kicks. It would certainly save me a barrel of time."

He reached over to jot down a memo when the telephone rang.

"Hello," Mr. Simmons answered executively. "Hello, hello. What? Who? Oh, sure, put him on. Hello. Oh, hello, Joe. Glad to hear your voice. Sure thing. Yeah, I'll say it was some party. I rolled in about 2 A. M. No, only one or two were. We certainly missed you, Joe. Ed Somers was asking for you. And say, Joe, I heard some news about Doug MacFarlane last night. Yes, Doug MacFarlane."

Miss Herrick, who was studiously contemplating the down-town sky-line, turned her head swiftly.

"He is sailing Saturday," she heard Mr. Simmons tell Joe. "For Nigeria, I think Ed said. No, not on company business. An idea of his own about studying native life. No, Doug was not there. I haven't seen him for more than a year. Yeah, he's quit his job. Just a minute, Joe."

Mr. Simmons palmed the transmitter. "If you have something special to do, Miss Herrick?" he said.

She shook her head. "No, I'll wait," she answered, and absorbed herself in the sky-line.

"I'll only be a minute or two. I want to tell him about—" Mr. Simmons spoke into the telephone again. "Hello, Joe, hello." He rattled the hook. "Miss Spitz, you— Oh, hello, Joe. Miss Spitz must have cut us off. Yes, I was interrupted. He was with Security Oil, you know. No, he was in personnel. Oh, not more than five thousand, if that. You know how they pay in those departments. I think Ed said the *Scythia*. She pulls out around noon generally. Nope, I don't think I will. I've got a golf date for 2.30 anyway. Sorry I can't this noon. Dated for lunch at the Vandermore with a buyer from Terre Haute. What? Sure thing! If I hear any more, I'll let you know. Yeah, I think he's a nut myself. Good-by, Joe."

Mr. Simmons hung up the receiver. "These phone calls are the limit, aren't they? How far had I got?"

Miss Herrick consulted her notes with unusual elaboration. " 'We regret that your shipment of our No. 8359 silk hosiery has been delayed.' "

" 'Has been delayed. Beg to advise you that we have made a careful investigation at this end and find that owing to the enormous demand for this particular number and the fact that your order'—find out when Epstein's order was placed, Miss Herrick—'and the fact that your order was placed whenever it was and because our other cus-

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tomers who ordered early naturally ought to have the preference which their early ordering——' "

"You have 'early' twice," said Miss Herrick without looking up.

"Have I? Cut one of them out. What did I say? 'Which their advance ordering'—yes, that's better—'which their advance ordering demands, because, while we do not want to seem neglectful of any of our customers, you the least, for our reputation for service is as important to us as yours is to you, for our business has been built up on the same, nevertheless it is only fair that the rule of first come first served ought to be as important for us as it is with you, and——' "

Mr. Simmons gazed earnestly at his secretary.

"You know," he said, speaking over the top of Mr. Epstein's letter-head, "something has got to be done about these letters. What did I say last?"

" 'As important to us as it is to you, and——' "

"Yes," said Mr. Simmons.

Miss Herrick waited. The desk-clock ticked industriously. He shifted the letter to his other hand, and she looked up at his hopeless face.

"Don't you think that in this instance, Mr. Simmons, since Mr. Epstein wrote the letter himself, and knows us so well, it might be a good idea if we found out exactly what happened to this shipment and wrote him the facts? I think he's big enough—" Miss Herrick paused delicately.

Mr. Simmons pondered. "Yes, I think I'll do that," he decided. "You can get the dope from the shipping department at the same time you are getting the date and the order number. And don't let Abe kid you. He'll pass the buck if he thinks he can get away with it. They all do. Now, you go ahead and do that for me, Miss Herrick, and I'll be ready with these others this afternoon when I return from lunch."

He handed over Mr. Epstein's letter to his secretary and wheeled in his chair. On the edge of the sky he saw the sun turning a slim hotel pinnacle into a flame of coral pink. He stretched and yawned. With Epstein off his mind he could do some constructive thinking. Great weather. If it would only hold for Saturday afternoon. Saturday— That was Doug MacFarlane's sailing-date, too, wasn't it? Sailing for Nigeria. Able guy, but hopeless. Joe had said it—a nut, a regular nut——

He was thinking that when Miss Herrick asked him one of those questions of hers. It almost startled him, so close it targeted to his own line of thought.

"Mr. Simmons, do you really consider Douglas MacFarlane a nut?" she asked, and before he could reply she added: "You must know him quite well, so what you said to Mr. Harper about his throwing up his job here in New York made me wonder what you really meant. Do you think he's a nut to do that?"

Mr. Simmons turned his eyes toward her slowly, and watched her tucking the letter into her note-book. No, you wouldn't say she was exactly easy to look at. But her blue-gray eyes were framed by a mass of copper hair which she wore in a bob that any woman could have advised Mr. Simmons was carefully neglectful. And she had freckles that went with that kind of hair. No, but you had to admit she was hard to forget. And she had brains under that bob. Quick to understand what a man was driving at. Strictly business and no nonsense. Mr. Simmons considered that

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for a college girl she had developed into the best secretary he had ever trained.

And now she wanted to know if he thought Douglas MacFarlane was a nut? He clasped his hands behind his head and envisaged the matter for a moment. "That's an interesting query," he judged finally. "Hits right on what I was saying to myself when you spoke. It goes into ancient history some, too. But the principle of the thing is simple enough, and I'll answer you right off the bat by saying that he sounds nutty enough to me. You know, I can't see that stuff," he continued meditatively. "I can't get it, can you?"

Miss Herrick had moved over to the desk and was rearranging his mail. "Can't get what, Mr. Simmons?" she asked, without turning her head.

"I can't get the line of approach that will make a man with Douglas MacFarlane's natural ability scrap a job at even his pay to do what he's going to. I can't see it."

"But perhaps he can see it," Miss Herrick observed. She didn't seem to get the mail stacked right, for she rearranged it again and added: "Suppose——"

"Yes, if he had quit to go somewhere like that to investigate for oil or rubber or something that has a market, and can be developed, that would be another story. There'd be a chance to cash in on that. And I think Doug could do it, at that. But if what Ed Somers told me is O. K., I'll say he's scrapping his talent and opportunities high, wide, and plenty."

"And you don't believe that Mr. MacFarlane—that a man who has even some business ability, say, but prefers to follow out a line of scientific research, can——"

"Oh, if Doug MacFarlane was like a lot of the half-baked college products we are getting handed to us these days, it wouldn't make much difference what he did. But he isn't. Why, MacFarlane's not only got brains, but he hasn't even given them a fair try-out. It's the general principle of the thing I'm talking about, Miss Herrick. Now, take Douglas MacFarlane for an example——"

Miss Herrick leaned against the desk with her hands propped upon its glass top. "All right," she smiled, "let's take him for an example. What do you know about Douglas MacFarlane?"

She was very likable in this frame of mind. When you drew her out right, she was good on her feet. Almost like a man, sometimes.

Mr. Simmons leaned his head against his clasped hands. "It isn't as if I didn't know him," he began. "Doug MacFarlane is a friend of mine. A class or two behind me in college, but he had brains, and when he felt like warming up he had a good approach. The fellows liked him. He could write, too. Sort of make you see things with words."

Miss Herrick's eyes agreed to this plainly and her copper hair flashed as she nodded assent.

"But he was all for science, as I was telling Joe Harper over the phone. Majored in skulls and laboratory research with old Hoppy and anthropology and everything. When I graduated I connected right off with a concern in the selling end, for that is where I figured the big money was. They had decided to start advertising in a big way, and I got wise to it. So I figured here was an opening for Doug, with his brains and writing ability. The concern was Applebaum, Stein & McGurk. It would have been a cinch, with his good ap-

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proach. Made to order, but he wrote back he wasn't interested, because he had decided to go in for personnel work. So there was nothing doing. It was his affair, of course, but they spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the first year."

"What did you say Applebaum, Stein & McGurk manufactured?" Miss Herrick's head was tilted just a little.

Mr. Simmons's right eyebrow wrinkled a degree. "Why, you must know their slogan, 'True Blue Wears for You'? They make the widest distributed overalls in America."

"And Mr. MacFarlane wasn't interested?"

"Nope. He chose personnel. Intelligence-tests, and the rest of the bunk. He went with a big concern all right, but he buried himself. He never got around and we lost track of him. He dropped out."

"You mean he didn't mix much with the old crowd? You sounded as if he had died." She was smiling.

"I mean that a man has got to be seen and heard and identified with something doing, or he's as good as dead in this town, Miss Herrick," Mr. Simmons observed severely. "That's where Doug MacFarlane made another mistake. That and choosing the non-producing end of the game."

"But he told you he wasn't interested in advertising and distribution. He preferred another field for his——"

"Exactly, as I've pointed out. Now, you follow me closely, Miss Herrick," he proceeded. "I'll admit he disappointed me when he turned down that overall proposition. It was his business, of course, but personnel is mixed up some with science, as I understand it, and Doug MacFarlane had more than a regular scientific mind. He had some good constructive stuff in his bean, and I'd picked him for an organizer and a producer, and I'm a pretty good judge of men. That was his first big mistake."

Mr. Simmons paused. It was sinking in all right, for Miss Herrick had hardly moved.

"Now, these regular scientific birds, where do they get?" he resumed. "They spend a lifetime studying the left hind leg of a frog, or something, and they write a book about it. Who reads the book? Does it get circulation like the big national mediums, or one of these best-sellers? It gets read by some other scientific bird, and he writes another book and slams the first one. And that's all anybody knows about it. Oh, yes, some of them may get by, but I'll bet you that Doug MacFarlane was drawing down more on the job he had than any of them can earn on a book in two years. And, furthermore, you'll admit, his job was safe. He had his toes in the crack and, though he wouldn't probably have got much more pay, he had ability that might have been recognized more or less, and now comes my point. What does he do with what he's got? He scraps his future in big business to beat it for Nigeria to study Hottentots. And what for? When all is said and done where does he stand to win on his decision? I ask you. To me it looks like rotten judgment; and that's my point, Miss Herrick."

His secretary watched him slip the silver pencil back into his pocket and rise from his chair. "To his full height," she thought, and she wanted to laugh, the poor dear. She raised herself on her hands and sank back against the desk.

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons. I'm very glad to get your point of view." Once, when he had been in a jam with his

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chief, and was telling the real facts to her, her voice had made him sort of think of velvet. He remembered that when she began to speak. "I suppose there is something in what you say about these scientific birds. No, they aren't always what you'd call go-getters, are they? They are generally just *idea* men——"

Mr. Simmons nodded agreement. *Idea* men. He liked that. It was exactly what they were.

"And I've learned from working with you, Mr. Simmons, that even an idea is no good unless you can find a market for it. So that fits in too," she went on. "And your point is that when the market for purely scientific ideas is so poor, and somebody who's fixed like Mr. MacFarlane was thinks he has a scientific idea he'd better forget it, and stick to business and not make a fool of himself? Is that right, Mr. Simmons?"

"I guess you've got me about right," Mr. Simmons admitted, as he brushed his trouser knee.

"I thought that when I heard you discussing it over the phone with Mr. Harper. But, since you are all friends of Mr. MacFarlane, you may be glad to learn just what the proposition is that is taking him to Nigeria."

Mr. Simmons stared blankly at his secretary. Unless his eyes had gone hazy all of a sudden, she was as cool and detached as if she were taking dictation. But it certainly sounded, somehow, as if he were taking it.

"What do you mean, proposition?" he demanded. "I don't know what proposition these scientific—these investigators have when they decide to start out for places in Africa like that. How should I? They just go, don't they? What do you mean, proposition?"

He realized he was using his salesman's expense-account tone, for she became secretarial at once. "I do not wish to take up your time, Mr. Simmons——"

He consulted his wrist-watch and checked it with the desk-clock.

"No," he relented. "Go ahead. I've got a few minutes. If you happen to know some facts about this particular matter that I don't, I'll be glad to listen."

"That is very nice of you, Mr. Simmons." You would have thought she made an old-fashioned courtesy. "And what you said just now about Mr. MacFarlane not having a regular scientific mind helped too. To have recognized that about him in advance will make you understand his Nigeria plans much better. You see, I happen to know Mr. MacFarlane quite well," she went on gently. "I met him through my roommate. She's on the research staff of the same laboratory he's been identified with."

"Laboratory," Mr. Simmons interrupted. "I thought Douglas MacFarlane was——"

"He was, but he spent the rest of his time in his laboratory. My chum is assistant to Doctor Detchin——"

"Detchin? You mean the one who discovered——"

"Yes, Doctor Detchin. She——"

"Isn't Detchin the head of the Stoneman Institute for Economic Research?"

"Yes, he and Mr. Stoneman have both been——"

"Stoneman? The young one, who owns Security Oil?"

"Mr. Stoneman, who owns Security Oil," Miss Herrick repeated. "But he comes in later. Mr. MacFarlane really got his big idea in his senior year, working with Professor Hopkins."

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"I'll say he was Hoppy's white-haired boy all right. But he never mentioned any idea, big or little, to me." Mr. Simmons had unclipped his silver pencil again and was twisting the lead out and in.

"No, Mr. MacFarlane wouldn't. He wasn't ready to mention it to anybody. He had to be sure first it had the goods. If it did have, the next step would be to develop a—well, what you'd call a market for it, wouldn't you? Like rubber, or oil, as you said, or silk hosiery here. So he said nothing about it to anybody except Professor Hopkins, but he decided to come to New York and get a job in the personnel department of Security Oil."

Mr. Simmons was following Miss Herrick's words with an intentness that would have rejoiced Mr. Kritzel to perceive in Mr. Epstein's eye.

"After Mr. MacFarlane had been there for a few months Mr. Stoneman learned that an article had appeared in a well-known scientific journal which claimed that climatic conditions and local temperature have much more to do with working efficiency than had been previously understood. It gave as an example what that might mean to a big business conducted along the same lines as Security Oil, and of course there was a good deal of comment about it. The article wasn't signed, but it interested Mr. Stoneman so much that he inquired who the author was, and when he found that it was Mr. MacFarlane, and that he was connected with Security Oil, Mr. Stoneman sent for Mr. MacFarlane."

Mr. Simmons moistened his lips. "It was an article about his big idea?"

"Of course. You said yourself he could write, you know. And any one can see what it will mean to production costs to be able to have the effect of climate and temperature accurately measured——"

"Yeah," Mr. Simmons observed, "if it can be." Somehow, he felt relieved. It was one of those things all right. But there was Stoneman. He'd better let her finish it in her own way, he decided; and the silver pencil went into its pocket.

"But Douglas MacFarlane believes it can be, and so he and Mr. Stoneman had their first talk. The upshot of that was that Mr. Stoneman arranged for a conference at Copantic — that's the Stoneman country place, you know. It's lovely up there—and when the discussion was ended he instructed Doctor Detchin to equip a laboratory for Mr. MacFarlane at the Institute and suggested that Mr. MacFarlane should spend all his time there. But he preferred to work in the laboratory nights and on his spare time, although he did spend two vacations in Mexico and Central America. But he wasn't satisfied with his results, so he concluded he must go to Nigeria, where he could observe climatic reactions under a wide range of tropical conditions. He mentioned this once or twice in his talks to Mr. Stoneman, and finally one night Mr. Stoneman appeared at the laboratory and ordered Mr. MacFarlane to organize an expedition exactly as he thought it ought to be outfitted, in personnel and equipment and everything, and go to Nigeria. Of course it was just what Mr. MacFarlane had wanted, but he tells me Mr. Stoneman seems to consider it his own idea."

Miss Herrick paused, but there was no comment.

"So he sails Saturday on the *Scythia,* to pick up some of his assistants in London." She stopped for a moment, as if trying to think of something she had

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overlooked. "Mr. Stoneman acted like a prince all the way through, didn't he? He—I don't believe, though, there is anything more that will interest you. He will be gone for two years."

Her voice dropped away into a silence that filled the office. It was broken by Mr. Simmons.

"I suppose Stoneman will pay MacFarlane something for his time, won't he?" he asked casually.

Miss Herrick hesitated. "I don't know as I ought to mention this," she reflected. But she looked up and added: "But since you're a friend of Mr. MacFarlane I can tell you. At one of the final conferences Mr. Stoneman did ask Mr. MacFarlane how much salary he wanted, but Mr. MacFarlane replied that he figured the expenses ought to be enough to expect."

She looked at the waste-basket by the flat-top desk.

Mr. Simmons raised his head, and a smile spread itself over his countenance. "You've said it," he exclaimed. "That's Doug MacFarlane to a dot. I'll bet those are his exact words."

Miss Herrick's gaze was still concentrated on the waste-basket.

"But Mr. Stoneman figured differently, and Mr. MacFarlane will get fifteen thousand dollars a year while he is away, and when he returns he will get ten thousand more as head of the Production Research Laboratory Mr. Stoneman is building for him. It is a life-contract."

"I'll have the reply to this ready for you by two-thirty, Mr. Simmons," she added, before he could speak. "I hope I have not taken up your time, but I did want you to have the facts." Her voice was as coppery as her hair, and her hand was on the knob of the office door. She was slowly turning it.

"Because," she smiled radiantly as the door opened behind her, "Mr. MacFarlane did have a proposition even if he was in the non-producing end of the game, didn't he?"

She was gone before Mr. Simmons could collect a comeback. A regular she-exit, he thought indignantly. They're the limit, the best of them. You can't handle them like a man. Yet in her way she had handed it to him. "Scientific birds." He'd made a bum crack there all right. But of course he hadn't known. How could he? And you had to admit Doug had put it over. Fifteen thousand per for two years, and then — Yet, at that, if everything went all right, and general business continued good— But it had been darned good salesmanship. And didn't it check up? Sure it did. That would have been his answer. He considered for a moment calling her back. No, he'd better let it ride. But the non-producing end. Why, her own story proved he was right. It checked up all along the line. Hadn't he always said that Doug had the brains? He'd telephone Joe and Ed and get some of the old gang together——

But there was that golf date. Mr. Simmons wheeled in his chair and stared at the map with the little contrasty distribution pins in it. He was still staring at it when Miss Herrick came in to remind him it was time for his lunch date at the Vandermore.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

It is always refreshing to meet some one with an original mind, or to read a book written in a whimsical or unusual style. We hanker after the unexpected, and abhor the commonplace. No condemnation is harsh enough for those unfortunates who have the "herd mind," who substitute catch-phrases for honest thinking, who follow strictly after conventional ideas, and never betray an independent point of view. This being so, why is it that any departure from normalcy in the body is not equally attractive? If an eccentric and individualistic mind is greeted with acclaim, why not an eccentric frame?

I saw a day laborer once who had two full-grown thumbs on his left hand; I dare say both he and his mother regarded this as a misfortune, but why? An original mind is not very common, but it is commoner than an original body. Why do we unconsciously insist on ten fingers, ten toes, two ears, a pair of eyes and one nose? Why should not a mother be proud if her baby should be born with one eye and three ears and a pair of noses?

In the Old Testament a formidable giant is mentioned, and as an important part of his physical equipment it is said that he had twelve fingers and twelve toes. Undoubtedly he was proud of that. It is at least possible that among savage or primitive races, departures from the norm in anatomy are regarded as an asset; just as boys at school are proud of being able to put their toes and thumbs out of joint, wiggle their ears, and look cross-eyed at will. These accomplishments are regarded with envy by their schoolmates. Is the human body so perfect that we can stand no variations from the standard? "There is no excellent beauty," said Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." Why then do we call six-fingered persons freaks instead of gazing upon them with admiration?

Next to the eyes and mouth, the most eloquent part of the human body is the hand. The hand is the direct body-servant of the brain, and a telegraphic communication from the brain to the finger-tips is instantly obeyed. Many poets have written verses to the hands of women, but the most beautiful line on this theme that I can remember is in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto," where the love-drunk artist murmurs to his beautiful and heartless wife,

"Your soft hand is a woman of itself."

No one but a great poet would ever have thought of that or succeeded in expressing it, but once said, its truth is immediately and forever apparent. A woman's life, character, and temperament may be expressed in her hand.

The only strength a new-born baby has is in its fingers, as if to indicate that we are all born with a predatory instinct. The grip of an infant's fingers is startling in its power. I remember a charming scene in one of William De

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Morgan's novels—may they never be forgotten—where the grown man picked up a baby, and he "took a firm grip of my right nostril."

While the average woman is pleased to have a small hand, and indeed a small hand, if exquisitely shaped, is a beautiful object, it is not necessarily a deformity for a woman to own a large hand. A large, well-shaped hand, if it fits the wrist and arm (for some hands look as if they did not properly belong to the arm), has often a capable, independent connotation. The big hands of farmers' wives and daughters, grown large by life-long manual toil, are not by any means always unattractive.

As every one knows, the hands of blind people acquire an almost miraculous sensitiveness, compared to which my hands, for example, are as callous as oak. The blind run their fingers over your face, and remember your features, so that the next time they recognize you through the finger-tips. There are authenticated cases of people, totally blind, who, by placing their fingers on your clothes, can tell whether the cloth is dark or light in color. That sounds like a fearful lie, but its truth has been proved.

The fingers of physicians and surgeons are able to flash messages to their brains that the average layman's hand could not possibly send. The hands of surgeons fascinate me, for much of the skill of the surgeon is in manipulation. Even if I had possessed sufficient science to learn "medicine," I never could have become a doctor, any more than I could have become a musician, because of my lack of mechanical dexterity. My hands are normal, strong and steady enough, but they are clumsy; as the saying is, "my fingers are all thumbs." If I had to earn my living with my hands, I should starve. I cannot even tie up a package decently; it looks as if the cat had chewed it. The only musical instrument I play is the typewriter, and here I am somewhat comforted by the saying of Oscar Wilde, that the typewriter, when played with expression, is better than the piano played by one's relations.

The hands of surgeons fascinate me, for, like the eyes of painters, they see so much that is hidden. A little while ago, I saw a surgeon lunching with a friend of his at the club. Both men were talking and laughing heartily, and yet, only a few weeks before, that surgeon, by touching the man's body with his sensitive fingers, so rich in experience, knew that an operation was the man's only chance for life. And here they were laughing together, when a short time before, that surgeon's fingers had been inside the body of his companion.

We often associate big hands with strength, but there are exceptions. You remember Elijah Kellogg's delightful stories of Lion Ben of Elm Island? Ben could crush a walnut between his thumb and a plank. Stevenson said of Silver that he had a hand like a ham, and an eye like a crumb of glass, surely a terrifying combination. Yet the hands of the undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, Gene Tunney, are small and delicate. At a lunch-party, I asked him to measure his hands with those of a handsome woman, and it appeared that her hands were larger than his.

It is only when the hand and brain work in comparative harmony, that works of genius result. All of us are poets at heart, otherwise Shakespeare would not be popular. He does not tell us things that we did not know; he is our spokesman. He expresses in perfect clearness and beauty the inmost

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thoughts of our hearts. As Barrett Wendell put it, "With Shakespeare words and thoughts seemed identical." All of us are lovers of beauty; but we cannot put beauty on canvas. That is the gift of the great painter, who not only sees and feels beauty, but reproduces it with his hands. As Browning said,

"What hand and brain went ever paired?"

We do well to give homage to genius, for, with the exception of radium, it is the rarest thing on earth.

It is never, never, the material, the subject-matter, that makes a great work of literature, but always the style. A prodigious number of wretched books have been written on God, whereas Virgil wrote an immortal work on farming and fertilizing, and Herrick wrote lyrics of imperishable beauty on trivialities.

"What mighty epics have been wrecked by time,
Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme!"

Speaking of farming, a noble, beautiful, and splendid novel has been written by a young Englishman, H. W. Freeman, called "Joseph and His Brethren." It describes the life on a farm in East England, where the soil of two hundred acres, naturally bad and unproductive, was made to bring forth good fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold, by the terrific, unrelenting daily toil of a powerful man and his powerful sons. It is the story of a fight between the land and an organized family force, and the ultimate triumph of the family. The land takes hold of them; some of the boys try to escape to fresh woods and pastures new, or they feel in their youth the call of the blood, love and romance. But the farm is too strong for them; they come back to it, because away from it they feel an intolerable homesickness. Every one believes that every one else ought to be a farmer, and we all know that somebody has got to till the soil. Well, here is a veritable epic of farming. These young men, like their father, are gluttons for work; they have no recreations, no holidays, no rest; but instead of becoming brutalized by this steady labor, the physical strength of the young men is accompanied by a peculiar gentleness of spirit. They injure nothing and no one. They have an amazing *harmlessness*.

Now while this book deals with ordinary daily happenings, the details of farm life, it has the synthesis of a work of art. Many of our so-called modern realistic novels have no form or comeliness; worse, they have no significance. Surely there is a difference between a building and a heap of bricks. Well, this story has a meaning; it has a core. It is as if the novelist quoted to himself,

"This world means something, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

To see the enormous superiority of "Joseph and His Brethren" over the complete works of Aldous Huxley, one has only to read it. It does no preaching; it points no moral; but it is deep and rich with significance. Whereas Mr. Huxley is always and continuously superficial, writing a series of empty phrases. A new book by him should be noticed only in the social columns, not on the literary page. For a new book by him is not a literary event; it is a social event, of no more importance than a week-end house-party.

I hope that Mr. Henry Ford will read "Joseph and His Brethren," because it will interest him. Such ardent

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lovers of the farm are rapidly becoming so scarce that they will soon be curiosities. Yet we must have farmers. Mr. Ford believes that the time will come when such terrible manual toil, unrelieved by recreation, will be obsolete. He believes that farmers will live in cities, like other people, in houses filled with all modern conveniences, and they will drive in their own cars to their respective farms in the morning as a stockjobber drives to his office.

Henry Ford's own book, "My Philosophy of Industry," is exceedingly interesting. It is often said that idealists are always dreamers, who have never accomplished and never will accomplish anything of practical value. It is therefore inspiring to see one of the most hard-headed manufacturers in the world so thorough-going an idealist. Henry Ford is often called by his enemies—who are not so numerous or so vocal as they used to be—an ignorant man; and we can all remember a certain trial. Well, whenever I talk with Mr. Ford, it is I who feel ignorant; for everything he knows I don't know. I do not suppose he could pass a stiff examination in English literature. But I don't even know what makes an automobile go.

Another great idealist was the famous publisher, the late Mr. J. M. Dent, and his "Memoirs," which have just been published, reveal a beautiful character. We generally think of the poet or the novelist as the idealist, and the publisher as the cynical business man, with his eye only on the main chance. It was my good fortune to have a number of conversations with Mr. Dent on his various visits to America. On the first of these, he took my breath away by saying that it had been his invariable custom during his whole career as a publisher, to print only those books that he thought ought to be circulated; that he had never published a book from any other motive. One would think that such a policy would drive any publisher into bankruptcy. But he, starting with nothing, accumulated a fortune. His "Temple" edition of Shakespeare sold into the millions. A year before he launched that, and before any suggestion of such an edition had been advertised, I went to a New York publisher with precisely that same idea, down to the smallest details. Rolfe's expurgated edition in forty volumes, with a mass of annotated matter, then dominated the market. I suggested there was room for an edition with one complete, unmutilated play in each volume, and with only the briefest introduction and glossary. The publisher thought there was no money in it. There was, though.

But of course the triumph of Mr. Dent's life and career was and is "Everyman's Library." This was his darling child, and held exclusive possession of his heart. How his eyes glowed as he talked about it! This colossal enterprise, which is bringing the world's classics into the humblest homes, is one of the most notable achievements of modern times.

The kindly spirit of the man is reflected in the last chapter of his Memoirs.

"I am in my seventy-third year, and it is time I brought to an end this rambling, yet intimate story of my life, which has been written for my family and friends, who have known and loved me, and whom I have loved, and I hope it will evoke for them some happy memories. For in looking back we all find happiness far outweighs the sad and gloomy side of life, and that the mingled fabric has far more good than ill in its texture. These last years of mine have been the happiest of my life. The autumn has not failed in a cer-

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tain amount of fruitfulness, nor the setting sun in beauty or in hope."

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen's autobiography, called "Keeping Off the Shelf," is doubly interesting. First, because of her long career as an actress. She has played many parts and is not through yet, and her travels in Great Britain and America brought her in contact with an immense number of famous and fascinating persons. Second, because of the revelation of her charming and gracious personality, so full of loving-kindness. She is so generous in her praise of others that I am a little surprised to see her rather slighting comments on Mary Anderson. "Our Mary" was not only, present company excepted, the most beautiful woman I ever saw either on or off the stage, but she was an actress of great talent. I could no more forget her Rosalind than I could forget my middle name. When she made her first appearance in England, one critic said she had nothing but beauty; whereupon Lytton, the author of "Lucile," wrote a long review of her Juliet in one of the leading magazines, in which he paid tribute to her emotional power, saying he had never been more deeply affected.

Robert H. Fuller's biography of the notorious Jim Fisk, called "Jubilee Jim," is a sensationally interesting book. It is tragic that the author did not live to see it in print and to enjoy its success. I well remember the excitement caused by the murder of Fisk, the previous revelations of the Tweed Ring, the cartoons of Nast, the gossip about Jay Gould and Wall Street. This is a very long biography, but there is not a dull page. It is by way of being a social and financial history of those stirring times when the giants of Wall Street were Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and Jim Fisk. The history of the Erie Railroad, as told in this work, is as exciting and almost as sanguinary as a military campaign. I never saw Jay Gould but once. I was at the Hartford railway station, when a train rolled in, and a man stepped off it and engaged in earnest conversation with a little group. Some one whispered, "That's Jay Gould!" He was a thin man with a dark beard and a face profoundly melancholy.

Just as many modern biographies of respectable men are written with the purpose of befouling their character, so this story of the life of Jim Fisk has the apparent purpose of rehabilitating him; it is almost wholly sympathetic. He was assuredly a warm-hearted, expansive, and generous man; but it is vain to attempt to make a hero out of him. He had little of the stuff of which heroes are made, but he is good material for a romance; even as the life of a pirate can be made more interesting than the life of a deacon. A clever device is employed by the author, of having an imaginary personal agent of Fisk write the whole intimate narrative, and the name of this ghost is Rufus Phelps, the very name of my famous Irish setter, the most distinguished literary dog in the whole world.

The latest play by Harley Granville-Barker, "His Majesty," is somewhat on the order of the "Prisoner of Zenda" model, but as might be expected from so distinguished a playwright, the dialogue is wholly admirable. The King himself is a positive addition to the *dramatis personæ* of the contemporary stage. He is not only a Personage, he is a Person.

Thomas M. Johnson's book on the Great War, "Without Censor," is full

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of valuable and important material. Close-up views are given of the leading actors in that tragedy. We might learn here that during the next war everything that is published will be a parcel of lies, but I suppose we shall swallow it all. My friend General Harbord tells me that "Without Censor" is a trustworthy account of what happened.

André Maurois's tiny book, "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles," is a gentle satire on the doctrine of art for art's sake. It is so good that one wishes it were better. The real difficulty is that any book of this nature comes into enforced competition with "Gulliver's Travels"; and no book on earth can stand that comparison and live.

I have been in Augusta, Georgia, only a month, but that has been long enough for J. S. Fletcher to publish two new novels, "The Secret of Secrets," and "The Diamond Murders," and they are both good. Other crime books that I strongly recommend are "Gold Bullets," by C. G. Booth, "Nightmare," by G. Mygatt, "The Lastingham Murder" by the late Louis Tracy, "The Murders in Surrey Wood," by John Arnold, while the redoubtable and reliable E. Phillips Oppenheim has surpassed himself in his latest yarn, "The Treasure House of Martin Hews." I have read more than a score of Oppenheim's "works" but I emphatically remark that this latest is by far the best. It is thrilling from beginning to end, and has the most ingenious and resourceful villain that I have met with for some time. Make no mistake about it; this is Oppenheim's masterpiece.

In a previous issue of this magazine, I praised Francis Brett Young's admirable novel, "My Brother Jonathan," the story of a general practitioner. And now appears Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest novel, "The Village Doctor," describing the daily life and daily visits along the Sussex countryside of a ministering physician. There are no more useful men in the world than the village doctors, and it is pleasant to see them get some recognition from our leading novelists.

I stirred up either a mare's nest or a hornet's nest by my remarks on the name "American" for the people of the United States of North America. It may or may not be remembered that one Canadian gentleman vigorously objected to this appellation. Well, all kinds of letters have come in from all kinds of people, for the moment you touch the religion of nationalism you are in for it, with a vengeance. Personally I see no reason for excitement. If I were a Canadian, I had rather be called a Canadian than an American; and if no other people want the name American for themselves, why should they object to our using it? Especially as we never monopolized it, but rather acquiesced in its descriptive use by foreigners. If, however, it should appear that the majority of Canadians object to it, and that the majority of Mexicans object to it, and that the majority of South Americans object to it, I have a really admirable suggestion, all my own, entirely original, which ought to pour oil on the troubled waters. It is well known that Englishmen speak of our country as the *States*. Why not then call all our people

THE STATESMEN!

The annual dinner of THE FANO CLUB will be held on Tuesday, May 7, at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven,

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Conn. The zero hour is 7.30. The latest one to join the club is Miss Hattie Lambert, now living in Paris. She will have ample time after reading this notice to sail to the United States of North America and appear in New Haven at the appointed moment.

The Reverend Dryden Linsley Phelps, of Berkeley, Calif., writes: "I have discovered that there are more than forty books in the Japanese language about Browning, either commentaries or translations, and not one in Chinese. You probably know that Masanosuke Fukuda (sport editor of the Tokyo Asaki-Shimbun), one of Japan's finest tennis players, is a great Browning enthusiast."

Here is an interesting letter by Helen E. Van Aken, written from Hokuriku Jo Gakko Kanazawa, Japan:

I read with pleasure your references to bicycles and railway trains in the November "As I Like It."

You regretted the passing of the "humble, silent wheel" in America. I wonder if you know that as bicycles grow more rare in some parts of the world they become more and more useful in Japan. Some one anxious to prevent international conflicts came to Japan to study the yellow peril. He had been in Tokyo scarcely an hour before he said, "Now I know what the yellow peril is. It's the bicycle!" Any pedestrian in Tokyo or any other Japanese city or village would understand what he meant.

I live in a city of 150,000, and it has two sidewalks, one on a river bridge and one on a newly laid out street, which is about four or five blocks long. In other places we share the street with man-and-woman-pulled carts, an occasional horse, baby carriages used as delivery wagons, automobiles (a few more of these every year), and bicycles. In England bicycle riding may be a sport; in Japan it is a business. Any day we see delivery boys balancing a load in one hand and guiding a wheel in the other, and the load may be two or three huge panes of window glass or a double decker tray containing twelve bowls of noodle soup, being hurried to its destination while it is still steaming hot. Cycle trailers are common, or carts pushed ahead of a bicycle.

Our part of the performance is dodging the things. Often it develops into a sort of game —the cyclist scoring if he can come within two inches of the pedestrian without hitting him. Occasionally there is an upset, but less frequently than one might imagine. Theoretically traffic keeps to the left in Japan, but especially in the many streets that are ten or twelve feet wide we and the bicycles go in any direction we may. Often we waver and so does the cyclist. This keeps a quiet walk from becoming monotonous.

You suggest that an American Pullman car has its drawbacks. If you want it to seem like pure luxury, try a Japanese train for a while. Travel in Japan is cheap, and trains are almost always on time, but they are unbelievably slow and none too clean or luxurious. I have never travelled first class; it exists only on one or two main lines. A second class sleeper, being made for the average Japanese, is too short for me to stretch out full length. (My height is five feet, seven inches.) The blankets are heavy and all carefully wrapped in a sheet so that it is impossible to remove one without removing them all. This may be sanitary but it is inconvenient. There are two pillows, equally hard. If a window is raised there are two results—abundant soot and complaints from the other passengers. There is no light inside the berth to permit reading in bed, and the curtains are inadequate. In hot weather curtains of mosquito netting often replace the heavier winter variety.

There is only one small lavatory in a car, with room for only one person at a time. The hot water supply gives out early in the morning, and also the supply of towels.

Sometimes there is a diner, but more often there isn't. Even when there is, most of the passengers buy lunches at the stations and throw the empty boxes, paper, and fruit skins on the floor. Rather frequently a boy with a basket and a long tongs picks up the debris and sweeps, always apologizing politely to the company—I suppose for the trouble of moving their feet and breathing the dust.

Nevertheless I have come to think that second class travel is not so bad. Being a poor

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missionary fond of spending my vacations far from home, I often travel third class. If one has a companion with a sense of humor, and time to rest at the end of the journey, he will find the experience illuminating. It is necessary to cast pride to the winds and to be willing to make the best of the situation.

Two of us once started on a twenty-hour journey just after a landslide had tied up traffic for several hours, making our train unusually crowded. From eleven at night till four in the morning we sat on suit cases in the aisle of a third class car and leaned against the arms of seats—and had to get up every time any one walked down the aisle. Remarkably enough we slept, at least a third of the time. The informality of the early morning hours is better imagined than described. The tooth brush brigade who began this part of their toilets in their seats and then stood in line for the lavatory waiting for water to finish the process—and the slaughter of the tangerines till one could hardly walk down the aisles without slipping on a yellow skin—these are the details I remember best.

I am tempted to write more, for I have been unconsciously collecting material for this letter for several years. But I will forbear.

I must add, however, a word of appreciation for your department and its news of new books and the musical and dramatic events from which we in Japan are so far removed.

The death of Henry Arthur Jones in London on January 7 removed a great figure in the history of modern drama. I had the pleasure of congratulating him on his seventy-seventh birthday last September. His career as a playwright extended over half a century. When he began to write, there was literally no British drama, and there had not been since the palmy days of Sheridan and Goldsmith in the eighteenth century. He had the honor of playing an important rôle in the greatest revival of the English stage that had taken place since the death of Shakespeare; for the twenty-five years from 1890 to 1915 surpassed in their production of plays any preceding quarter of a century since the years from 1590 to 1615. Mr. Jones was a man of the highest ideals and sincerity; and it is owing to him, more than to any other, that our modern dramas became accessible in printed form.

The election of the Reverend Doctor Clarence Barbour as President of Brown University is a fortunate thing for that historic institution. Doctor Barbour, like many clergymen, is a first-rate executive. He is a man of God and a man of sense. Furthermore, he is one of the most effective public speakers in America. He and I were boys together in the Hartford Public High School, and we fought each other every week in the Debating Club of that institution. At the Commencement exercises of the year 1883, eight speakers were chosen from all the boys in the school to compete in public declamation. The first prize was awarded to Clarence Barbour and the second to the writer of this article, so the Baptists walked off with all the money. I have had then and I have now a wholesome respect for the ability of my successful rival, and Brown University, which has always been fortunate in its Presidents, is once more to be congratulated.

Owing to the flu, I am still in Augusta, where the Conversation Club flourishes, and where the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Other members of the C. C. are Messrs. Waddell and Cassell, of Canada; Robbins, Yale '74; Ed Shuttleworth and "Tiny" White, formidable golfers; Mr. Charles Scribner, for whom I am proud to work; Mr. Babbott, the President of the Brooklyn Institute; Mr. Frazier, the artist; and we have recently been joined by one whose conversation is adding much to our enjoyment, Mr. Vilas, who for nearly forty years was connected with

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the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and has many anecdotes of Senator Platt, and of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. President Nicholas Murray Butler will soon be here. Meanwhile immense glory has illuminated the club, because Mrs. George Clapp, of Boston, the wife of one of our charter members, made the fourth hole of the Hill Course in ONE.

I wonder if Southern boys are different from their contemporaries in the North. On one of the very few days here when it was cold and wintry, I was walking to the golf club, carrying a gray sweater in my hand. Three small boys, aged about eleven, yelled at me, "Oh, Mister, are you going swimming?" Naturally, supposing they were guying me, I answered "Sure!" To my amazement, they came running up and in all sincerity asked, "Oh, Mister, can we go with you and see you dive?"

I had an exciting morning on an island in the Savannah River. Mr. William Claflin, Jr., invited me to see his excavations. He has dug up the skeletons of eight Indians, supposedly prehistoric, for while he has found plenty of utensils that they used, there has been no sign of glass beads or of anything indicating the presence of white men. Mr. Claflin, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrove, all of the Museum of Harvard, are digging here; and the results are thrilling.

One of our friends in the Conversation Club received a letter from Africa, giving an account of a golf course there, where the card states that any ball found in a hippopotamus footprint may be lifted without penalty.

At two o'clock in the morning of January 2 I said "Ouf!" for at that moment, to my intense relief, I reached the age of sixty-four. I had safely got through and by the Grand Climacteric, the most dangerous year of a man's life. Shortly after celebrating this event, I was smitten down with the flu, but isn't it lucky I didn't have it a few days earlier?

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Some Incidents in the New York Art Season

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE art galleries in New York, from the fall on through the winter, provide as full and as variegated a spectacle as the theatres. Much that appears in them merely comes and goes, leaving no wrack behind. But much also, though remaining but briefly on the scene, makes a lasting impression and irresistibly calls for some discussion in these pages. It is always worth while to recur to fine things and New York sees plenty of them during the season. One of the current phenomena is, to be sure, the frequent manifestation of that kind of art which is comprehensively designated "modern" and it is rarely "fine." I hear from time to time, in various quarters, that it is now firmly established in the good-will of contemporary mankind that Matisse, for example, is a recognized master. There is, no doubt, invariably a public for what is new, and modernism is having, momentarily, its place in the sun. But I am struck by the persistence of what we may call traditionalism. It brings back a memory of a famous passage in Matthew Arnold, apropos of a once famous murder and the remarks addressed, supposititiously, to a portly individual from Cheapside. He was asked to assume what would happen if he were himself to be the victim of a similar outrage and he got cold comfort. "The gravelled walks of your villa would still be rolled, there would still be the old crowd at the corner of Fenchurch Street, the great mundane movement would still go on." It is so with art and modernism. The French painters of the newer movement continue on their way, and, with them, their imitators of divers nationalities, but art still goes on. The fine things still have their public and the contemned "conservative" goes on painting, unterrified by the charge that he has a "representational" habit of mind. Tradition still holds its sway.

The truth is that tradition is a bugbear only for those misguided folk who suspect that there is something of the formula about it, something of the rule of thumb. They shrink from "the past" as though it were something that dated, whereas, of course, no great work of art ever dates. The true painter is aware of the past only as an accumulation of beautiful impressions at the back of his mind, which somehow helps to steady his taste, and, especially, to keep glowing in him a sense of that perfection in workmanship which is one of his dearest aims. Tradition might not unfairly be described as only another word for cultivation, for experience, for an intellectual and spiritual broadening. It is not a tape measure but a principle of growth, and a feeling for it is perfectly consistent with the utmost sympathy for evolution and change. Contact with the old masters never hurt anybody.

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A group of them was brought forward early in the season, at the Kleinberger gallery, in November. The exhibition, for the benefit of the Ameri-

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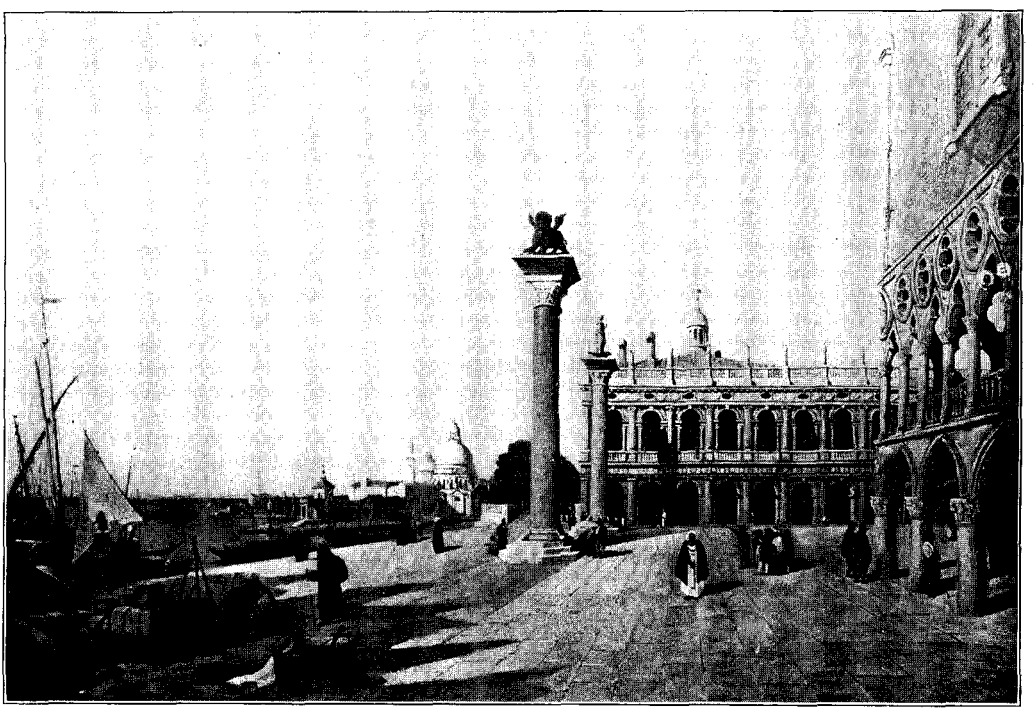
Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Hans Holbein shown at the Kleinberger Gallery.

Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Jorg Breu shown at the Kleinberger Gallery.



Venise, Vue du Quai des Esclavons.

From the painting by Corot shown at the Knoedler Gallery.

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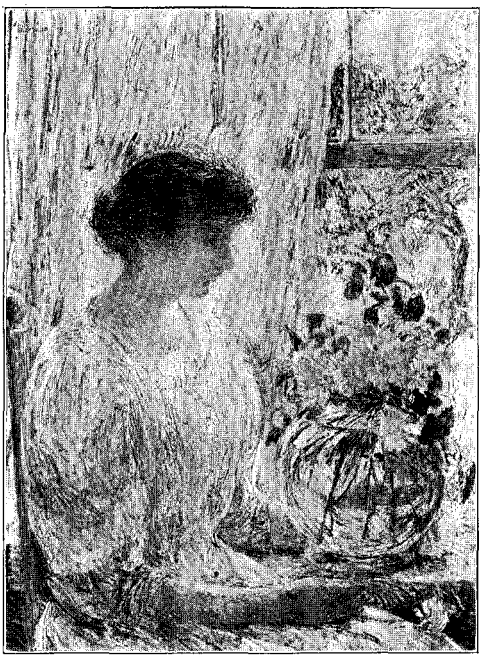
Torso of Hilda.

From the painting by Eugene Speicher shown at the Rehn Gallery.

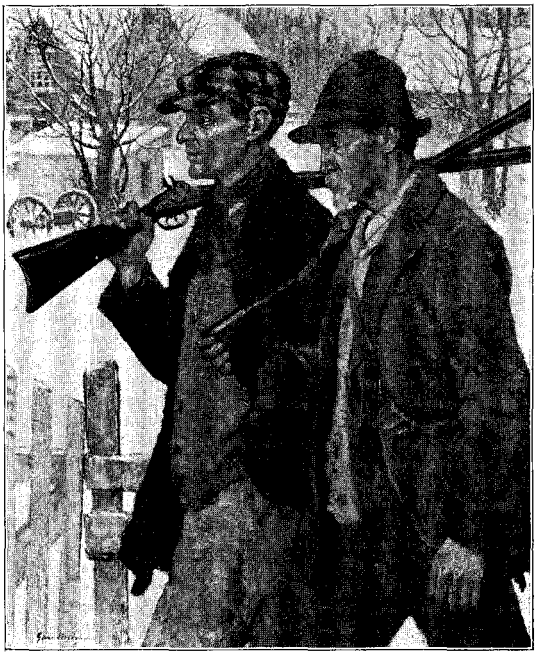
Tony Betts.

From the painting by William James shown at the Macbeth Gallery.



The Bowl of Nasturtiums.

From the painting by Childe Hassam shown at the Milch Gallery.



The Hunters.

From the painting by Gari Melchers.

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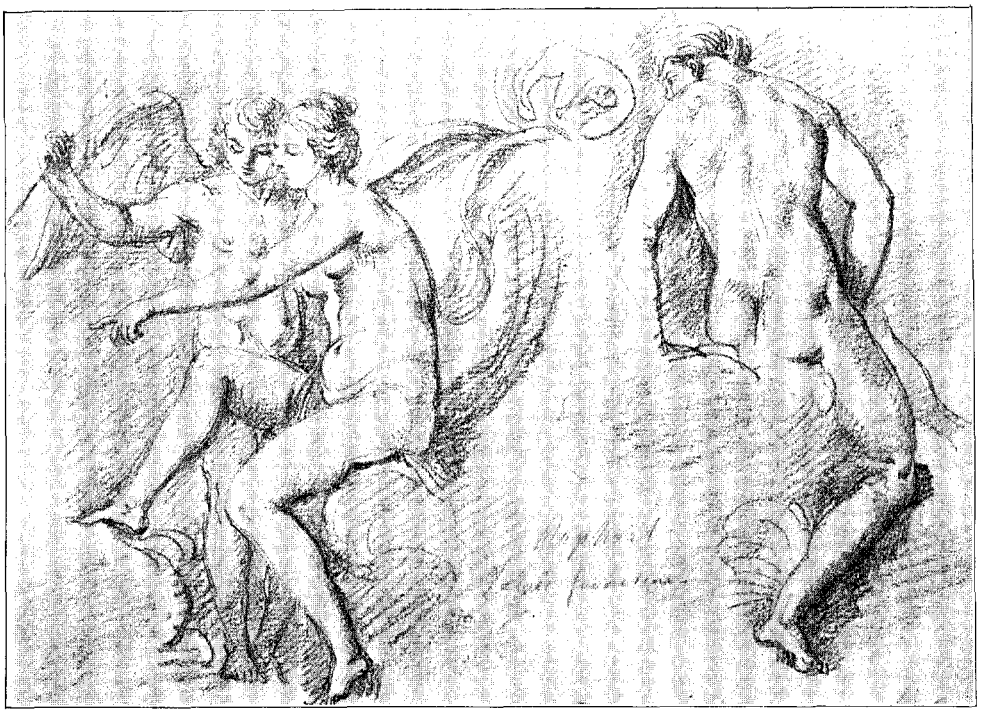

After Raphael.

From the drawing by Fragonard.

Model for Ulysses.

From the painting by Iugres shown at the Museum of French Art.

Miss Susan Strong.

From the drawing by John Sargent shown at the Scott and Fowles Gallery.

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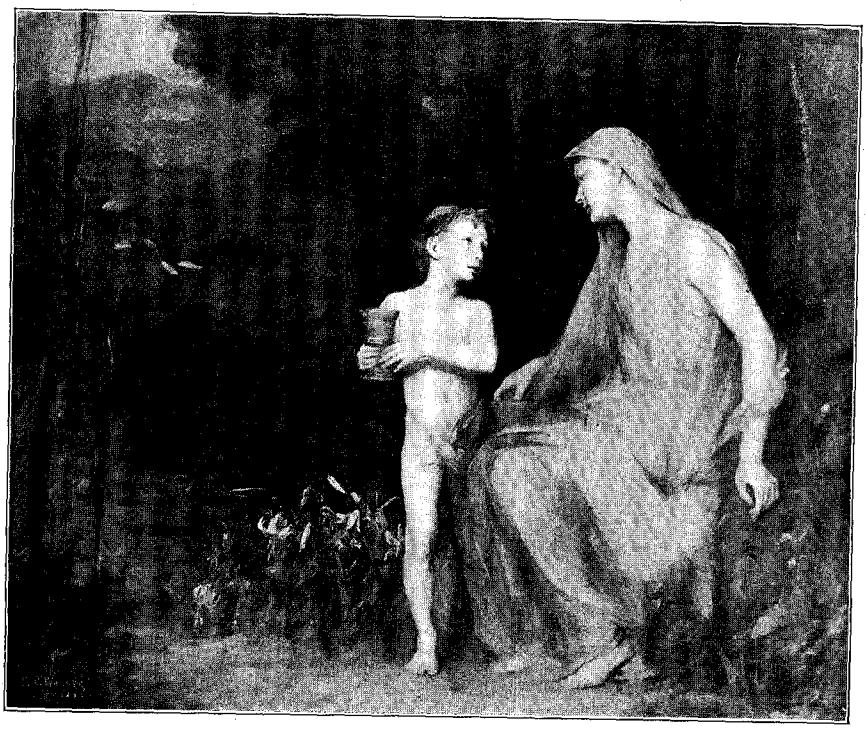
Lady Betty Delme and Her Children.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds shown at the Seligmann Gallery.

The Throne.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.



The Boy and the Muse.

From the painting by H. Oliver Walker.

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can Red Cross, was devoted to the German Primitives, and it had the interest of illustrating a school little known here. Its great leader, Albrecht Dürer, was missing and there were several other regrettable omissions, but on the whole a good idea of German art was presented, both religious and secular. In the former category it was suggestive to observe the difference between German and Italian art. The German artist was a type adjusted to the issues of a visible world. He was devout. He knew what religious emotion was. Indeed, the depth of spiritual sentiment in the North was quite as profound as in the South. Yet, in art, it never flowered in quite the exquisite tenderness of the Italian masters. In the Kleinberger show there were school pieces and examples of such painters as Martin Schöngauer and Lucas Cranach which were beyond peradventure poignant. But it was interesting to see how that indubitable master, Cranach, gained in ease as he passed from a theme like the Crucifixion to some episode with which he could deal on essentially earthly terms. The devotional painter was moderately moving but the realistic painter was triumphant.

The high lights in the German exhibition were provided by the portraits, with a little group of masterpieces by Holbein heading the procession. In them you could savor the gift of the artist for ponderable truth, his faculty for characterization, and, above all, his beautiful craftsmanship. How they could draw, Holbein and the rest! With Holbein the American student is tolerably familiar and he renewed old acquaintance when he saw examples like the marvellous "Portrait of a Man," lent by Mr. Bache. But it was the special virtue of this exhibition that it included portrait-painters known only to the traveller, men like Hans Burgkmair, Bernhard Strigel, Conrad Faber, the elder and the younger Bruyn, and so on. I give among my illustrations one of the finest of these souvenirs, a "Portrait of a Man," by Jorg Breu. He was a salient figure in the school yet he had many honorable colleagues. Over and over again the German genius realized itself superbly in the art of portraiture.

Portraiture chiefly of the British school loomed large in another exhibition held for charitable purposes early in December. This one, for the benefit of the Employment Centre for the Handicapped, was organized at the Seligmann gallery. Its most conspicuous episode was supplied by a painting of adventurous memory, the lovely and famous "Duchess of Devonshire" by Gainsborough, lent by Mrs. Satterlee. It is a remarkable specimen of the master's technical virtuosity. But a more significant exhibit, as it seemed to me, was Sir Joshua's "Lady Betty Delme," from the same collection. It is one of his great courtly compositions, a marvel of stately ordonnance, one of those canvases in which the whole drift of the eighteenth-century school in England, and, for that matter in France, too, is summed up. The artists of that period were concerned with nothing if not with formal design. They built up their portraits as though with an architectural instinct. Their axioms have, I suppose, gone down the wind. The nervous tension of modern life has led modern portraiture into other paths and serenity is at a discount. But I never look upon a nobly calm fabric of composition like the "Lady Betty Delme" without a certain wistfulness. There were similarly reposeful French portraits in the show, works by Boucher, Drouais, Vigee Le-

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brun, and so on, and I wish I could revive for my readers something of the charm of a little picture of "Mountebanks" by Louis Boilly, an illustrator of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century manners having equal vivacity and polish. But I scarcely know where to stop in touching upon the French incidents that have marked the season up to the time of my writing.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale have been generously responsible for more than one of them. As early as October they lent fifty of their pictures for an exhibition at the Wildenstein gallery organized for the benefit of the French Hospital, an exhibition stretching from Cézanne to Picasso. Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Forain were the most acceptable figures in this affair. The same collectors lent to the Museum of French Art some portraits among which I found a fascinatingly broad example of Ingres and they added notable things to the exhibition of "A Century of French Painting" arranged at the Knoedler gallery, again for the benefit of the French Hospital. This was quaintly comprehensive. It began with such people as Corot and Courbet, Daumier and Delacroix, and wound up with Modigliani, Lurcat and the like. I could not find a link between the different epochs. But, for me, the show was made by one picture, Corot's early "Venise, Vue du Quai des Esclavons." Nominally it did not even remotely prefigure the master of certain examples in familiar vein that hung near by. But actually it was expressive of the very secret of his great art, his delicate draughtsmanship, his veracity, his power of design, and, particularly, his genius for style and for "seeing beautifully." I recall this Corot as one of the most exciting events of the year. I must note another Frenchman, the late Odilon Redon, whose work was exceptionally illustrated in an exhibition at the Seligmann gallery, but a master of his race to whom I would refer at greater length is Fragonard. M. Rene Gimpel brought over from Paris an extraordinary sheaf of that eighteenth-century artist's drawings. They were made when Frago was a young man in Italy. He had had some training under Boucher and some under Chardin. Then he went to Rome and sat at the feet of Raphael and other old masters. He drew from their works in a style unmistakably his own, the light, graceful style of a man who was to become a merely adorable pillar of the French school. But in the process he got a priceless intellectual exercise and it would be impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence which these drawings commemorate. It enlarged his horizon, immeasurably fortified him, gave a wider sweep to his artistic inspiration. There, I think, was a striking instance of tradition in operation. Rome did not transform Fragonard. It never deflected him from his predestined path. He remained the incomparable interpreter of the frou-frou of his period. But Rome left its mark upon him, enriching the appeal of his work through heightening his sense of beauty.

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What of American painting in the brief space of time traversed in these rapid notes? It made its best affirmation of an organized nature in the exhibition which the New Society held at the Brooklyn Museum in November. This body, under the chairmanship of Mr. Gari Melchers, is independent and progressive in spirit and encourages individuality without lending its countenance to the more freakish exponents of

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"self-expression." It filled the rooms with notes of personal force, paintings by Melchers, Poole, Bruce, Perrine, Lawson, the Beals and divers others who left the impression that they had done their work out of rich funds of energy, and fresh, interested feeling. The New Society rather surpassed itself on this occasion. The Winter Academy, on the other hand, was of a somewhat routine order. There were good things in it, of course. There always are, despite the scorn of the malcontents. But they were lost in a great mass of terribly mediocre stuff. I remember excellent paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne, Richard M. Kimbel, Carl Wuermer, Lilian Westcott Hale, and numerous other capable performers. I remember, too, a lot of pictures executed with sincerity and competence. But I remember finally too large an area covered with dull, uninspired, utterly pedestrian pieces. The average was higher in the big show that the Grand Central galleries made of works by artist members in that organization. Perhaps it was secured by the expedient of offering eight or nine prizes, totalling more than $5,000. That spur may easily have enticed contributions that might have enlivened the Winter Academy a little more.

The one-man shows have embraced some of the most edifying occurrences of the season. They began with a well-balanced memorial exhibition of the late Willard Metcalf's landscapes at the Century Club. His was a singularly human and interesting career. I never knew an artist with a greater capacity for growth. He was always accomplished, from the days of his pupilage in Boston, when old George L. Brown taught him with something like severity to draw trees truthfully and well. Long afterward he figured constructively in the history of the Ten American Painters. Then he lost ground and then he regained it. At last he got splendidly into his stride and painted landscape with a power and a charm giving him a place delightfully his own in the American school. It was enkindling to observe at the Century exhibition how well his work had worn, how it maintained its freshness, its beauty. I must add that one source of his vitality remains, obviously, his sterling workmanship. That is one key to the enduring quality of the art of Childe Hassam, another brilliant member of the Ten, who in December held a retrospective exhibition at the Milch gallery. He is a beguiling colorist. His work is full of light and air. It vibrates with the zest and movement of life. And it is superbly *painted,* the work of a man to whom the brush is a rejoicing means of expression, a thing which he has mastered and loves. I must say the same of Gari Melchers, who has also had a retrospective exhibition this winter, at the Anderson galleries. He brought together about fourscore of his paintings and drawings, of different periods. They disclosed varying moods but a standard of technical excellence that from the start was well founded and that has never been lowered. His work, too, is atmospheric, luminous, and very beautiful in color. A handsome book about him has recently been published by Rudge, with many plates and a penetrating critical introduction by Mrs. C. Lewis-Hind. Both the exhibition and the book set as it were the seal upon an enviable repute. Melchers is one of our school's strongest assets. At the same time that he was brought once more before the public Eugene Speicher exhibited the work of the last three years at the Rehn gallery.

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I note the incident with peculiar appreciation. He, like Hassam and Melchers, is what I dare say must be called a "conservative." That is to say he is a finished craftsman, a sober almost austere designer and interpreter of form. But there is absolute freedom in what he does and a keen individuality. The place of honor in his exhibition was given to a study from the nude, "Torso of Hilda." It proved a glorious thing, masterly in workmanship and full of beauty. There is another American to whose work it is inspiriting to refer, work of a high seriousness lending it dignity and interest. This artist is the portrait-painter Mr. William James, of Boston, who sent about a dozen of his paintings to the Macbeth gallery in January. He hasn't one of the flashy, meretricious traits that so often disfigure modern portraiture. Thoroughly in control of his craft, so that one rests with complete confidence upon the technical elements in his work, he keeps his color well in hand, making it, like his admirable draughtsmanship, the servant of his pictorial conceptions. For every one of his portraits reveals the thoughtful adept in composition. With his sobriety and his distinction he stands high amongst the painters of to-day, a type in portraiture to whom I cannot too cordially allude. While dealing with workers in this field I must mention a brilliant example of the late John Sargent, represented by a stunning drawing in an exhibition at the Scott and Fowles gallery.

I have spoken of one American painter lost to us in recent years, Willard Metcalf, and one or two others no longer active I must mention here. There was Frank Currier, the old comrade of Duveneck and Chase in Munich, who died as far back as 1909. His name was charmingly revived at the Babcock gallery by a collection of his landscapes in pastel, free and yet very rich, solid impressions in a low key that brought back a forgotten day in living terms. Charles Caryl Coleman died in December at Capri, where he had lived and worked for half a century. He died at a great age and had been inactive for a long time but it is well to remember the sincerity and charm of his art. We lost in Arthur B. Davies a mystic and a poet, one of the few men American art has possessed of a high creative imagination. Henry Oliver Walker was of the same rare texture, a painter of deep poetic feeling whose easel pictures and mural decorations are invaluable memorials of fine thought and workmanship. And, while I touch upon the necrology of the last few months, I cannot forbear adding a tribute to one who showed artistic inspiration in her dealings with artistic things. Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer had a status of her own amongst American connoisseurs. She and her husband began with the French Impressionists but went on to appreciation of the old masters. Besides men like Degas, Manet, and Monet, or other types such as Courbet and Ingres, they had masterpieces by El Greco, Goya, Rembrandt, a perfect host of great painters. When she died this winter she left her treasures to the Metropolitan Museum, a truly imperial gift, one of the outstanding collections of the world. I was honored by her friendship for many years and knew her and the collection well. She had enthusiasm, knowledge, taste, and, as her gift to the museum shows, a splendid generosity.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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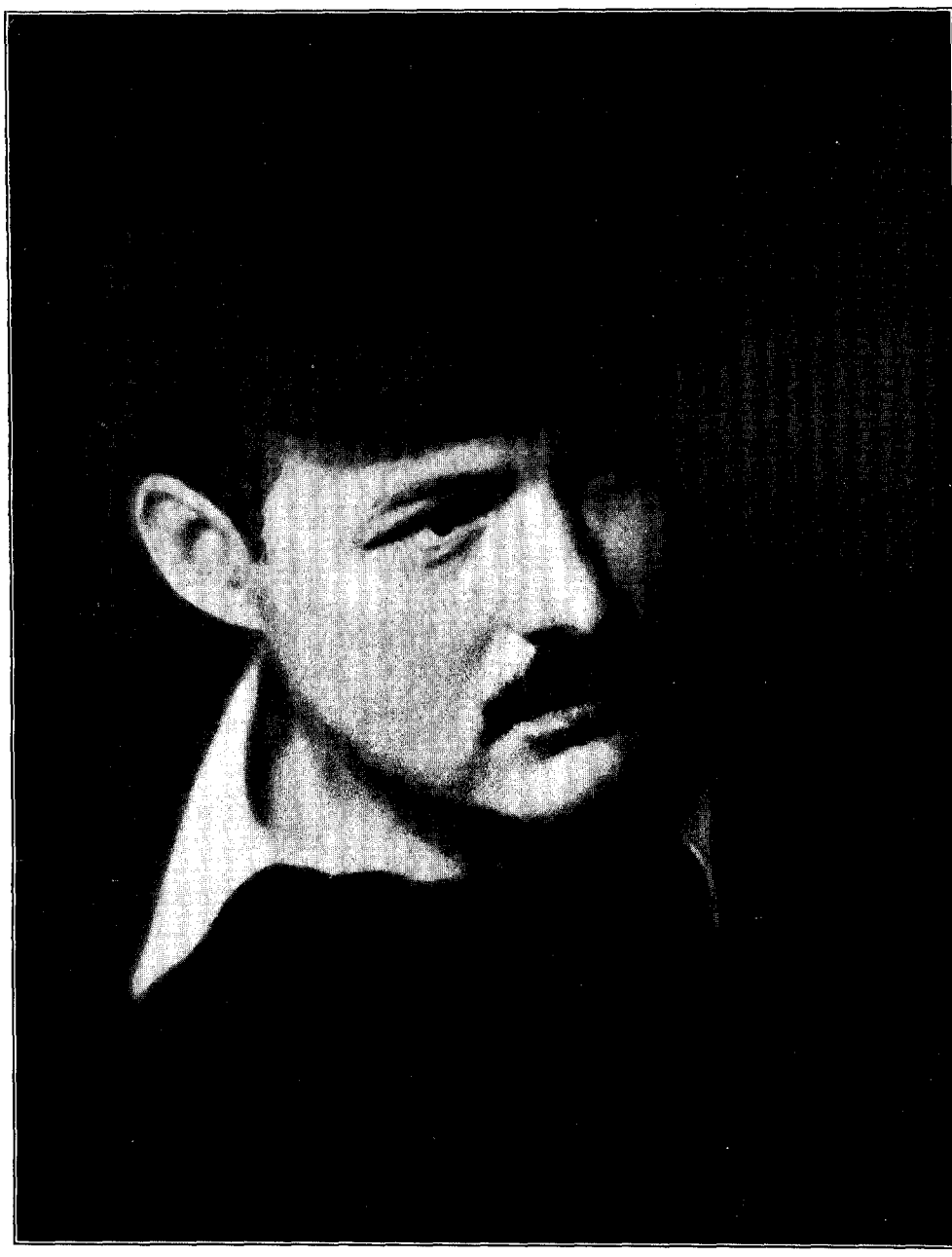

Ernest Hemingway.

From a photograph by Helen Breaker, Paris.

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